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THE

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY.



“‘Dear ladies,’ she cries, and the tears trickle down,
‘Relieve a poor beggar, I pray.’”

See page 141.

THE

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY:

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE BEST AND MOST
POPULAR WRITERS FOR CHILDREN.

BY
HENRY T. COATES,
EDITOR OF THE "FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF POETRY."

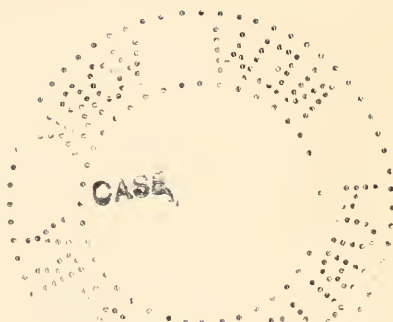
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PREFACE.

To collect within the limits of a single volume the poems best calculated to interest and instruct children between the ages of six and fourteen has been the aim of the compiler of this work.

There are, it is true, many and admirable collections now before the public, but none of them seems so comprehensive and varied in character as to satisfy the wants of an intelligent child. In some of them the editors have apparently labored under the impression that poems written about children are written especially for children, and consequently have admitted much that is beyond the mental capacity of a child; while in others the effort to attain simplicity has often resulted in producing a mass of trivial and insipid pieces. Again, some have rejected old and well-established favorites because their literary merits are not up to the present high standard; but the fact that they are favorites proves that they possess some power or merit that makes them worthy to be included in a comprehensive collection.

The main objection, however, to most collections of poetry for children, is the paucity of narrative poems they contain. Story-telling is, and ever must be, one of the greatest pleasures of childhood, and the most effective means of inculcating great truths and conveying instruction to the youthful mind; and for this reason many poems of a narrative character have been admitted, which, if judged solely on their literary merits, would not have found a place in these pages.

For greater convenience, the poems have been arranged under appropriate subject-headings, such as "Baby-Days," "Play-Days," "Lessons of Life," "Animals and Birds," "Trees and Flowers," "Nature," "Religion," "Christmas and New Year," "Old Tales and Ballads," and "Some Famous Poems for the Older Children." In "Old Tales and Ballads" it has been thought

advisable to include a few of the famous old English ballads, such as "Chevy Chase" and "The Heir of Linne," which are written in such a simple style that they can be easily understood by the older children, and their narrative character makes them attractive and interesting to all. In these the modern spelling has been used. In "Some Famous Poems for the Older Children" have been included a few of those poems that, either by their vivid description or by the power they possess of appealing to the hearts of the young as well as the old, will be found in nearly all collections of poetry, and which, while they may for the time be beyond the comprehension of some children, will some day be prized by them as they are by their elders.

The Editor trusts that in offering this book to children he not only adds to their present enjoyment, but gives them a treasure they will ever prize—a delight and a constant companion in childhood, a pleasant remembrance in after-years.

PHILADELPHIA, September 29, 1879.

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PROPERTY OF THE
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B A B Y - D A Y S.

BABY-DAYS.



ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,
 Dropt from the skies;
 Only a laughing face,
 Two sunny eyes;
 Only two cherry lips,
 One chubby nose;
 Only two little hands,
 Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
 Curly and soft;
 Only a tongue that wags
 Loudly and oft;
 Only a little brain
 Empty of thought;
 Only a little heart
 Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower,
 Sent us to rear;
 Only a life to love
 While we are here;

Only a baby small,
 Never at rest;
 Small, but how dear to us
 God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

ANOTHER LITTLE WAVE.

ANOTHER little wave
 Upon the sea of life;
 Another soul to save
 Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
 To walk the dusty road;
 To choose where two paths meet—
 The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
 To work for good or ill;
 Two more little eyes,
 Another little will.

Another heart to love,
 Receiving love again;
 And so the baby came,
 A thing of joy and pain.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

THE BORROWED BABY.

THAT nice old gentleman over the way
 Came into our house quite early to-
 day,
 And he said to mamma: "My wife
 sent me here,
 To borrow something;" then he looked
 very queer.

"It is not sugar, molasses, or tea,"
 He said as he pointed his finger at
 me;

"It's that little lass she wants me to
 bring.

Wife's growing feeble and childish this
 spring,

The weather's been bad, she couldn't
 get out.

She sees this little girl running about,
 And fancies she's like our lassie who
 died,

"Twould do her good if she'd just step
 inside."

And then mamma whispered low in
 my ear:

"Will you be lent for this morning,
 my dear?

That poor old lady is lonely and sad,
 With no little girl to make her heart
 glad;

You'll be a great comfort to her, I
 know."

I was just as happy as I could be
 With that dear old lady who borrowed
 me.

I sat in her little girl' rocking-chair
 And held her doll with its long flaxen
 hair,

While she told about her little girl's
 ways,

How happy she was in all her plays;
 And I spoke the prettiest piece I
 knew,

About "a dear baby with eyes of blue,

With chubby hands and cunning toes
 And dainty mouth as sweet as a rose."

When I said I must go she asked a
 kiss;

I gave her ten, for I knew she must
 miss

Her dear little girl. What mamma
 would be

I'm sure I can't tell if she didn't have
 me!

And I'll go often; I told her I would;
 It's one way, you know, that I can do
 good.

I'll ask her how she's getting along,
 And stop sometimes to sing her a song,
 Or read her a story—her eyes are
 quite weak.

I'll give her kisses, and loving words
 speak.

I'm so very glad that old lady sent
 This morning to see if I would be
 lent,

And I'll ask the good Lord to bless
 each day

That poor lonely mother over the
 way.

MRS. S. T. PERRY.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

I know a little mother;
 She's only six years old,
 With eyes the blue of azure,
 And hair like rings of gold.

She laughs and plays and chatters
 From morning until night,
 And sings like any linnet,
 To every one's delight.

Her dolls are without number,
 Of every hue and size:
 And some look very stupid,
 And some look very wise.

There's Bessie, full of mischief,
 Who tumbles from her chair,
 And Rosy, mother's darling,
 Has lost her lovely hair.

And Susie's nose is broken ;
 She looks so like a fright
 That really little mother
 Just keeps her out of sight.

Then there's the last new dolly,
 That from the city came ;
 She's dressed in silk and gaiters,
 But hasn't any name.

And still this little mother
 Would like just one doll more,
 With *curls* and *coral* earrings
 And dress with tucks before.

With such a house of dollies,
 There's so much work to do
 That everybody wonders
 How ever she gets through.

AUNT CLARA.

WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

A little wicker basket rolls
 Along the pavement walk,
 And at the sight the young and old
 Begin to laugh and talk,
 And wave fair hands, and kisses
 throw,
 And cry—"Look here!" "See
 there;"

"This way it comes!"—and all be-
 cause
 Sweet Polly takes the air!

The newsboys run and shout with
 glee,
 And follow on behind,
 The coachmen and the footmen gaze
 As if they had a mind

To do the same—the good old priest
 Stands still with solemn stare
 As down the shady avenue
 Sweet Polly takes the air!

From every window shines a head
 Of clustering, golden curls,
 And every door grows bright with
 throng
 Of merry boys and girls ;
 The butler and the maid forget
 To work—as on the stair
 They peep and pry, with curious eye,
 When Polly takes the air!

And all the while sweet Polly sits
 In dainty gown and hat,
 And smiles on one she loves the best,
 Her pretty Maltese cat—
 And softly coos, when pussy purrs,
 Without a thought or care.
 How all the town turns upside down
 When Polly takes the air!

MY DROWSY LITTLE QUEEN.

My little girl is nested
 Within her tiny bed,
 With amber ringlets crested
 Around her dainty head ;
 She lies so calm and stilly,
 She breathes so soft and low,
 She calls to mind a lily
 Half hidden in the snow.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
 My drowsy little queen ;
 I know you have caresses
 From floating forms unseen ;
 O angels ! let me keep her
 To kiss away my cares,
 This darling little sleeper
 Who has my love and prayers.

SAMUEL MIXTURN PECK.

BABY.

"WHAT is this pretty little thing
That nurse so carefully doth bring,
And round its head a blanket fling?

A baby!

"Oh dear! how very soft its cheek!
Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,
And it can't walk, it is so weak.

A baby!

"Oh, I am afraid that it will die;
Why can't it eat as well as I,
And jump and talk? Do let it try,
Poor baby!"

"Why, you were once a baby too,
And could not jump as now you do,
But good mamma took care of you,
Like baby.

"And then she taught your little feet
To pat along the carpet neat,
And called papa to come and meet
His baby.

"Oh dear mamma, to take such care,
And no kind pains and trouble spare
To feed and nurse you when you were
A baby!"

JANE TAYLOR.

SHALL THE BABY STAY?

In a little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Came, with morning's first ray,
One remarkable day
(Though who told her the way
I am sure I can't say),
A young lady so wee
That you scarcely could see
Her small speck of a nose;
And, to speak of her toes—

Though it seems hardly fair,
Since they surely were there;
Keep them covered we must—
You must take them on trust.

Now this little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Was quite full of small boys,
With their books and their toys,
Their wild bustle and noise.

"My dear lads," quoth papa,
"We've too many by far;
Tell us what we can do
With this damsel so blue?
We've no room for her here;
So to me 'tis quite clear,
Though it gives me great pain,
I must hang her again
On the tree whence she came
(Do not cry, there's no blame),
With her white blanket round her,
Just as Nurse Russell found her."

Said stout little Ned:
"I'll stay all day in bed,
Squeezed up nice and small
Very close to the wall."

Then spoke Tommy: "I'll go
To the cellar below;
I'll just travel about,
But not try to get out
Till you're all fast asleep,
Then up stairs I will creep;
And so quiet I'll be
You'll not dream it is me."

Then flaxen-haired Will:
"I'll be drefffully still;
On the back stairs I'll stay,
Way off, out of way."

Master Johnny, the fair,
Shook his bright, curly hair:

"Here's a nice place for me,
 Dear papa, do you see?
 I just fit in so tight
 I could stand here all night."
 And a niche in the wall
 Held his figure so small.

Quoth the father: "Well done,
 My brave darlings! come on!
 Here's a shoulder for Will,
 Pray sit still, sir, sit still;
 Valiant Thomas, for thee
 A good seat on my knee;
 And Edward, thy brother,
 Can perch on the other;
 Baby John, take my back.
 Now, who says we can't pack?"

"So, love gives us room,
 And our birdie shall stay.
 We'll keep her, my boys,
 Till God takes her away."

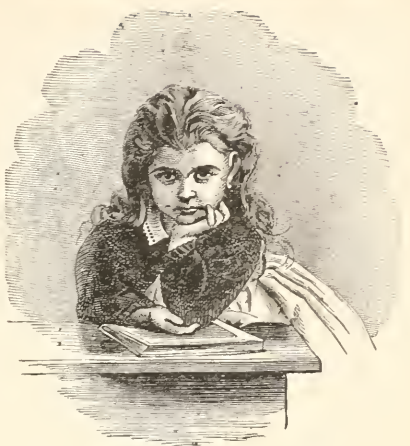
LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'SE a poor 'tittle sorrowful baby,
 For Bidget is 'way down stairs;
 My titten has scatched my fin'er,
 And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
 Since ever so long ado;
 An' I ain't her tunninst baby
 No londer, for Bidget says so.

Mamma's dot anoder *new baby*;
 Dod diyed it—he did—yes'erday;
 And it kies, it kies—oh, so defful!
 I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'tittle sister;"
 I want my dood mamma, I do;
 I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,
 An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.



I des my dear papa will bin' me
 A 'tittle dood titten some day;
 Here's nurse wid my mamma's new
 baby;

I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh, oh! what tunnin' red fin'ers!
 It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
 I dess we will teep it, and dive it
 Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
 To play wid 'mos' every day;
 And I dess, I dess— Say, Bidget,
 Ask Dod not to tate it away.

THE BABY.

WE'VE got a baby! I should like you
 to come

Just to see the baby that we have at
 home:

Oh, it is such a baby! with the bluest
 little eyes!

And its mouth! you should only see
 its mouth when it cries!

Then it has such a hand!—like mine,
 only smaller;

And it cannot walk yet, and our Pon-
 to is taller!

It has the queerest little feet, with
the funniest little toes,
And something which papa declares
will grow into a nose.

I saw it this morning—how it sucked
its little thumb!

Oh, it is such a baby!—now do,
Charlie, come.

Mother says you may see it, if you
will not make a noise;

Just wait till nurse has gone down
stairs; you know she hates us
boys.

Did you ever have a baby? we have
had ours a week;

Nurse says it soon will talk, but I
never heard it speak.

And what is strange, they let it cry
and scream just when it pleases,
And the more it cries, it seems to me,
the less mamma it teases.

I know they make me creep about as
quiet as a mouse:

I tell you what, it's something—a baby
in the house!

In ma's own room I scarcely dare to
run across the floor,

It's "Do be still," or "Harry, hush," or
else, "Do shut the door."

I don't like nurse—she's always there,
and says, "Now, Harry, go,"

Because I want to kiss mamma; but
I should like to know

If she is not as much my ma, now as a
month ago!

She lets the baby have its way—blesses
its little eyes—

Coaxes and pets it all the more, the
more it screams and cries.

But it is just reversed with me! I know
if I should take

Such airs on me as baby does the
moment it's awake,

I should be sure to find myself in bed
an hour too soon,

Or have my hobby-horse locked up
and kept an afternoon.

You have a brother? What of that?
wait till you have a sister!

I wish you had been at our house the
first time that I kissed her!

Such a warm little mouth! standing
wide open so.

A boy's no great things—I'm one—I
ought to know!

I'm glad she's a girl—I know all my
toys

Would last as long again but for
rough little boys!

But it's well you have one, since you
can't have the other,

Though I would not change my sister
for any little brother.

Perhaps a boy-baby is better than no
baby at all,

But our baby's a girl. Did you hear
father call?

There he is, over yonder—just crossing
the street;

We can go up stairs with him. Oh,
Charlie, wipe your feet!

For nurse looks at footmarks with a
frown as black as thunder,

And mutters to herself, "What are
mats for, I wonder?"

Now you must not make a noise—
please, Charlie, don't forget.

Papa can let us in—I am his boy
yet.

ELIZABETH W. TOWNSEND.



BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches ;
 Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness ; round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise ;
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness ;
 Minutes just as brimmed with sad-
 ness ;

Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
 Lights and shadows, swifter born
 Than on wind-swept autumn corn ;
 Ever some new tiny notion,
 Making every limb all motion,
 Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
 Twining feet whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever-new surprisings ;

Hands all wants, and looks all wonder

At all things the heavens under ;
 Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
 That have more of love than lovings ;
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning ;
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
 Graspings small at all that passes ;

Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table;
 Silences—small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations—
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing;
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking;
 Wealth for which we know no meas-
 ure,

Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.



NAMING THE BABY.

You have birds in a cage, and you've
 beautiful flowers,
 But you haven't at your house what
 we have at ours;
 'Tis the prettiest thing that you ever
 did see,
 Just as dear and as precious as pre-
 cious can be.

'Tis my own baby sister, just seven
 days old,
 And too little for any but grown folks
 to hold.

Oh, I know you would love her; she's
 fresh as a rose,
 And she has such a queer, tiny bit of
 a nose,
 And the dearest and loveliest pink
 little toes,

Which, I tell mother, seem only made
 to be kissed;
 And she keeps her wee hand doubled
 up in a fist.
 She is quite without hair, but she's
 beautiful eyes—
 She always looks pretty except when
 she cries.
 And what name we shall give her
 there's no one can tell,
 For my father says Sarah, and mother
 likes Belle;
 And my great-uncle John—he's an
 old-fashioned man—
 Wants her named for his wife that is
 dead—Mary Ann.
 But the name *I* have chosen the dar-
 ling to call
 Is a name that is prettier far than
 them all,
 And to give it to Baby my heart is
 quite set—
 It is Violet Martha Rose Stella Mar-
 zette.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



NAMING THE BABY.

WHAT shall we name the darling
 Who came to us one day?
 Shall we call her our little Mary,
 Estelle, or Ida, or May?

Mabel, or Saxon Edith,
 Or Margaret, fairest pearl?
 Will Isabelle, tall and stately,
 Be fitting our little girl?

Shall we call her gentle Alice?
 Or Madge, for her dark-brown hair?
 Is she like a Rose just opening,
 Or a Lily pure and fair?

Shall we name her Helen or Laura,
 Sweet Hope, or darling Grace?
 Will Belle, Louise, or Anna
 Match best with the baby's face?

Lottie, or Hattie, or Jennie,
 Winnie, or romping Kate,
 Josephine, proud and stately,
 Or Bertha, grave and sedate?

No name that just fits you, dearie.
 Then what shall the little one do?
 Must she wander, forlorn and name-
 less,
 The years of her life all through?

We will call you all sweet names,
 darling,
 That are found in household lore;
 Should they be too small a number,
 We will study to make them more.

We will call you our brown Snow-
 birdie,
 Fairy, and Daisy, and Elf,
 Darling, and Dottie, and Dimple,—
 Names fitting your own sweet self.

Some morn or propitious even
 Shall bring you a name to bear;
 Some name with a musical cadence
 Shall our little baby wear.

MRS. E. C. BATES.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
 Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
 and spin?
 Some of the starry spikes left in.



Where did you get that little tear?
 I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
 and high?
 A soft hand stroked it as I went
 by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?

I saw something better than any one
knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and
hands?

Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you dar-
ling things?

From the same box as the cherubs'
wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you
dear?

God thought of you, and so I am
here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister.
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen,
And papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.

Now, I wonder what would please
her—

Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?

Ann and Mary, they're too common;

Joan's too formal for a woman;

Jane's a prettier name beside,

But we had a Jane that died.

They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,

That she was a little Quaker;

Edith's pretty, but that looks

Better in old English books;

Ellen's left off long ago;

Blanche is out of fashion now.

None that I have named as yet

Are so good as Margaret.

Emily is neat and fine;

What do you think of Caroline?

How I'm puzzled and perplexed

What to choose or think of next!

I am in a little fever

Lest the name that I should give her

Should disgrace her or defame her:—

I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby
weigh—

Baby who came but a month ago?

How many pounds, from the crowning
curl

To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl.
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the
golden curl,

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
 Or the love that came with the help-
 less one ;
 Nobody weighed the threads of care
 From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
 Of little Baby's quiet breath,
 A soft, unceasing metronome,
 Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
 For here on earth no weight may be
 That could avail ; God only knows
 Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
 That seeks no angel's silver wing,
 But shines beneath this human guise,
 Within so small and frail a thing !

O mother, laugh your merry note ;
 Be gay and glad, but don't forget
 From baby eyes looks out a soul
 That claims a home in Eden yet.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I
 cry !
 More wonder by far that your baby
 don't die.
 No matter what ails me, no matter
 who's here,
 No matter how hungry the "poor lit-
 tle dear,"
 No matter if full or all out of breath,
 She trots me, and trots me, and trots
 me to death !

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that
 great knee ;
 I like all her talk, but, woe unto me !

She can't be contented with talking
 so pretty,
 And washing, and dressing, and doing
 her duty ;
 And that's very well : I can bear soap
 and water,
 But, mother, she is an unmerciful
 trotter !

Pretty ladies, I do want to look at your
 faces ;

Pretty cap ! pretty fire ! let me see how
 it blazes ;

How can I, my head going bibity-
 bob ?

And she trots me the harder the harder
 I sob.

Oh, mother, do stop her ; I'm inwardly
 sore !

I hiccough and cry, and she trots me
 the more,

And talks about wind, when 'tis she
 makes me ache ;

Wish 'twould blow her away for poor
 Baby's sake !

Thank goodness, I'm still ! Oh blessed
 be quiet !

I'm glad my dear mother is willing to
 try it.

Of foolish old customs my mother's
 no lover,

And the wisdom of this she can never
 discover.

I'll rest me a while, and just look
 about,

And laugh up at Sally, who peeps in
 and out,

And pick up some notions as soon as
 I can,

To fill my small noddle before I'm a
 man.

Oh dear! is that she? Is she coming
 so soon?
 She's bringing my dinner with tea-
 cup and spoon;
 She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other
 the cup,
 And as fast as it's down she'll just
 shake it up;

And, thumpity-thump! with the great-
 est delight
 Her heel it is going from morning to
 night.
 All over the house you may hear it,
 I'm sure,
 Trot! trotting! Just think what I'm
 doomed to endure!

L. J. II.



OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby—
 Little Tot?
 With her blue eyes sparkling bright,
 Luscious cheeks of rose and white,
 Lips of glowing ruby light?
 Tell you what,
 She is just the sweetest baby
 Of the lot!

You don't think so? You ne'er saw
 her!
 If you could,
 'Mong her pretty playthings clattering,
 While her little tongue was chattering,

And her nimble feet a-pattering,
 Think you would
 Say with me she is the sweetest,
 If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,
 I suppose,
 To her eye (it's not a pity)
 Is as bright and fresh and pretty,
 Is as cunning and as witty,
 As my rose.
 Heavenly Father! spare them to us
 Till life's close!



WINNIE.

BLESS me! here's another baby,
 Just as cunning as can be,
 Eyes as blue as bonnie blue-bells,
 Breath as sweet as rosemary.
 Smile—a tiny, flashing sunbeam,
 Hair of purest, fairest gold,
 Hands and shoulders full of dimples,
 Little Winnie, eight months old.
 Making funny, cooing speeches
 Nobody can understand—
 Such a quaint and pretty language,
 Only spoke in Baby-Land.
 Should I sing all day about her,
 All her sweetness were not told:
 She's a bud, a bird, a fairy,
 Little Winnie, eight months old.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

DEAR little bare feet,
 Dimpled and white,

In your long night-gown
 Wrapped for the night,
 Come, let me count all
 Your queer little toes,
 Pink as the heart
 Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady
 That sits in the sun;
 Two is a baby,
 And three is a nun;
 Four is a lily
 With innocent breast;
 And five is a birdie
 Asleep on her nest.

SELLING THE BABY.

ROBBIE's sold the baby!
 Sold her out and out!
 And I'll have to tell you
 How it came about.

When on New Year's morning
 Robbie's opening eyes
 Spied the brand-new baby,
 What a glad surprise!

Constantly he watched her,
 Scarcely cared to play,
 Lest the precious baby
 Should be snatched away.

Now he's gone and sold her!
 For to-day he ran
 And proclaimed to mamma,
 "Yes, I've found a man!

"Here's the man 'll buy her;
 Get her ready, krick!"
 With an air of business
 Brandishing a stick.

"Sold *my* baby, Robbie?"
 Mamma sadly said;
 Robbie, quite decided,
 Bobbed his little head.

"Well, if this man buys her,
 What will he give you?"

"Oh, two nice big horses,
 And five pennies, too!

"What's the good of babies?
 Only 'queal and 'cream;
 I can go horse-backin'
 When I get my team."

But when quiet night came,
 Robbie's prayers were said,
 And he looked at Baby
 In her little bed.

And he said, when Baby
 Smiled in some sweet dream,

"She's wurf forty horses,
 'Stead of jes' a team!"

Baby's wee pink fingers
 Round his own he curled:
 "She's wurf *all* the horses
 In dis whole big world."



TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
 Fondling of a happy pair,
 Every morn and every night
 Their solicitous delight;
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
 Pleasing, without skill to please;
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tattling many a broken tale;
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue;
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart,
 Yet abandoned to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush;
 Like the linnet in the bush
 To the mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys;
 Like the linnet green in May
 Flitting to each bloomy spray;
 Wearied then and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest;
 This thy present happy lot,
 This in time will be forgot:
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever busy Time prepares;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

AMBEROSE PHILIPS.





BABY-LAND.

How many miles to Baby-Land?

Any one can tell;

Up one flight,

To your right—

Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?

Little folks in white,

Downy heads,

Cradle beds,

Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?

Dream and wake and play,

Laugh and crow,

Shout and grow;

Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-land?

Why, the oddest things;

3

Might as well

Try to tell

What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land?

Mother, kind and sweet;

And her love,

Born above,

Guides the little feet.

GEORGE COOPER.

CREEP BEFORE YOU WALK.

CREEP away, my bairnie,

Creep before you gang;

Listen with both ears

To your old granny's sang;

If you go as far as I,

You will think the road lang;

Creep away, my bairnie,

Creep before you gang.

Creep away, my bairnie ;
 You're too young to learn
 To tot up and down yet.
 My bonnie wee bairn ;
 Better creeping, careful,
 Than falling with a bang,
 Hurting all your wee brow ;
 Creep before you gang,

The little birdie falls
 When it tries too soon to fly ;
 Folks are sure to tumble
 When they climb too high.
 Those who do not walk aright
 Are sure to come to wrang ;
 Creep away, my bairnie,
 Creep before you gang.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

Lips, lips, open !
 Up comes a little bird that lives inside,
 Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and
 out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and some-
 times he sings ;
 Up he comes, and out he goes at night
 to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will
 you go ?
 Round about the world while nobody
 can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you
 flee ?
 Far away round the world while no-
 body can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will
 you roam ?
 All round the world, and around again
 home.

Round the round world, and back
 through the air,
 When the morning comes, the little
 bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks,
 and in he flies ;
 Up wakes the little boy, and opens
 both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's
 away ;
 Little bird will come again, by the
 peep of day.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird must
 go
 Round about the world, while nobody
 can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes
 round—
 Round and round he goes,—sleep,
 sleep sound !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say,
 In her nest at peep of day ?
 " Let me fly," says little birdie—
 " Mother, let me fly away."
 " Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger."
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
 In her bed at peep of day ?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 " Let me rise and fly away."
 " Baby, sleep a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger.
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby, too, shall fly away."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A YOUNG GIRL TO HER LITTLE BROTHER.

My pretty baby brother
Is six months old to-day,
And, though he cannot speak,
He knows whate'er I say.
Whenever I come near
He crows for very joy,
And dearly do I love him,
The darling baby-boy !

My brother's cheek is blooming,
And his bright laughing eyes
Are like the pure spring violets,
Or the summer cloudless skies.
His mouth is like a rosebud,
So delicate and red,
And his hair is soft as silk,
And curls all round his head.
When he laughs, upon his face
So many dimples play
They seem like little sunbeams
Which o'er his features stray.
I am sure we all must love him,
He is so full of glee :
Just like a ray of sunshine
My brother is to me.

When in his pretty cradle
He lies in quiet sleep,
'Tis joy to be beside him,
A faithful watch to keep ;
And when his sleep is over,
I love to see him lie
And lift the silken fringes
That veil his sweet blue eye.

Oh, my dear, dear baby brother,
Our darling and our pet !
The very sweetest plaything
I ever have had yet.
The pretty little creature,
He grows so every day
That when the summer comes
In the garden he will play.

How cunning he will look
Among the grass and flowers !
No blossom is so fair
As this precious one of ours.
Every night before I sleep,
When I kneel to say my prayer,
I ask my heavenly Father
Of my brother to take care.

AUNT MARY.

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet ;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.
Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips and baumy mou'
With nae tooth within.
Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things ;
Her face is like an angel's face :
We're glad she has nae wings.
She is the buddin' o' our luvie,
A giftie God gied us :
We maun nae luvie the gift owre weel ;
'Twad be nae blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair.
An' see Him in the given ;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae heaven.

J. E. RANKIN.

CRADLE SONG.

[From the German.]

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland
tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep !



Sleep, baby, sleep !

The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Thy Saviour loves His sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.



BABY PAUL.

Up in the early morning,
 Just at the peep of day,
 Driving the sleep from my eyelids,
 Pulling the quilts away ;
 Pinching my cheeks and my forehead
 With his white fingers small :
 This is my bright-eyed darling,
 This is my baby Paul.

Down on the floor in the parlor,
 Creeping with laugh and shout,
 Or out in the kitchen and pantry,
 Tossing the things about ;
 Rattling the pans and the kettles,
 Scratching the table and wall :
 This is my roguish darling,
 This is my baby Paul.

Riding on papa's shoulder,
 Trotting on grandpa's knee,
 Pulling his hair and whiskers,
 Laughing in wildest glee ;
 Reaching for grandma's knitting,
 Snatching her thimble and ball ;
 This is our household idol,
 This is our baby Paul.

Playing bo-peep with his brother,
 Kissing the little girls,
 Roaming with aunt and uncles,
 Clutching his sister's curls ;
 Teasing old puss from her slumbers,
 Pattering o'er porch and hall :
 This is our bonny wee darling,
 This is our baby Paul.

Nestling up close to my bosom,
 Laying his cheek to mine,
 Covering my mouth with his kisses
 Sweeter than golden wine,
 Flinging his white arms about me,
 Soft as the snow-flakes fall :
 This is my cherished darling,
 This is my baby Paul.

Dearer, a thousand times dearer,
 The wealth in my darling I hold,
 Than all the earth's glittering treasure,
 Its glory, and honors, and gold ;
 If these at my feet were now lying,
 I'd gladly renounce them all
 For the sake of my bright-eyed dar-
 ling,
 My dear little baby Paul.

MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.

LULLABY.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise.
 Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby :
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
 You are care, and care must keep you.
 Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby :
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.



PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown
eyes,

Philip, my king!

Round whom the enshadowing purple
lies

Of babyhood's royal dignities:

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,

With Love's invisible sceptre laden;

I am thine Esther to command

Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-
maiden.

Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,

Philip, my king!

When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,

And, some gentle heart's bars undo-
ing,

Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and
there

Sittest, love glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;

For we that love, ah! we love so
blindly,

Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy
brow,

Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men
bow

As to one heaven-chosen amongst his
peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren taller
and fairer

Let me behold thee in future years!

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king—

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One
day,

Philip, my king!

Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But
march on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God
victorious,

"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.



"SWEET AND LOW."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and
 blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one, while my pretty
 one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the
 nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
 one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LULLABY.

A song for the baby, sweet little Bo-
 peep;
 Come, wee Willie Winkie, and sing her
 to sleep.

Come toss her high up, and trot her
 low down;
 This is the road to Brinklepeeptown.

Come, press down her eyelids, and
 sing in her ear
 The wonderful songs that in Dream-
 land we hear,

The chime of the waters, the drone of
 the bees,
 The tales that the blossoms are telling
 the breeze.

For, spite of her crowing and cooing,
 I see
 The baby is sleepy as sleepy can be.

Down flutter the eyelids—dear little
Bopeep,
Now whist! Willie Winkie, she's gone
fast asleep.

SHIRLEY DARE.

—♦—
CRADLE SONG.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Mild dewdrops are kissing
The bloom-covered lea;
Like plumes gently waving,
The soft zephyrs creep;
The birds are all dreaming,
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Away in the distance
The stars twinkle free;
O'er all of His creatures
His watch He will keep
Who guardeth the sparrows—
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

MARY M. BOWEN.

—♦—
POLLY PANSY.

PRETTY Polly Pansy
Hasn't any hair—
Just a ruff of gold down
Fit for ducks to wear;
Merry, twinkling blue eyes,
Noselet underneath,
And a pair of plump lips
Innocent of teeth.

Either side each soft cheek
A jolly little ear,
Painted like a conch-shell:
Isn't she a dear?

Twice five fingers,
Ten tiny toes;
Polly's always counting,
So of course she knows.

If you take a tea-cup,
Polly wants to drink;
If you write a letter,
What *delicious* ink!
Helps you read your paper,
News of half the town;
Holds it just as you do,
Only upside down!

Polly, when she's sleepy,
Means to rub her eyes—
Thumps her nose so blindly
Ten to one she cries!
Niddle-noddle numpkin,
Pretty lids shut fast,
Ring the bells and fire the guns,
Polly's off at last!

Pop her in her cradle,
Draw the curtains round;
Fists are good for sucking—
Don't we know the sound?
Oh, my Polly Pansy,
Can it, can it be,
That we ugly old folks
Once resembled thee?

—♦—
DON'T WAKE THE BABY.

BABY sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

Play and talk, but whisper low;
Mother wants to work, we know,
That when father comes to tea
All may neat and cheerful be.

PLAY-DAYS.

PLAY-DAYS.



MY LITTLE SISTER.

I HAVE a little sister,
She's only two years old:
But she's a little darling,
And worth her weight in gold.

She often runs to kiss me
When I'm at work or play,
Twining her arms about me
In such a pretty way;

And then she'll say so sweetly,
In innocence and joy,
"Tell me story, sister dear,
About the little boy."

Sometimes when I am knitting
She'll pull my needles out,
And then she'll skip and dance around
With such a merry shout.

It makes me laugh to see her,
Though I'm not very glad
To have her take my needles out,
And make my work so bad;

But then if I would have her
To see what she has done,
I must be very gentle
While telling her the wrong.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our skirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always
squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;

His are the feet that bring in mud,
 And all the carpets soil.
 The papers always are mislaid;
 Who had them last but he?
 There's no one tosses them about
 But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
 By none of us are made;
 We never leave the blinds unclosed,
 To let the curtains fade.
 The ink we never spill; the boots
 That lying round you see
 Are not our boots; they all belong
 To Mr. Nobody.

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.

THE LITTLE PET.

I'm just a wee bit lassie, with a lassie's
 winsome ways,
 And worth my solid weight in gold,
 my uncle Johnny says;
 My curly little noddle holds a thim-
 bleful of sense;
 Not quite as much as Solomon's—but
 his was *so immense!*

I know that sugar-plums are sweet, that
 "No, my love," means "Yes;"
 That when I'm big I'll always wear my
 pretty Sunday dress.
 And I can count—leven, six, nine,
 five—and say my A B C.
 Now *have* you any taffy, dear, that
 you could give to me?

I'm Bridget's "torment of her life, that
 makes her brain run wild,"
 And mamma's "darling little elf," and
 grandpa's "blessed child;"
 And Uncle Johnny's "Touch me not,"
 and papa's "'Gyptian queen;"
 I make them stand about, you see;
 that must be what they mean.



For opening hard old, stony hearts, I
 have two precious keys,
 And one is, "Oh, I thank you, sir;"
 the other, "If you please;"
 And if these do not answer, I know
 another trick:

I squeeze two little tear-drops out;
 that melts them pretty quick.

I'm sweet as any lily-bed, and sweeter
 too, I s'pose,
 But that's no reason why I shouldn't
 rumple up my clothes.
 Oh, would I be an angel, if an angel
 never cries,
 Nor soils its pretty pinafore a-making
 nice dirt pies?

I'm but a little lassie, with a thimble-
 ful of sense,
 And as to being very wise, I'd best
 make no pretence;
 But when I am a woman grown, now
 don't you think I'll do,
 If only just about as good as dear
 mamma and you?

LITTLE CORPORAL.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

TELL you about it? Of course I will!
 I thought 'twould be dreadful to
 have him come.
 For mamma said I must be quiet and
 still;
 And she put away my whistle and
 drum,
 And made me unharness the parlor
 chairs,
 And packed my cannon and all the
 rest
 Of my noisiest playthings off up-
 stairs,
 On account of this very distin-
 guished guest.
 Then every room was turned upside
 down,
 And all the carpets hung out to blow;
 For when the Bishop is coming to
 town
 The house must be in order, you
 know.
 So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
 And started a game of hide-and-
 seek;
 But Bridget refused to have me there,
 For the Bishop was coming to stay
 a week.
 And she must make cookies, and
 cakes, and pies,
 And fill every closet, and platter,
 and pan,
 Till I thought this Bishop, so great
 and wise,
 Must be an awfully hungry man.
 Well, at last he came; and I do
 declare,
 Dear grandpapa, he looked just like
 you,

With his gentle voice, and his silvery
 hair,
 And eyes with a smile a-shining
 through.
 And whenever he read, or talked, or
 prayed
 I understood every single word,
 And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
 Though I never once spoke or
 stirred.
 Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right
 out
 To see me sit quietly listening so;
 And began to tell us stories about
 Some queer little fellows in Mexico.
 And all about Egypt and Spain—and
 then
 He *wasn't* disturbed by a little noise,
 But said that the greatest and best of
 men
 Once were rollicking, healthy boys.
 And he thinks it is no matter at all,
 If a little boy runs, and jumps, and
 climbs;
 And mamma should be willing to let
 me crawl
 Through the banister-rails in the
 hall sometimes.
 And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake
 In stirring up such a bother, you see,
 For the Bishop—he didn't care for cake,
 And really liked to play games
 with me.
 But though he's so honored in word
 and act—
 (Stoop down, for this is a secret,
 now)—
 He couldn't spell Boston! That's a
 fact!
 But whispered to me to tell him how.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

LINES SPOKEN BY A BOY OF SEVEN YEARS.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains
flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and
young,
Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,
Yet all great, learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Bear men as great as Britain's isle?—
Exceed what Greece and Rome have
done?—
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet
high,
Who's made improvements more
than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful
mind
To be the greatest of mankind:
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with
blood,
But only great as I am good.

DAVID EVERETT.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

[Written for Edward Everett, and recited by him in childhood.]

PRAY, how should I, a little lad,
In speaking, make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid,—
Do wait till I am bigger.

But since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John,
"Aren't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir?"

Said Farmer John to Neighbor Joe,
"I'll bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do when he's grown up."

The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt, you think, is I,—
I saw it by your smiling.

And now my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so—I'll make my manners.

THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

THERE was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her fore-
head.
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

There was a little chap,
And he had a fur cap
Which came to the middle of his fore-
head.
And when he was cold
He was very, very cold,
But when he was warm he was torrid.



ANNIE.

I'VE a sweet little pet ; she is up with
the lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the val-
leys are dark,
And she chatters and dances the
blessèd day long,
Now laughing in gladness, now sing-
ing a song.
She never is silent ; the whole sum-
mer day
She is off on the green with the blos-
soms at play,
Now seeking a buttercup, plucking a
rose,
Or laughing aloud at the thistle she
blows.

She never is still ; now at some
merry elf
You'll smile as you watch her, in
spite of yourself ;

You may chide her in vain, for those
eyes, full of fun,
Are smiling in mirth at the mischief
she's done ;
And whatever you do, that same
thing, without doubt,
Must the mischievous Annie be busied
about.
She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty
to me,
And there's nothing her keen little
eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings, and has many
sweet aits,
And to infant accomplishments add-
ing her prayers.
I have told everything that the darl-
ing can do,
For 'twas only last summer her years
numbered two.
She's the picture of health, and a
Southern-born thing,
Just as ready to weep as she's ready
to sing ;
And I fain would be foe to lip that
hath smiled
At this wee bit of song of the *dear*
little child.

 MY LOVE, ANNIE.

SOFT of voice and light of hand
As the fairest in the land,—
Who can rightly understand
My Love, Annie ?

Simple in her thoughts and ways,
True in every word she says.—
Who shall even dare to praise
My Love, Annie ?

'Midst a naughty world, and rude,
 Never in ungentle mood,
 Never tired of being good—
 My Love, Annie.

Hundreds of the wise and great
 Might o'erlook her meek estate,
 But on her good angels wait—
 My Love, Annie.

Many or few the loves that may
 Shine upon her silent way—
 God will love her night and day,
 My Love, Annie.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.



GOLDEN-TRESSÈD ADELAIDE.

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SING, I pray, a little song,
 Mother dear!
 Neither sad nor very long:
 It is for a little maid,
 Golden-tressèd Adelaide!
 Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
 Mother dear.

Let it be a merry strain,
 Mother dear!
 Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
 For our gentle child will weep
 If the theme be dark and deep;
 And we will not draw a single, single
 tear,
 Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
 Mother dear!
 And like an endless summer shine;
 Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
 Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
 Therefore bid thy song be merry:—
 dost thou hear,

Mother dear?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER
 (BARRY CORNWALL).

FATHER AT PLAY.

SUCH fun as we had one rainy
 day,
 When father was home and
 helped us play,
 And made a ship and hoisted
 sail,
 And crossed the sea in a fear-
 ful gale!
 But we hadn't sail'd into Lon-
 don town,
 When captain, and crew, and vessel
 went down—
 Down, down in a jolly wreck,
 With the captain rolling under the
 deck.
 But he broke out again with a lion's
 roar,
 And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor, and up the
stair,
And frightened mamma and the
baby there.

So mamma said she would be p'lice-
man now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't
know how!

Then the lion laughed, and forgot to
roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery
door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, kickity, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off, and he cantered
on,
Never stopping to see if his load was
gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was
me,

Or which was Towser, for, all in a
mix,
You'd think three people had turn'd
to six,

Till Towser's tail had caught in a
door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any
more;

And mamma came out the rumpus
to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the
riot.

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

DEAR Grandma, I will try to write
A very little letter:
If I don't spell the words all right,
Why, next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,
And likes his milk and clover;
He likes to see me very much,
But is afraid of Rover.

I've got a dove, as white as snow,
I call her "Polly Feather;"
She flies and hops about the yard,
In every kind of weather.

I think she likes to see it rain,
For then she smooths her jacket;
And seems to be so proud and vain,
The turkeys make a racket.

The hens are picking off the grass,
And singing very loudly;
While our old peacock struts about,
And shows his colors proudly.

I guess I'll close my letter now,
I've nothing more to tell;
Please answer soon, and come to see
Your loving little Nell!

WISCONSIN FARMER.

POLLY'S DOLLY.

SHINING eyes, very blue,
Opened very wide;
Yellow curls, very stiff,
Hanging side by side;
Chubby cheeks, very pink;
Lips red as holly;
No ears, and only thumbs—
That's Polly's dolly!

Merry eyes, very round;
Hair crimped and long;

Two little cherry lips,
 Sending forth a song ;
 Very plump, and rather short ;
 Grand ways to Dolly :
 Fond of games, fond of fun—
 That's Dolly's Polly.

" Dolly ! I make all your clothes—
 Don't I make them neatly ?
 And to you I sing my song—
 Don't I sing it sweetly ?
 I gave you a pinafore,
 With many ribbons gay ;
 And I sing and talk to you,
 Till darkness hides the day.



" Yet you never thank me, Doll—
 You never say a word ;
 You are not half as grateful, Doll,
 As pussy-cat or bird.
 Pussy purrs, and birdie sings.
 But you are like a mouse—
 Never even thanked me, Doll.
 For pretty bran-new house !

" To be sure, you never cry
 When I bump your head ;
 And once you out of window fell,
 Yet not a word you said.
 And if I e'er forget you, Doll,
 And leave you in your place
 All the day, yet not a frown
 Is seen upon your face.

" You shall teach me, Dolly dear,
 Not to cry or pout,
 If any one is cross to me,
 And no one takes me out.
 I wish that I could teach you, Doll,
 All prettily to say
 'Thank you!' when I sing to you,
 And give you ribbons gay."

THE LOST DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world ;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white,
 dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly
 curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day ;
 And I cried for her more than a week,
 dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day ;
 Folks say she is terribly changed,
 dears,
 For her paint is all washed away.
 And her arm trodden off by the
 cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit
 curled ;
 Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



DOCTOR'S VISIT.

LITTLE MAMMA.

LITTLE MAMMA, WITH A SICK DOLL.
 COME and see my baby dear;
 Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
 Yesterday, do what I would,
 She would touch no kind of food,
 And she tosses, moans, and cries.
 Doctor, what do you advise?

DOCTOR.

Hum! ha! Good madam, tell me, pray,
 What have you offered her to-day?
 Ah, yes, I see—a piece of cake;
 The worst thing you could make her
 take.
 Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear
 Too many plums and currants here;
 But stop! I will just taste again,
 So as to make the matter plain.

But, doctor, pray excuse me; oh,
 You've eaten all my cake up now!
 I thank you kindly for your care,
 But do you think 'twas hardly fair?

DOCTOR.

Oh, dear me! Did I eat the cake?
 Well, it was for dear Baby's sake.
 But keep her in her bed, well warm,
 And you will see she'll take no harm
 At night and morning use, once more
 Her drink and powder as before;
 And she must not be over-fed,
 But may just have a piece of bread.
 To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
 She'll be quite right. Good-day! good-
 day!



THE NEW DOLL.

DEAR doll, how I love you!

Your form is so fair,
Your eyes are like diamonds,
And curly your hair;
I never get weary
Of seeing your face;
And you are so lovely,
I call you "Miss Grace."

My kind mamma bought you
One day at a fair,
All dressed out so gayly,
And wrapped up with care.
She gave me a workbox,
Cloth, scissors, and thread,

To make tiny sheets
For your neat little bed.

Here's silk for your dresses,
And ribbons to trim;
I'll make you as fine as
My wax "Dolly Prim."
My mamma loves order
So, Gracie, you see
If I don't keep my workbox
As neat as can be.

No silk shall be ravelled,
No spool shall be lost;
I'll obey her, no matter
What labor it cost;

I'll take tiny stitches,
And hem every skirt,
Nor scollop with scissors
Like wild Kitty Flirt.

And thus I'll be learning
To make my own clothes,
And help mamma sew
For our sweet baby Rose;
For, mind you, Miss Gracie,
I sha'n't always play
With dolls; I hope I'll be
A tall woman some day.

Then I hope to make garments
Much larger than these—
Warm hoods, gowns, and cloaks,
That the poor may not freeze;
And then, if I'm asked where
I got all my skill,
I'll tell them 'twas making
Your dress, cloak, and frill.

THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

OUR doll-baby show, it was something
quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest dolls in the
land.
Each girl brought her own, in its pret-
tiest dress;
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a
pin less.

For the doll that was choicest we of-
fered a prize;
There were wee mites of dollies, and
some of great size;
Some came in rich purple, some lilac,
some white,
With ribbons and laces—a wonderful
sight!

Now, there was one dolly so tall and
so proud
She put all the others quite under a
cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers do not
make fine birds.

We sat in a row, with our dolls in our
laps;
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met
no mishaps.
No boys were admitted—for boys will
make fun;
Now which do you think was the dolly
that won?

Soon all was commotion to hear who
would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee
had met;
We were the committee; and which
do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a
wink?

Why, each of us said that our own
was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest
dress;
So we *all* got the prize. We'll invite
you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-
baby show.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me.
I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use saying she isn't, with a
crack like that in her head.

It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt
much to have my tooth out that
day;

And then, when the man 'most pulled
my head off, you hadn't a word
to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a
baby, when you say you can
mend it with glue!

As if I didn't know better than that!

Why, just suppose it was you!

You might make her *look* all mended
—but what do I care for looks?

Why, glue's for chairs, and tables, and
toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter!

Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!

It just makes me sick to think of the
sound when her poor head went
whack!

Against that horrible brass thing that
holds up the little shelf.—

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind
me? I know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy—you'll get
her another head!

What good would forty heads do her?

I tell you my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished
her elegant new spring hat!

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last
night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that rib-
bon—I was playing out in the
yard—

She said to me most expressly,
“Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde.”

And I went and put it on Tabby, and
Hildegarde saw me do it;

But I said to myself, “Oh, never
mind; I don't believe she knew
it.”

But I know that she knew it now, and

I just believe, I do,

That her poor little heart was broken,
and so her head broke too.

Oh, my baby! my little baby! I
wish *my* head had been hit!

For I've hit it over and over, and it
hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll
want to be buried, of course;

We will take my little wagon, Nurse,
and you shall be the horse;

And I'll walk behind and cry; and
we'll put her in this, you see—

This dear little box—and we'll bury
her then under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone,
like the one he made for my
bird;

And he'll put what I tell him on it—
yes, every single word!

I shall say: “Here lies Hildegarde,
a beautiful doll who is dead;

She died of a broken heart and a
dreadful crack in her head!”

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

VOYAGE IN THE ARM-CHAIR.

Oh, papa! dear papa! we've had such
a fine game!

We played at a sail on the sea;
The old arm-chair made such a beau-
tiful ship.

And it sailed, oh, as nice as could
be.

We made Mary the
captain, and
Bob was the
boy

Who cried, "Ease
her," and "Back
her," and
"Slow;"

And Jane was the
steersman who
stands at the
wheel,

And I watched
the engines be-
low.

We had for a pas-
senger grand-
mamma's cat,
And as Tom
couldn't pay he
went free;



From the fireside we sailed at half-
past two o'clock,

And we got to the sideboard at three

But oh! only think, dear papa, when
halfway

Tom overboard jumped to the floor,
And though we cried out, "Tom, come
back; don't be drowned,"

He galloped right out of the door.

But papa, dear papa, listen one mo-
ment more,

Till I tell you the end of the sail:

From the sideboard we went at five
minutes past three,

And at four o'clock saw such a
whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear
papa,

Is at least twice as large as our ship;

Our captain called out, "Turn the
ship round about!

Oh, I wish we had not come on this
trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh yes, let us get
away home,

And hide in some corner quite snug;"

So we sailed for the fireside as quick
as we could,

And we landed all safe on the rug.

TOMMY'S ARMY.

I've got two hundred soldiers,

An army brave and true;

And some are dressed in blue and
red,

And some in white and blue.



I put them in the window-seat,
And make them drill in line;
March, march, stiff as starch,
Little soldiers mine!
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

There are fifty little clean white tents,
And half a dozen forts,
And twenty bright brass cannon,
And all of different sorts.
I put them in the window-seat,
And don't they just look fine?
March, march, stiff as starch,
Little soldiers mine!
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

I'd like to be a soldier,
And wear the red and blue;
I suppose the shots don't hurt as much
As people say they do.
My soldiers never mind the peas,
Although they hit so strong,
And when they fall I pick them up,
And make them march along.
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

PLAYING KING.

Ho! I'm a king, a king! A crown is
on my head,
A sword is at my side, and regal is my
tread;
Ho, slave! proclaim my will to all the
people round:
The schools are hereby closed; hence-
forth must fun abound.

Vacation shall not end; all slates I
order smashed;
The man who says "Arithmetic," he
must be soundly thrashed;
All grammars shall be burnt; the
spellers we will tear;
The boy who spells correctly, a fool's
cap he shall wear.

No dolls shall be allowed, for dolls are
what I hate;
The girls must give them up, and learn
to swim and skate;
Confectioners must charge only a cent
a pound
For all the plums and candy that in
the shops are found.

That man who asks a dime for any
pear or peach,
I'll have him hung so high that none
his feet can reach;

No baker is allowed hereafter to bake bread—

He must bake only pies and cake and ginger-snaps instead.

All lecturers must quit our realm without delay ;

The circus-men and clowns, on pain of death, must stay ;

All folk who frown on fun at once must banished be.

Now, fellow, that you know my will,
to its fulfilment see!

ALFRED SELWYN.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,

Up stairs and doon stairs, in his night-gown,

Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?

The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,

The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep ;

But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Anything but sleep, ye rogue!—glow-erin' like the moon,

Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,

Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, craw-in' like a cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!

Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,

Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums :

Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,

A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,

That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee ;

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

"HOLD FAST WHAT I GIVE YOU."

"MOLLY, and Maggie, and Alice,
Three little maids in a row,

At play in an arbor palace,
Where the honeysuckles grow,—

"Six dimpled palms press'd together,
Even and firm, two by two,—

Three eager, upturned faces,
Bonny brown eyes and blue.

"Which shall it be, O you charmers?
Alas! I am sorely tried,—

I, a hard-hearted old hermit,
Who the question am set to decide.

"Molly, the sprite, the darling,
Shaking her shower of curls.

Whose laugh is the brook's own ripple,
Gayest and gladdest of girls?

"Maggie, the wild little brownie,
Every one's plaything and pet,

Who leads me a chase through the
garden

For a kiss, the wicked coquette?

"Or Alice?—ah! shy-eyed Alice,

Looking so softly down

Under her long, dark lashes

And hair so golden brown,—

"Alice who talks with the flowers,

And says there are none so wise,—

Who *knows* there are elves and fairies,

For hasn't she seen their bright
eyes?

"There! there! at last I am ready

To go down the bright eager row;

So, up with your hands, my Graces,

Close,—nobody else must know.

"Hold fast what I give you,' Molly!

(Poor little empty palms!)

'Hold fast what I give you,' Maggie!

(A frown steals over her charms.)

"Hold fast what I give you,' Alice!

You smile,—*do* you so much care?

Unclasp your little pink fingers:

Ah ha! the button is there!

"But do you know, sweet Alice,

All that I give you to keep?

For into my heart you have stolen,

As sunbeams to shadows creep.

"You a glad little maiden,—

How old are you? Only nine,—

With your bright, brown hair all
shining,

While the gray is coming to mine.

"No matter, you'll be my true-love,

And come to my old arms so;

And 'hold fast what I give you,' Alice,

For nobody else must know."

LILY WARNER.

WHAT?

WHAT was it that Charlie saw, to-
day,

Down in the pool where the cattle
lie?

A shoal of the spotted trout at
play?

Or a sheeny dragon-fly?

The fly and the fish were there in-
deed;

But as for the puzzle,—guess
again!

It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor
reed,

Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's
bed;—

Who knows but a bee had fallen
down?

Or a spider, swung from his broken
thread,

Was learning the way to drown?

You have not read me the riddle
yet.

Nor even the wing of a wounded
bee,

Nor the web of a spider, torn and
wet,

Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you who have grown so
wise,—

What could the wonderful sight
have been,

But the dimpled face and great blue
eyes

Of the rogue who was looking in?

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.



A COMFORTER.

"WILL she come to me, little Effie?

Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the
west?

"I and Effie will sit together.

All alone in this great arm-chair :—
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When life is so hard to bear?

"No one comforts me like my Effie,
Just I think that she does not try,—
Only looks with a wistful wonder
Why grown people should ever cry ;

"While her little soft arms close
tighter

Round my neck in their clinging
hold ;—

Well, I must not cry on your hair, dear,
For my tears might tarnish the gold.

"I am tired of trying to read, dear ;

It is worse to talk and seem gay :
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away.

"Ah, advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before.
And the reasoning down one's sorrow
Seems to make one suffer the more,

"But my Effie won't reason, will she?
Or endeavor to understand?
Only holds up her mouth to kiss me
As she strokes my face with her hand.

"If you break your plaything your-
self, dear,
Don't you cry for it all the same?
I don't think it is such a comfort
One has only one's self to blame.

"People say things cannot be helped,
dear,
But then that is the reason why;
For if things could be helped or al-
tered,
One would never sit down to cry.

"They say, too, that tears are quite
useless
To undo, amend, or restore;
When I think *how* useless, my Effie,
Then my tears only fall the more.

"All to-day I struggled against it,
But that does not make sorrow cease,
And now, dear, it is such a comfort
To be able to cry in peace.

"Though wise people would call that
folly,
And remonstrate with grave surprise,
We won't mind what they say, my
Effie,—
We never professed to be wise.

"But my comforter knows a lesson
Wiser, truer than all the rest—
That to help and to heal a sorrow
Love and silence are always best.

"Well, who is my comforter—tell me?
Effie smiles, but she will not speak,
Or look up through the long curled
lashes
That are shading her rosy cheek.

"Is she thinking of talking fishes,
The blue-bird, or magical tree?
Perhaps I am thinking, my darling,
Of something that never can be.

"You long—don't you, dear,—for the
genii,
Who were slaves of lamps and of
rings?
And I—I am sometimes afraid, dear,
I want as impossible things.

"But hark! there is Nurse calling
Effie!
It is bedtime; so run away;
And I must go back, or the others
Will be wondering why I stay.

"So good-night to my darling Effie;
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow
wise:
There's one kiss for her golden tresses,
And two for her sleepy eyes."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head;
A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is as full of kisses—
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy:
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby-boy.



**"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE
ANOTHER."**

A LITTLE girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book
All bound with velvet and edged with
gold,
And its weight was more than the
child could hold ;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it
o'er,
And every day she prized it more ;
For it said—and she looked at her
smiling mother—
It said, " Little children, love one an-
other."

She thought it was beautiful in the
book,
And the lesson home to her heart she
took ;

She walked on her way with a trust-
ing grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek
young face,
Which said, just as plain as words
could say,
" The Holy Bible I must obey ;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling
brother,
For little children must love each
other."

" I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not
play ;
But I'll love him still, for I think the
way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right ;
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-
night,

I will clasp my hands around my
brother,
And say, 'Little children love one an-
other.' "

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change
it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad sur-
prise,
To meet the light of her loving
eyes:
His heart was full, he could not
speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's
cheek;
And God looked down on that happy
mother
Whose little children loved each
other.

AUNT MARY.

MAKING MUD-PIES.

UNDER the apple tree, spreading and
thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the shadow that
lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud-
pies.

On her brown apron and bright droop-
ing head
Showers of pink and white blossoms
are shed;
Tied to a branch that seems meant
just for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw
hat.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer
day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels or snaps at the
flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud-
pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes
astir
While she is busy are busy with
her;
Cheeks rosy glowing and bright spark-
ling eyes
Bring they to Fanny while making
mud-pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid
away,
Not to come out till the next rainy
day;
Under the blue of these sweet sum-
mer skies
Nothing's so pleasant as making mud-
pies.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious
look
"Making believe" she's a true pastry
cook;
Sundry brown splashes on forehead
and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud-
pies.

But all the soil of her innocent
play
Soap and clean water will soon wash
away;
Many a pleasure in daintier guise
Leaves darker traces than Fanny's
mud-pies.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to
 lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupa-
 tions,
 That is known as the Children's
 Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-
 light,
 Descending the broad hall-stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning to-
 gether
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle-wall!

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old moustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
 Yes, for ever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MY CHILDREN.

HAVE you seen Annie and Kitty,
 Two merry children of mine?
 All that is winning and pretty
 Their little persons combine.

Annie is kissing and clinging
 Dozens of times in a day—
 Chattering, laughing, and singing,
 Romping and running away.

Annie knows all of her neighbors,
 Dainty and dirty alike—
 Learns all their talk, and, "be jabbers,"
 Says she "adores little Mike."

Annie goes mad for a flower,
 Eager to pluck and destroy—
 Cuts paper dolls by the hour,
 Always her model—a boy.

Annie is full of her fancies,
 Tells most remarkable lies
 (Innocent little romances,
 Startling in one of her size).

Three little prayers we have taught her,
 Graded from winter to spring;
 Oh, you should listen my daughter
 Saying them all in a string!

Kitty—ah, how my heart blesses
 Kitty, my lily, my rose!
 Wary of all my caresses,
 Chary of all she bestows.

Kitty loves quietest places,
 Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,
 And with the gravest of faces
 Teaches old Carlo his prayers.

Matronly, motherly creature!
 Oh, what a doll she has built—
 Guiltless of figure or feature—
 Out of her own little quilt!

Naught must come near it to wake it;
 Noise must not give it alarm;
 And when she sleeps she must take it
 Into her bed on her arm.

Kitty is shy of a caller,
 Uttering never a word,
 But when alone in the parlor
 Talks to herself like a bird.

Kitty is contrary, rather,
 And, with a comical smile,
 Mutters "I won't" to her father,
 Eying him slyly the while.

Loving one more than the other
 Isn't the thing, I confess;
 And I observe that their mother
 Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper
 In a relation like this;
 I wouldn't toss up a copper—
 Kitty, come, give me a kiss!

J. G. HOLLAND.



LITTLE HELPERS.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
 Helping to scatter the seeds,
 Feeding the hens and the chickens,
 Freeing the garden from weeds,
 Driving the cows to the pasture,
 Feeding the horse in the stall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Sure, there is work for us all,
 Helping Papa.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
 Raking it up when it's dry,
 Picking the apples and peaches
 Down in the orchard hard by,
 Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
 Gathering nuts in the fall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Yes, there is work for us all,
 Helping Papa.

Sweeping and washing the dishes,
 Bringing the wood from the shed,
 Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
 Helping to make up the beds,
 Taking good care of the baby,
 Watching her lest she should fall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Oh, there is work for us all,
 Helping Mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
 Makes us both active and strong;
 Play we enjoy all the better
 When we have labored so long.
 Gladly we help our kind parents,
 Quickly we come to their call,
 Children should love to be busy,—
 There is much work for us all,
 Helping Papa and Mamma,



LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go,
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
Full of mischief looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Daring little fingers,
Never, never still!

Make them, heavenly Father,
Always do thy will.

"APPLES OF GOLD."

NOTHING TO DO.

I HAVE sailed my boat and spun my
top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to
stop,
And I swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the
shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort
themselves,
And now—I have nothing to do.

The Tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks—
I'll warrant they'll run no more;



I have raced with Grip till I'm out of
breath ;

My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired
to death
Because I have nothing to do.

I can see where the boys have gone to
fish ;

They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow "

To sit all day at the end of a rod

For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on
the sod :

I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flow-
ers,

And Lucy and Rose are away

After berries. I'm sure they've been
out for hours ;

I wonder what makes them stay ?
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new ;

"I was thinking you'd relish a canter,"
said he,

"Because you have nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his
work all done,

With his little half hour of play ;
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day
through ;

But then he is never tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.



BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

"Now, let's have a game of play,
 Lucy, Jane, and little May!
 I will be a grizzly bear,
 Prowling here and prowling there,
 Sniffing round and round about,
 Till I find you children out;
 And my dreadful den shall be
 Deep within the hollow tree."

"Oh no! please not, Robert dear,
 Do not be a grizzly bear;
 Little May was half afraid
 When she heard the noise you made,
 Roaring like a lion strong,
 Just now as you came along;
 And she'll scream and start to-
 night
 If you give her any fright."

"Well, then, I will be a fox!
 You shall be the hens and cocks,
 In the farmer's apple tree
 Crowing out so lustily;
 I will softly creep this way—
 Peep—and pounce upon my prey;
 And I'll bear you to my den,
 Where the fern grows in the glen."

"Oh no, Robert! you're so strong,
While you're dragging us along
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks:
We *won't* play at hens and cocks."
"If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares;
Then you'll only have to run,—
Girls are never up to fun."

"You've *your* play, and we have *ours*:
Go and climb the trees again!
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers!
Jane is culling foxglove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the dells
For the latest summer roses."

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE SLEEPY LITTLE SISTER.

I SAT, one evening, watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture-book,
And pretty soon I said,
"Come, darling, you are sleepy,
Don't you want to go to bed?"
"No," she said, "I isn't sleepy,
But I can't hold up my head.

"Just now it feels so heavy
There isn't any use;
Do let me lay it down to rest
On dear old Mother Goose.
I sha'n't shut up my eyes at all,
And so you need not fear;
I'll keep them open all the while,
To see this picture here."

And then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap;
One curl was resting on the frill
Of the old lady's cap;

Her arms embraced the children
small
Inhabiting the shoe;
"Oh dear!" thought I, "what shall I
say?
For this will never do."

I sat a while in silence,
Till the clock struck its "ding,
ding,"
And then I went around and kissed
The cunning little thing.
The violets unfolded
As I kissed her, and she said,
"I isn't sleepy, sister,
But I guess I'll go to bed."

GEORGINA McNEIL.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

THE cottage-work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlit stillness
You hear the river run;
The cotter's children whisper,
Then speak out one and all:
"Come, father, make for Johnny
A rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair:
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny;
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
He throws a shadow tall,
That seems the moment after
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows,
E'en grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.

There ne'er was gilded painting
 Hung up in lordly hall
 Gave half the simple pleasure
 This rabbit on the wall.

Ah! who does not remember
 When humble sports like these
 Than many a costlier pastime
 Had greater power to please?
 When o'er life's autumn pathway
 The sere leaves thickly fall,
 How oft we sigh, recalling
 The rabbit on the wall!

CATHERINE ALLAN.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my win-
 dow,

All in the midsummer weather,
 Three little girls with fluttering curls
 Flit to and fro together:—
 There's Bell with her bonnet of satin
 sheen,
 And Maud with her mantle of silver
 green,
 And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my win-
 dow,

Leaning stealthily over,
 Merry and clear the voice I hear
 Of each glad-hearted rover.
 Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my
 roses;
 And Maud and Bell twine wreaths
 and posies,
 As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my win-
 dow,

In the blue midsummer weather,
 Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
 I catch them all together:—

Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
 And Maud with her mantle of silver
 green,
 And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my win-
 dow,

And off through the orchard-closes,
 While Maud she flouts, and Bell she
 pouts,

They scamper and drop their posies.
 But dear little Kate takes naught
 amiss,

And leaps in my arms with a loving
 kiss,

And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered near
 A play-ground in the wood,
 And there heard a thing from youth-
 ful lips
 That I've never understood.

"Now let the old cat die," he laughed;
 I saw him give a push,
 Then gayly scamper away as he spied
 My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where it
 went,

I could not well make out,
 On account of the thicket of bending
 boughs
 That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,
 Or hung it upon a limb,
 And left it to die all alone," I said;
 "But I'll play the mischief with
 him."



I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek ;
And what did I find but a swinging
child,
With her bright hair brushing her
cheek !

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her red little dress flashed by,
But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing
eye.

Swinging and swaying back and
forth,
With the rose-light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower
in one,
And the wood her native place.

"Steady ! I'll send you up, my child !"
But she stopped me with a cry :

"Go 'way ! go 'way ! Don't touch me,
please ;

I'm letting the old cat die !"

"*You* letting him die !" I cried aghast ;
"Why, where is the cat, my dear ?"
And lo ! the laughter that filled the
woods

Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the lit-
tle maid,

The flitting, beautiful elf,

"That we call it 'letting the old cat die'
When the swing stops all itself ?"

Then floating and swinging, and look-
ing back

With merriment in her eye,
She bade me "good-day," and I left
her alone,

A-letting the old cat die.

MARY MAPES DODGE.



POLLY.

BROWN eyes,
Straight nose ;
Dirt-pies,
Rumpled clothes ;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys ;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's ;

Little rages,
Obvious arts ;
(Three her age is),
Cakes, tarts ;

Falling down
Off chairs ;
Breaking crown
Down stairs ;

Catching flies
On the pane ;
Deep sighs—
Cause not plain ;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses ;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
"Mercy's sake !
Quiet, dear !"

New shoes,
New frock ;
Vague views
Of what's o'clock

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said ;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd ;
Smiles away ;
Yet may God
Hear her pray !

Bed-gown white,
Kiss Dolly ;
Good night !—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see ;
Heaven keep
My girl for me !

"LILLIPUT LEVEE!"

IN THE CLOSET.

THEY'VE taken away the ball,
 Oh dear!
 And I'll never get it back,
 I fear;
 And now they've gone away,
 And left me here to stay
 All alone the live-long-day
 In here.

It was *my* ball, anyway—
 Not his,
 For he never had a ball
 Like this.
 Such a coward you'll not see,
 E'en if you should live to be
 Old as Deuteronomy,
 As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm—
 None at **all**!
 I just held out my hand
 For the ball,
 And somehow it hit his head;
 Then his nose it went and bled,
 And as if I'd killed him dead
 He did bawl.

Nurse said I was a horrid
 Little wretch,
 And Aunt Jane said the police
 She would fetch;
 And cook, who's always glad
 Of a chance to make me mad,
 Said, "Indeed, she niver *had*
 Seen setch!"

No, I never, never *will*
 Be good!
 I'll go and be a babe
 In the wood!

I'll run away to sea,
 And a pirate I will be!
 Then they'll never call me
 Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting!
 Let me see—
 I wonder what they're going to have
 For tea?
 Of course there will be jam,
 And that lovely potted ham.
 How unfortunate I am!
 Dear me!

Oh! it's growing very dark
 In here,
 And the shadow in that corner
 Looks so queer!
 Won't they bring me any light?
 Must I stay in here all night?
 I shall surely die of fright;
 Oh dear!

Mother, darling! will you never
 Come back?
 I am sorry that I hit him
 Such a crack!
 Hark! Yes, 'tis her voice I hear!
 Now good-bye to every fear,
 For she's calling me her dear
 Little Jack!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"WHAT are you good for, my brave
 little man?
 Answer that question for me, if you
 can—
 You, with your fingers as white as a
 nun,
 You, with your ringlets as bright as
 the sun.

All the day long, with your busy con-
triving,
Into all mischief and fun you are
driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder
it well."

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my
seat;

Two merry eyes, full of frolic and
glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my
face,
Drew me down close in a loving em-
brace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to
love you."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold; not he—
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!

Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.

I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light through the
dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more—that every
hour

Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.



I know he's coming, by this sign—
 That Baby's almost wild;
 See how he laughs, and crows, and
 stares!
 Heaven bless the merry child!
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in
 him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps
 now;
 He's through the garden-gate;
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait!
 Shout, Baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands!

MARY HOWITT.

A LITTLE GOOSE.

THE chill November day was done,
 The working-world home-faring;
 The wind came roaring through the
 streets,

And set the gas-lights flaring,
 And hopelessly and aimlessly
 The scared old leaves were flying,
 When, mingled with the souging
 wind,

I heard a small voice crying ;

And shivering on the corner stood
 A child of four, or over ;
 No cloak or hat her small, soft arms
 And wind-blown curls to cover ;
 Her dimpled face was stained with
 tears,

Her round blue eyes ran over ;
 She cherished in her wee, cold hand
 A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure,
 while

She slipped in mine the other,
 Half scared, half confidential, said,
 "Oh, please, I want my mother!"
 "Tell me your street and number, pet.
 Don't cry ; I'll take you to it."
 Sobbing, she answered, "I forget ;
 The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step,
 The monkey took the money ;
 I followed down the street because
 That monkey was so funny.
 I've walked about a hundred hours,
 From one street to another ;
 The monkey's gone ; I've spoiled my
 flowers ;
 Oh, please, I want my mother!"

"But what's your mother's name, and
 what
 The street? Now think a min-
 ute."

"My mother's name is Mother Dear ;
 The street—I can't begin it."
 "But what is strange about the house,
 Or new—not like the others?"
 "I guess you mean my trundle-bed—
 Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
 To help him say his prayers—
 He's such a baby, he forgets,
 And we are both such players ;
 And there's a bar between, to keep
 From pitching on each other,
 For Harry rolls when he's asleep ;
 Oh dear! I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy ; people passed,
 All muffled, homeward faring.
 "You'll have to spend the night with
 me,"
 I said, at last, despairing.
 I tied a kerchief round her neck :
 "What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
 "Why, don't you know?" she, smiling,
 said,
 And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name!
 My eyes astonished met it.
 "For," said the little one, "you see
 I might some time forget it,
 And so I wear a little thing
 That tells you all about it ;
 For mother says she's very sure
 I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.



MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me
cry,

Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so
gay,

And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,

My Mother.

Ah no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
 And tears of sweet affliction shed,
 My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in His
 eyes
 If I should ever dare despise
 My Mother.

ANN TAYLOR.



BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMAMMA sits in her quaint arm-
 chair;
 Never was lady more sweet and fair;
 Her gray locks ripple like silver
 shells,
 And her own brow its story tells
 Of a gentle life and peaceful even,
 A trust in God, and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
 In her own low seat, like some win-
 some fay;
 Two doll-babies her kisses share,
 And another one lies by the side of
 her chair;
 May is as fair as the morning dew,
 Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

“Say, grandmamma,” says the pretty
 elf,
 “Tell me a story about yourself.
 When you were little, what did you
 play?
 Were you good or naughty the whole
 long day?
 Was it hundreds and hundreds of
 years ago?
 And what makes your soft hair as
 white as snow?”

“Did you have a mamma to hug and
 kiss?
 And a dolly like this, and this, and
 this?
 Did you have a pussy like my little
 Kate?
 Did you go to bed when the clock
 struck eight?
 Did you have long curls, and beads
 like mine,
 And a new silk apron with ribbons
 fine?”

Grandmamma smiled at the little
 maid,
 And laying aside her knitting, she
 said:
 “Go to my desk, and a red box you’ll
 see;
 Carefully lift it and bring it to me.”
 So May put her dollies away, and ran,
 Saying, “I’ll be careful as ever I can.”

The grandmamma opened the box,
and lo!
A beautiful child with throat like
snow,
Lip just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel and golden hair,
Hand all dimpled, and teeth like
pearls,—
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

“Oh! who is it?” cried winsome
May;
“How I wish she were here to-day!
Wouldn’t I love her like everything!
Wouldn’t I with her frolic and sing!
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she
be?”
“Darling,” said grandmamma, “I was
she.”

May looked long at the dimpled
grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old
face.
“How funny!” she cried, with a smile
and a kiss,
“To have such a dear little grandma
as this!
Still,” she added with smiling zest,
“I think, dear grandma, I like *you*
best.”

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandmamma told her history—
What plays she played, what toys she
had,
How at times she was naughty, or
good, or sad.
“But the best thing you did,” said
May, “don’t you see?
Was to grow a beautiful grandma for
me,”

MARY A. DENISON.

JOHNNY’S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don’t worry about education.
I’m sure I can’t see it at all
What a poor feller ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to “ma’s”
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, ’tis true,
T’other way when a boy wants to
climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar,
And they’re apt (if they know it in
time)
To make chicken-pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their spees
And say, “Ah, these boys will be
boys!”

“Life is only so short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day.”
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.
Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall
go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers ev’ry
night—
Some boys more than others, I s’pose;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.



GOLDEN HAIR.

GOLDEN HAIR climbed upon grand-
papa's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas
light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies
bright,
Skipping about till the coming of
night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on
her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he
said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from
her bed?"

"Pity much," answered the sweet lit-
tle one:
"I cannot tell so much things I
have done—
Played with my dolly, and feeded my
Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little
jump-rope,
And I made, out of some water and
soap,
Buffle worlds! mamma's castles of
Hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-
book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side
of the brook.

"Then I come home, and I eated my
tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's
knee.
I'm jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head
pressed
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's
breast;
Dear little Golden Hair! sweet be thy
rest!

We are but children ; the things that
we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite
view,
That sees all our weakness, and pities
it too.

God grant that when night over-
shadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for
our day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden
Hair's play !

And oh ! when weary, may we be so
blest
As to sink, like an innocent child, to
our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infin-
ite breast !

F. BURGE SMITH.

WHICH LOVED BEST ?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little
John ;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap
went on,
And he was off to the garden-swing,
And left her the water and wood to
bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can
tell ;"
Then she teased and pouted full half
the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she
went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan ;
"To-day I'll help you all I can ;
How glad I am school does'nt keep !"
So she rocked the babe till it fell
asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the
broom
And swept the floor and tidied the
room ;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could
be.

"I love you, mother," again they
said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guess-
ed
Which of them really loved her best ?

JOY ALLISON.

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDPAPA'S spectacles cannot be
found ;
He has searched all the rooms, high
and low, round and round ;
Now he calls to the young ones, and
what does he say ?
"Ten cents for the child who will find
them to-day."

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward
all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the
glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous
way,
Said, "I'll look for them, grandpa,
without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches
with care
That lies on the table by grandpapa's
chair ;
They feel in his pockets, they peep in
his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake
out the mat.

Then down on all-fours, like two good-natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare
He believes that those glasses are *not anywhere*.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they *could* be,

Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands—all her dimples came out,—
She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout :

“You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head !”

ELIZABETH SILL.



TRUE LOVE.

“How much I love you, mother dear !”
A little prattler said :

“I love you in the morning bright,
And when I go to bed.

“I love you when I'm near to you,
And when I'm far away ;
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play.”

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue ;

“I love you when you love me best,
And when you scold me, too.”

The mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a tear to hide :

“My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide.”

“I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go,
And this is why I sometimes chide,
Because I love you so.”

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy
care,

Was clearing the dinner away ;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catch-
ing flies.

The old man laid his hand on her
head,

With a tear on his wrinkled face ;
He thought how often her mother
dead

Had sat in the selfsame place.
As the tear stole down from his half-
shut eye,
“ Don't smoke ! ” said the child ; “ how
it makes you cry ! ”

The house-dog lay stretched out on the
floor,

Where the shade after noon used to
steal ;

The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel ;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-
tree

Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so
fair

Of his sweet grandchild were
pressed ;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair
lay :

Fast asleep were they both that sum-
mer day !

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage-girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you
tell.”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply :
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree,”

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
seen,"

The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my moth-
er's door,

And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid,
And when the grass was dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"Oh, master, we are seven."

"But they are dead—those two are
dead,

Their spirits are in heaven."

'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and
clover,

There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and
over;
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no
better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you
sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your
light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something
wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be
forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bec, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powder'd your legs with
gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and
yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrap-
per,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple
clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the
young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet,
linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day

JEAN INGELOW.

WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Prim-
rose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in
the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm tree,
A great, lofty Elm tree, with green
leaves gay!

The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the
boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere
to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood
or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits
poking in the ase,
Glowering in the fire with his wee
round face;
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what
sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging cas-
tles in the air.
His wee chubby face and his touzie
curly pow
Are laughing and nodding to the dan-
cing lowe;

He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe
his sunny hair,
Glowering at the imps with their cas-
tles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the
moon!

He sees little sogers pu'ing them a'
doun!

Worlds whombling up and down,
bleezing wi' a flare,

See how he louns as they glimmer in
the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the
laddie ken?

He's thinking upon naething, like
mony mighty men,

A wee thing maks us think, a sma'
thing maks us stare;

There are mair folk than him bigging
castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak
him cauld;

His chin upon his buffy hand will
soon mak him auld;

His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray
that daddy Care

Would let the wean alane wi' his cas-
tles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire! and he'll
keek at the light!

But mony sparkling stars are swal-
lowed up by night;

Aulder e'en than his are glamoured
by a glare,

Hearts are broken, heads are turned,
wi' castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

A LITTLE STORY.

OH, the book is a beauty, my darling,
The pictures are all very fine,
But it's time you were soundly sleep-
ing,

For the little hand points to nine;
So, here's a good-night—but give me
A dozen of kisses or more,
To make me forget what vexed me
To-day in the dull old store.

Can't go till I tell you a story?

Well, a long, long time ago,
When I was a little wee fellow—

No bigger than you, you know—
When I hadn't a nurse as you have,
And my papa was gone for goods,
I ran away from my mamma,
And got lost in the big pine woods.

I'll tell you just how it happened:

I was hunting for eggs, you see,
And all over the house and the garden
My mamma was hunting for me;
Hunting and calling, "Oh, Willie!
Ho! Willie! where are you, my
son?"

And I heard her and hid in the
bushes,

And thought it the jolliest of fun.

Naughty? Ah! Robin! I know it,

But I didn't think of it then;
I laughed and said, "I'm a robber,
And this is my dear little den.

I'd like to see any one take me,
I reckon—Oh ho! what's that?"

And away I went after a squirrel
As round and as black as my hat.

No; I didn't forget my dear mamma,
But "boys will be boys," I said;

And I kept a good eye on squirrel,
 And followed wherever he led,
 Over briars, and bogs, and bushes,
 Till the night fell blackly about,
 And I found I was far in the forest,
 And didn't know how to get out.

What became of the squirrel? why,
 Robin!

To be thinking of him, and not me!
 When I hadn't a thing for my pillow,
 That night, but the root of a tree—
 With a bit of soft moss for its cover—
 And never a star overhead;
 Oh, oh, how I cried for my mother,
 Till I slept, and dreamed I was
 dead.

I awoke in my own little chamber;
 My papa was holding my hand,
 And my mamma was crying beside
 me;

I couldn't at first understand
 Just what it all meant—when they
 told me

I wasn't to stir or to speak,
 For I was half dead when they found
 me,
 And had been very sick for a week.

But I pretty soon thought of the
 squirrel,
 And the bushes and briars; and
 then—

"Oh, mamma, forgive me," I whis-
 pered,

"For hiding away in a den!"

"Hush, hush! my poor darling!" she
 answered;

And I turned my face to the wall,
 Crying softly, because I was sorry.

Now kiss me good-night. That is
 all.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.



LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too;

But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
 And, as his stature grew,
 He grew in favor both with man
 And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
 And from his heavenly throne
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

ISAAC WATTS.

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip! he this day
 Has his long coats cast away,
 And (the childish season gone)
 Puts the manly breeches on.
 Officer on gay parade,
 Red-coat in his first cockade,
 Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
 Birthday beau surpassing him,
 Never did with conscious gait
 Strut about in half the state,
 Or the pride (yet free from sin),
 Of my little manikin :
 Never was there pride, or bliss,
 Half so rational as his.
 Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
 Philip's limbs have got their freedom.
 He can run, or he can ride,
 And do twenty things beside,
 Which his petticoats forbade :
 Is he not a happy lad ?
 Now he's under other banners,
 He must leave his former manners,
 Bid adieu to female games,
 And forget their very names—
 Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
 Sports for girls and punies weak !
 Baste-the-bear he now may play at ;
 Leap-frog, foot-ball sport away at ;
 Show his strength and skill at cricket,
 Mark his distance, pitch his wicket ;
 Run about in winter's snow
 Till his cheeks and fingers glow ;
 Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
 Without any fear to fall.

If he get a hurt or bruise,
 To complain he must refuse,
 Though the anguish and the smart
 Go unto his little heart.
 He must have his courage ready,
 Keep his voice and visage steady,
 Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
 That a tear may never come ;
 And his grief must only speak
 From the color in his cheek.
 This and more he must endure—
 Hero he in miniature !
 This and more must now be done,
 Now the breeches are put on.

MARY LAMB.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me :

" Pipe a song about a lamb !"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 " Piper, pipe that song again ;"
 So I piped ; he wept to hear.

" Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer !"
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

" Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight ;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

A GOOD NAME.

CHILDREN, choose it,
Don't refuse it ;
'Tis a precious diadem ;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it ;
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish ;
'Tis more precious far than gold ;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it ;
You will need it when you're old.

FIVE THINGS.

If Wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care :
To whom you speak, of whom you
speak,
And how, and when, and where.

TRUTH.

Boy, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy mouth ;
If thou'rt wrong, be still the same—
Speak the truth and bear the blame.

Truth is honest, truth is sure ;
Truth is strong, and must endure ;
Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.

Boy, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy mouth ;
Truth is steadfast, sure, and fast—
Certain to prevail at last.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

THREE little words we often see—
An Article, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun's the name of anything,
As, *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As, *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand—
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your*
hand.

Verbs tell of something being done—
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As, *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

A Preposition stands before
A noun, as, *in* or *through* a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As, men *and* children, wind *or* weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As, *Oh*, how pretty ! *Ah*, how wise !

J. NEALE.

THE STORY OF EDDY WHO NEVER WAS READY.

ONCE on a time lived a dear little boy,
Moreover, a very queer little boy,
Who always was calling, "Please wait!"

He was never ready for morning prayers,

He was late to rise and the last up-stairs,

At breakfast, dinner, and lunch, his head

Popped into the room when the grace was said.

He was always a little too late;

And all the time it was, "Hurry up, Eddy,

You're sure to be late: you never are ready."

He went in undignified haste, pell mell,

Into the school at the tardy bell,

Forgetting his books and his slate:

He walked to the church and the Sunday-school,

Because to ride it was always the rule.

To be on time. It was mother's dread

He'd not get in till the lesson was read,

Because he was always too late:

And every Sabbath 'twas "Hurry up, Eddy,

You're sure to be late: you never are ready."

Vacation time came, they were going abroad,

Harry and Susie and Nellie and Maud:

They went through the steamer's gate,

The plank was drawn in, to the grief of the flock,

When Eddy rushed breathlessly out on the dock.

His father said from the deck, "We roam,

But you must spend your vacation at home,

For this habit of being too late."

And the waves seemed to mock him with, "Hurry up, Eddy,

You're always late: you never are ready."

He grew to a man; but habits are things

That boys must battle, they do not take wings.

He never was useful or great.

They placed him at college; in business you'll find

He never succeeds who is always behind;

The girl that he loved had patience sublime,

But was won by the man who was always on time.

She said, "You're a little too late,

For Cupid don't wait for a laggard, Eddy."

The world that achieves is prompt and steady,

The world moves ahead if a man isn't ready.

EMMA CLAYTER SEABURY.

TOO LAZY FOR ANY THING.

"It's royal fun," cried lazy Ned,
"To coast upon my fine new sled,

And beat the other boys;
But then I cannot bear to climb

The plaguy hill, for every time
It more and more annoys!"

So when his school-mates glided by,
And gladly tugged up-hill, to try
Another merry race;
Too indolent to share their plays,
Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,
While shivering in his place.

Thus he would never take the pains
To seek the prize that labor gains,
Until the time is past;
For all his life he dreaded still
The silly bug-bear of up-hill,
And died a dunce at last.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A MAN very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by and entreated his aid:
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."
"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple; "perhaps I may
know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to show
it.

"Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is:
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your ser-
vice."

Said the other poor man:
"What an excellent plan!
Pray get on my shoulders, good
brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I'd learned my
letters,
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight!
The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,
Though I've certainly tried and
tried

To make them just right; it is dread-
ful,

I really don't know what to do;
I am getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head;
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me!

There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain-tops we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A NAUGHTY GIRL.

I wish you would just let me be!
No—I'm not at all sick, and I didn't
get hurt,
And I do not see why you are calling
me "pert"—

It was *you* spoke to *me*!

Oh yes! I suppose I must go—
You're a great big tall lady, and I'm
very small,
And I couldn't put *you* in the closet
at all;

But there's one thing I know—

If *I* had a dear little girl,
I'd not make a face when she just tore
her dress,

Or called old rice-pudding a horrible
mess,

Or her hair wouldn't curl!

Now you needn't look *so* any
more—

I'm most to the closet, and I don't
care a bit,

But I *hope* I'll be all wriggled up in a
fit

When you open the door.

(*After an interval of ten minutes.*)

Mamma! will you open it now?

I'm a little bit sorry—please let me
come out!

I most forget what I was naughty
about,

But I won't *anyhow*!

(*After an interval of twenty minutes.*)

Mamma! *dear* mamma, do you
hear?

I am ever so sorry—I know I was
bad,

I'll forgive that old pudding for
making me mad—

I'll be good, mamma dear!

Mamma! may I just have my
dolly?

It's so lonesome in here—O mamma!
won't you *please*?

I am sitting right down by the door
on my knees—

I'm your own little Polly!

(*The door opens.*)

O my precious best little
mother!

I will *never* be naughty, no, never
again;

My heart was all broken—it gave me
a pain,

And I thought I should smother.

THE FAIREST.

A LITTLE lass with golden hair,

A little lass with brown,

A little lass with raven locks,

Went tripping off to town.

"I like the golden hair the best,"

"And I prefer the brown,"

"And I the black,"

Three sparrows said,

Three sparrows of the town.

"Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!" an old owl
cried

From the belfry in the town:

"Glad-hearted lassies need not mind

If locks be gold, black, brown.
 Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! So fast, so fast,
 The sands of life run down,
 And soon, so soon, three white-haired
 dames
 Will totter through the town.
 Gone then for aye the raven locks,
 The golden hair, the brown;
 And she will fairest be whose face
 Least times has worn a frown.

LITTLE LILLIE.

"I HAVE been to school, father, and
 tried to be good;
 And when I came home, as I walked
 through the wood,
 I saw on the tree a most beautiful bird,
 And his song was the sweetest that
 ever I heard.
 He looked in my face with his little
 round eye;
 I was sorry for that, for I thought he
 would fly;
 But he still kept singing the same
 sweet song,
 And it made me glad as I walked along.
 And father, the air was so fresh and
 so sweet,
 The green grass and moss so soft to
 my feet,
 And the ground was so bright with
 the beautiful flowers,
 That I wanted to stay there a great
 many hours.
 But I thought it was wrong any longer
 to stay,
 For you told me never to stop by the
 way;
 So I came straight home, and brother
 and I
 Have been to the fields to make his
 kite fly.

And I worked in my garden, and
 planted some seeds,
 And water'd the flowers, and pull'd
 up the weeds;
 And I tried to help mother all that
 I could:
 I am sure she will tell you that I have
 been good."

"I am glad, little Lillie," the father
 replied,
 As he kissed his dear girl, "I am glad
 you have tried
 To be a good child; so now come with
 me,
 And sit by my side or climb on my
 knee;

"And I'll tell you why all look'd so
 happy and gay,
 As you walked home from school
 through the greenwood to-day;
 And why the glad song of that beau-
 tiful bird
 Seemed sweeter than any you ever
 had heard.

"The Lord keeps around us, by day
 and by night,
 Kind angels to guard us, and lead us
 aright:
 When you try to be useful and pleas-
 ant and mild,
 I know that the angels are leading my
 child.

"For the good thoughts and feelings
 which they will impart,
 When you try to do right, will glad-
 den your heart;
 And this is why all look'd so happy
 and gay,
 As you walk'd home from school
 through the greenwood to-day."

AUNT MARY.



TRY, TRY AGAIN.

HERE'S a lesson all should heed—

Try, try, try again.

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try, try again.

Let your courage well appear;

If you only persevere

You will conquer, never fear;

Try, try, try again.

Twice or thrice though you should fail,

Try again.

If at last you would prevail,

Try again.

When you strive, there's no disgrace

Though you fail to win the race;

Bravely, then, in such a case,

Try, try, try again.

Let the thing be e'er so hard,

Try again.

Time will surely bring reward;

Try again.

That which other folks can do

Why, with patience, may not you?

Why, with patience, may not you?

Try, try, try again.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.

GREAT events, we often find,

On little things depend,

And very small beginnings

Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,

And words to books may grow,

As flake on flake descending

Forms an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good

Or evil thought inspire;

One little spark enkindled

May set a town on fire.

What volumes may be written

With little drops of ink!

How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink !

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny, saved,
A fortune may begin ;
A daily penny, squandered,
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets, joining,
Form the ocean's tide.

Our hours and days, our months and
years,
Are in small moments given :
They constitute our time below—
Eternity in heaven.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy,
Like the heaven above.

JULIA A. CARNEY.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

WHILE the new years come and the
old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow !
All things grow, and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun
When the summer at last is done.

Low on the ground an acorn lies—
Little by little it mounts the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering
herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew
Long, long ago, when the world was
new ;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years
go.

Little by little all tasks are done ;
So are the crowns of the faithful
won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with
laughter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away—
Passing without return, while so
The new years come and the old years
go.

LUELLA CLARK.

BE POLITE.

Good boys and girls should never say
" *I will,*" and, " *Give me these :*"
Oh no ; that never is the way,
But, " *Mother, if you please.*"

And "*If you please,*" to sister Ann,
 Good boys to say are ready ;
 And "*Yes, sir,*" to a gentleman,
 And "*Yes, ma'am,*" to a lady.

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,
 Each one furnished with sixty wings,
 With which we fly on our unseen
 track,
 And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one
 bears
 A little burden of joys and cares.
 Patiently take the minutes of pain—
 The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring
 A few of the drops from pleasure's
 spring,
 Taste their sweetness while we stay—
 It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well,
 For how we are used we must one day
 tell ;
 Who uses minutes has hours to use—
 Who loses minutes whole years must
 lose.

ONLY FIVE MINUTES.

FIVE minutes late, and the school is
 begun ;
 What are rules for, if you break every
 one ?
 Just as the scholars are seated and
 quiet,
 You hurry in with disturbance and
 riot.

Why did you loiter so long by the
 way ?

All of the classes are formed for the
 day ;

Hurry and pick up definer and slate—
 Room at the foot for the scholar that's
 late.

Five minutes late, and the table is
 spread,

The children are seated, and grace has
 been said ;

Even the baby, all sparkling and
 rosy,

Sits in her high chair, by mamma, so
 cozy !

Five minutes late, and your hair all
 askew,

Just as the comb was drawn hastily
 through ;

There are your chair and your tumbler
 and plate—

Cold cheer for those who are five min-
 utes late.

Five minutes late on this bright Sab-
 bath morn !

All the good people to meeting have
 gone ;

You cannot hear the sweet gospel
 message,

As your boots noisily creak in the pas-
 sage.

People and minister look at your
 pew,

Little surprised when they see it is
 you.

Ah ! when you stand at the Beautiful
 Gate,

What will you do if you're five min-
 utes late ?



DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
 Should hang its little cup
 And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
 I'd better not grow up."
 How many a weary traveller
 Would miss its fragrant smell!
 How many a little child would grieve
 To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrops
 Upon the grass should say,
 "What can a little dewdrop do?
 I'd better roll away."
 The blade on which it rested,
 Before the day was done,
 Without a drop to moisten it,
 Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Should think themselves too small to
 cool
 The traveller on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest
 And softest ones that blow,
 And think they made a great mis-
 take
 If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
 A little child may do,
 Although it has so little strength.
 And little wisdom too!
 It needs a loving spirit,
 Much more than strength, to prove,
 How many things a child may do
 For others by its love.

 ONE THING AT A TIME.

Work while you work,
 Play while you play;
 That is the way
 To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
 Do with your might;
 Things done by halves
 Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away ;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

M. A. STODART.

LITTLE MARIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

In a large house, with two kind aunts,
The little Marian dwelt,
And a happy child she was, I ween,
For though at times she felt

That playmates would be better far
Than either birds or flowers,
Yet with kind aunts and story-books
She passed few lonely hours.

Her favorite haunt in summer-time
Was a large old apple tree,
And oft amid its boughs she sat,
With her pet book on her knee.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" it was called,
And Marian loved it much ;
It is indeed a wondrous book :
There are not many such.

She read it in her little bed,
And by the winter fire,
And in the large old apple tree,
As if she ne'er would tire.

But, unexplained, 'tis just the book
To puzzle a young brain,
And this poor child had no kind
friend
Its meaning to explain.

For though her aunts were very kind,
They were not very wise ;
They only said, " Don't read so, child,
For sure you'll hurt your eyes."

But Marian still went reading on ;
And visions strange and wild
Began to fill the little head
Of the lonely, dreaming child.

For she thought that Christian and
his wife,
And all his children too,
Had left behind their pleasant home ;
And so she too must do.

" I'll take my Bible," said the child,
" And seek the road to heaven ;
I'll try to find the wicket-gate,
And have my sins forgiven.

" I wish my aunts would go with me,
But 'tis in vain to ask ;
They are so old and deaf and lame,
They'd think it quite a task.

" No ! I must go alone, I see ;
And I'll not let them know,
Or, like poor Christian's friends, they'll
say,
' My dear, you must not go.'

" But I must wait till some great thing
Shall all their thoughts engage,
And then I'll leave my pleasant home,
And go on pilgrimage."

She had not waited long before,
One fine, autumnal day,
She saw the large old coach arrive
To take her aunts away.

" We're going out to spend the day,"
The two old ladies said ;
" We mean to visit Mrs. Blair :
She's very sick in bed.

"But, Marian, you must stay at home,
And happy you will be,
To have your book and dinner too
In the large old apple tree.

"And in the garden you may play
While you can be content."
A few more parting words were said,
And off the aunties went.

The servants, too, were now engaged.
"The day is come at last,"
Said Marian; "but oh! how I wish
My pilgrimage were past!"

Kneeling beneath her apple tree,
For God's kind help she prayed;
Then, with her basket in her hand,
Went forth the little maid.

Behind the house where Marian dwelt,
At a long, long distance, lay
A high, steep hill, which morning suns
Tinged with their earliest ray.

That "Difficulty" was its name
The child had often thought,
And toward that hill she turned her
head,
With hopeful visions fraught.

All Nature seemed to welcome her
In that bright autumnal morn;
The joyous lark sang merrily
Above the waving corn.

"Ah! little lark, you sing," she said,
"On your early pilgrimage;
I too will sing, for pleasant thoughts
Shall now my mind engage."

In sweet, clear strains she sang a
hymn,
Then tripped along her way,

Till to a miry pool she came
Through which her pathway lay.

"This is the 'Slough Despond,'" she
cried;
And, bravely venturing through,
She safely reached the other side,
Leaving behind a shoe.

On a moss-clad stone she sat her
down
And ate some fruit and bread;
Then took her little Bible out,
And a cheering Psalm she read.

Now with fresh hope she wandered
on
For many miles away,
And reached the bottom of the hill
Before the close of day.

She clambered up the steep ascent,
Though faint and weary too,
But firmly did our Marian keep
Her purpose still in view.

"I'm glad to find the Arbor's gone,"
Said the little tired soul;
"I'm sure I should have laid me
down,
And, maybe, lost my roll."

On the high hill-top she stands at
last,
And our weary pilgrim sees
A porter's lodge of ample size,
Half hid by sheltering trees.

She clapped her hands with joy, and
cried,
"Oh! there's the 'Wicket-Gate!'
And I must seek admittance now,
Before it is too late."

Gently she knocks: 'tis answered soon,
 And at the open door
 Stands a tall man. Poor Marian felt
 As she never felt before.

With tearful eyes and trembling heart,
 Flushed cheek and anxious brow,
 She said, "I hope you're *Watchful*, sir;
 I want *Discretion* now."

"Oh yes, I'm watchful," said the man,
 "As a porter ought to be;
 I fear you've lost your way, young
 miss;
 You've lost your shoe, I see."

"Mistress," cried he to his wife with-
 in,
 "Here's a queer child at our door;
 You'll never see the like again,
 If you live to be fourscore.

"She wants *discretion*, as she says;
 And indeed I think 'tis so,
 Though I know of some who want it
 more,
 And seek it less, I trow."

"Go to the Hall," his wife replied,
 "And take the child with you;
 The ladies there are all so wise,
 They'll soon know what to do."

The man complied, and led the child
 Through many a flowery glade.
 "Is that the *Palace Beautiful*?"
 The little wanderer said.

"There, to the left, among the trees?
 Why, miss, 'tis very grand;
 Call it a palace, if you please;
 'Tis the finest in the land.

"But here we are at the grand old
 porch
 And the famous marble hall;
 Here, little lady, you must wait,
 While I the servants call."

With heavy heart he left the child,
 But quickly reappeared,
 And with him came a lady too,
 And Marian's heart was cheered.

"My little girl," the lady said,
 In accents soft and kind,
 "I'm sure you need your limbs to
 rest,
 And rest you soon shall find."

To a room where three young ladies
 sat
 The child was quickly led;
 "*Piety, Prudence, Charity*,"
 To herself she softly said.

"What is your name, my little dear?"
 Said the eldest of the three,
 Whom Marian, in her secret thought,
 Had marked for *Piety*.

"We'll send a servant to your friends,
 And tell them you are here;
 Your absence from your happy home
 Will fill their hearts with fear."

Around her bright and lovely face
 Fell waves of auburn hair,
 And modestly she told her name,
 With whom she lived, and where.

"How did you lose your way, my
 love?"
 She gently raised her head,
 "I do not think I've lost my way,"
 The little Pilgrim said.

"This is the Palace Beautiful;
 May I stay here to-night?"
 They smiled and said, "We're glad
 our home
 Is pleasant in your sight.

"Yes, gladly we will lodge you here,
 For many nights to come."
 "Thank you," she said, "but I must
 soon
 Go toward my heavenly home.

"The Valley of the Shade of Death
 Is near your house, I know."
 Surprised, she saw her artless words
 Had caused their tears to flow.

She knew not that her new-found
 friends
 A little while before
 Had buried one they dearly loved,
 But could love, on earth, no more.

Their brother had been called away
 In the unseen world to dwell,
 But why her words should grief ex-
 cite
 Poor Marian could not tell.

Sobs only for a while were heard;
 At length the mother said,
 "My child, your words reminded us
 Of our loved and early dead.

"But this you could not know, my
 dear;
 And it indeed is true—
 We all are near to death's dark door—
 Even little girls like you."

"Yes," said the timid, trembling child,
 "I know it must be so;
 But, ma'am, I hope that *Piety*
 May be with me when I go.

"And I will see your Armory,
 When you have time to spare;
 I hope you have some small enough
 For a little girl to wear."

No more she said, for *Piety*
 (As Marian called her) threw
 Her arms around the Pilgrim's neck,
 Whose secret now she knew.

"Your words and ways were strange,"
 said she,
 "But now 'tis plain you've read
 That wondrous book, which, unex-
 plained,
 Has turned your little head.

"How dearly, when a little child,
 I loved that Pilgrim's tale!
 But then 'twas all explained to me;
 And if we can prevail

"On your kind aunts to let you stay
 Some time with us, my dear,
 We'll talk about that precious book,
 And try to make it clear."

And now we'll turn to Marian's home,
 And see what's passing there.
 The servants all had company,
 And a merry group they were.

They had not miss'd our Pilgrim long,
 For they knew she oft would play
 In that old garden with a book
 The livelong summer day.

At last said one, with wondering eyes,
 "Where can Miss Marian be?
 Dinner was in her basket packed,
 But sure she'll come to tea."

They sought her here, they sought her
there,

But could not find the child ;
And her old aunts, when they came
home,
With grief were nearly wild.

The servants, and the neighbors too,
In different ways were sent,
But *none* thought of the *narrow way*
By which our Pilgrim went.

"Perhaps she followed us to town,"
One of her aunts then said ;
"I wish we had not left our home ;
I fear the child is dead."

So to the town some one was sent,
For they knew not what to do ;
And night came on, when a country boy
Brought Marian's little shoe.

Taking the shoe, the housekeeper
Into the parlor ran :
"Oh, mistress, this is all that's left
Of poor Miss Marian !

"'Twas found in that deep miry slough
Just above Harlan's Chase—
Poor child ! I fear she's smothered
there,
For 'tis a frightful place."

Then louder grew the general grief ;
But soon their hearts were cheered,
For a footman now with note in hand
From the distant Hall appeared.

One aunt then read the note, and cried,
"Oh, sister, all is well—
The child is safe at Brooklawn Hall,
With Lady Arundel.

"She wants to keep her for a month,
And sure I think she may ;

A friend like Lady Arundel
Is not found every day.

"Our compliments and thanks to her
When you return, young man ;
We'll call to-morrow at the Hall,
And see Miss Marian."

Then came a burst of grateful joy,
Which could not be suppressed ;
With thankful hearts and many tears
They went that night to rest.

Oh, that happy month at Brooklawn
Hall !
How soon it passed away !
Faithful and kind were Marian's
friends,
And well she loved to stay.

With earnest diligence and prayer
They daily sought to bring
The little lamb to that safe fold
Where dwells the Shepherd King.

Yes, many a lesson, ne'er forgot,
The little Marian learned ;
A thoughtful and a happy child
She to her home returned.

Years rolled away. The scene is
changed ;
A wife and mother now,
Marian has found the Wicket-gate—
Herself and children too.

And oh ! how pleasant 'tis to see
This little Pilgrim band,
As on, toward their heavenly home,
They travel hand in hand.

When cloudy days fall to their lot,
They see a light afar—

The light that shone on Bethlehem's
plain,
The *Pilgrim's* guiding star.

And now, dear reader, ponder well
This tale—though strange, yet true—
And let our *Pilgrim's* history
Its lesson read to you.

If to your young and trustful hearts
The grace of God is given,
Be earnest, as our Marian was,
To seek the road to heaven.



SONG OF LIFE.

A TRAVELLER on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of
noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling
twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again; and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchèd
tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other—
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.



LITTLE CRISTEL.

I.

SLOWLY forth from the village church,—
The voice of the choristers hushed
overhead,—

Came little Cristel. She paused in
the porch,
Pondering what the preacher had
said.

"Even the youngest, humblest child
Something may do to please the
Lord."

"Now what," thought she, and half
sadly smiled,

"Can I, so little and poor, afford?

"Never, never a day should pass
Without some kindness kindly
shown.

The preacher said." Then down to
the grass

A skylark dropped, like a brown-
winged stone.

"Well, a day is before me now,
Yet what," thought she, "can I do
if I try?

If an angel of God would show me how!
But silly am I, and the hours they
fly."

Then the lark sprang singing up from
the sod,

And the maiden thought, as he rose
to the blue,

"He says he will carry my prayer to
God,

But who would have thought the
little lark knew?"

II.

Now she entered the village street
 With book in hand and face demure;
 And soon she came, with sober feet,
 To a crying babe at a cottage-door.

It wept at a windmill that would not
 move;
 It puffed with its round, red cheeks
 in vain;
 One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
 And Baby's breath could not stir it
 again.

So Baby beat the sail, and cried,
 While no one came from the cottage-
 door;
 But little Christel knelt down by its
 side
 And set the windmill going once
 more.

Then Babe was pleased, and the little
 girl
 Was glad when she heard it laugh
 and crow,
 Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has
 but to whirl
 To please the pretty young creature
 so!"

III.

No thought of herself was in her
 head
 As she passed out at the end of the
 street,
 And came to a rose tree tall and red,
 Drooping and faint with the sum-
 mer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing
 by,
 She made of her two hands a nice
 round cup,

And washed the roots of the rose tree
 high,
 Till it lifted its languid blossoms
 up.

"O happy brook!" thought little Chris-
 tel,
 "You have done some good this
 summer's day:
 You have made the flowers look fresh
 and well!"
 Then she rose and went on her way.

IV.

But she saw, as she walked by the side
 of the brook,
 Some great rough stones that trou-
 bled its course,
 And the gurgling water seemed to say,
 "Look!
 I struggle, and tumble, and murmur
 hoarse!"

"How these stones obstruct my road!
 How I wish they were off and gone!
 Then I would flow as once I flowed,
 Singing in silvery undertone."

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
 Put off the shoes from her young
 white feet;
 She moves two stones, she comes to
 the third;
 The brook already sings, "Thanks!
 sweet! sweet!"

Oh! then she hears the lark in the
 skies,
 And thinks, "What is it to God he
 says?"
 And she stumbles and falls, and can-
 not rise,

For the water stifles her downward
 face.

The little brook flows on as before,
 The little lark sings with as sweet a
 sound,
 The little babe crows at the cottage-
 door,
 And the red rose blooms,—but Christel
 lies drowned.

V.

Come in softly! this is the room:
 Is not that an innocent face?
 Yes, those flowers give a faint per-
 fume:
 Think, child, of heaven, and Our
 Lord his grace.

Three at the right, and three at the
 left,
 Two at the feet, and two at the
 head,
 The tapers burn. The friends bereft
 Have cried till their eyes are swollen
 and red.

Who would have thought it when lit-
 tle Christel
 Pondered on what the preacher had
 told?
 But the good wise God does all things
 well,
 And the fair young creature lies
 dead and cold.

VI.

Then a little stream crept into the
 place,
 And rippled up to the coffin's side,
 And touched the corpse on its pale
 round face,
 And kissed the eyes till they trem-
 bled wide;

Saying, "I am a river of joy from
 heaven;
 You helped the brook, and I help
 you:
 I sprinkle your brow with life-drops
 seven.
 I bathe your eyes with healing
 dew."

Then a rose-branch in through the
 window came,
 And colored her cheeks and lips
 with red:
 "I remember, and Heaven does the
 same,"
 Was all that the faithful rose-branch
 said.

Then a bright, small form to her cold
 neck clung,
 It breathed on her till her breast
 did fill,
 Saying, "I am a cherub, fond and
 young,
 And I saw who breathed on the
 baby's mill."

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
 And said, "Who put these flowers
 in my hand?"
 And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent
 child,
 Not being able to understand.

VII.

But soon she heard the big bell of the
 church
 Give the hour, which made her say,
 "Ah, I have slept and dreamed in the
 porch:
 It is a very drowsy day."



SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

Two children stood at their father's
gate,

Two girls with golden hair,
And their eyes were bright, and their
voices glad,

Because the morn was fair;
For they said, "We will take that
long, long walk

To the hawthorn copse to-day,
And gather great bunches of lovely
flowers

From off the scented may;
And oh! we shall be so happy there
"Twill be sorrow to come away!"

As the children spoke a little cloud
Passed slowly across the sky,
And one looked up in her sister's
face

With a tear-drop in her eye.
But the other said, "Oh! heed it not,
'Tis far too fair to rain;

That little cloud may search the sky
For other clouds in vain."
And soon the children's voices rose
In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours waned
The sky had changed its hue,
And that one cloud had chased away
The whole great heaven of blue.
The rain fell down in heavy drops,
The wind began to blow,
And the children, in their nice, warm
room,
Went fretting to and fro;
For they said, "When we have aught
in store
It always happens so!"

Now these two fair-haired sisters
Had a brother out at sea,
A little midshipman, aboard
The gallant "Victory;"
And on that selfsame morning
When they stood beside the gate

His ship was wrecked, and on a raft
 He stood all desolate,
 With the other sailors round him,
 Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond, they saw the cool, green land,
 The land with her waving trees,
 And her little brooks, that rise and
 fall

Like butterflies to the breeze.
 But above them the burning noontide
 sun
 With scorching stillness shone;
 Their throats were parched with bitter
 thirst,

And they knelt down one by one,
 And prayed to God for a drop of rain,
 And a gale to waft them on.

And then that little cloud was sent,
 That shower in mercy given,
 And as a bird before the breeze
 Their bark was landward driven.
 And some few mornings after,
 When the children met once more,
 And their brother told the story,
 They knew it was the hour
 When they had wished for sunshine
 And God had sent the shower!

WHAT MAKES ME HAPPIEST?

WHAT is it makes me happiest?
 Is it my last new play?
 Is it pussy, ball, or hoop?
 Can you, dear mamma, say?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks,
 My pleasant solitaire,
 My dolls, my kittens, or my books,
 Or flowers fresh and fair?

What is it makes me happiest?
 It is not one of these,

Yet they are pretty things I love,
 And never fail to please.

Oh, it is looks and tones of love
 From those I love the best
 That follow me when I do right—
 These make me happiest.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

ONCE, as many German princes
 Feasting sat at knightly board,
 Each began to boast the treasures
 He within his lands had stored.

Cried the Saxon: "Great and mighty
 Is the wealth, the power I wield,
 For within my Saxon mountains
 Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"Mine's the land that glows with
 beauty!"

Cried the ruler of the Rhine;
 "In the valleys yellow cornfields,
 On the mountains noble wine!"

"Wealthy cities, spacious castles,"
 Lewis said, Bavaria's lord,

"Make my land to yield me treasures
 Great as those your fields afford."

Wurtemberg's belovèd ruler,
 Everard, called "the Bearded," cries,
 "I can boast no splendid cities,
 In my hills no silver lies;

"But I still can boast one jewel:
 Through my forests, wandering on,
 All my subjects know me—love me—
 I am safe with every one."

Then the princes, all together,
 Rose within that lofty hall:
 "Bearded count, thou'rt rich," they
 shouted,
 "Thou art wealthiest of us all!"



THE MUSIC-LESSON.

TOUCH the keys *lightly*,
 Nellie, my dear :
 The noise makes Johnnie
 Impatient, I fear.

He looks very cross,
 I am sorry to see—
 Not looking at all
 As a brother should be.

Whatever you're doing,
 Bear this always in mind :
 In all *little things*
 Be both *thoughtful* and *kind*.

 SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red ?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke,

And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
 And not your head, that broke " ?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown ?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without ?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret ?
 And wouldn't it be wiser
 Than waiting, like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once ?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
 And some a coach and pair,

Will it tire you less while walking
 To say, "It isn't fair"?
 And wouldn't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet,
 And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please
 you,
 Nor the way some people do,
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And isn't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can?

PHOEBE CARY.

THE PALACE AND COTTAGE.

HIGH on a mountain's haughty steep
 Lord Hubert's palace stood;
 Before it rolled a river deep,
 Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale
 A peasant built his cell;
 Sweet flowers perfumed the cooling
 gale
 And graced his garden well.

Loud riot through Lord Hubert's hall
 In noisy clamors ran;
 He scarcely closed his eyes at all
 Till breaking day began.

In scenes of quiet and repose
 Young William's life was spent;
 With morning's early beam he rose,
 And whistled as he went.

On sauces rich and viands fine
 Lord Hubert daily fed,
 His goblet filled with sparkling wine,
 His board with dainties spread.

Warm from the sickle or the plough,
 His heart as light as air,
 His garden ground and dappled cow
 Supplied young William's fare.

On beds of down, beset with gold,
 With satin curtains drawn,
 His feverish limbs Lord Hubert rolled
 From midnight's gloom to morn.

Stretched on a hard and flocky bed
 The cheerful rustic lay,
 And sweetest slumbers lulled his head
 From eve to breaking day.

Fever and gout and aches and pains
 Destroyed Lord Hubert's rest;
 Disorder burnt in all his veins,
 And sickened in his breast.

A stranger to the ills of wealth,
 Behind his rugged plough
 The cheek of William glowed with
 health,
 And cheerful was his brow.

No gentle friend, to soothe his pain,
 Sat near Lord Hubert's bed;
 His friends and servants, light and
 vain,
 From scenes of sorrow fled.

But when on William's honest head
 Time scattered silver hairs,
 His wife and children, round his
 bed,
 Partook and shared his cares.

The solemn hearse, the waving plume,
 A train of mourners grim,
 Carried Lord Hubert to the tomb,
 But no one cared for him.

No weeping eye, no gentle breast,
 Lamented his decay,

Nor round his costly coffin pressed
To gaze upon his clay.

But when upon his dying bed
Old William came to lie,
When clammy sweats had chilled his
head
And death had dimmed his eye,

Sweet tears, by fond affection dropped,
From many an eyelid fell,
And many a lip, by anguish stopped,
Half spoke the sad farewell.

No marble pile nor costly tomb
Describes where William sleeps,
But there wild thyme and cowslips
bloom,
And there affection weeps.

ANN TAYLOR.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till
night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said
good King Hal—

"As wrong as wrong can be—
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now, what makes thee
sing,

With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his
cap:

"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the
corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed
the while,

"Farewell and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's
boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

PATIENT JOE;

OR, THE NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

HAVE you heard of a collier of honest
renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcas-
tle town?
His name it was Joseph—you better
may know
If I tell you he always was called Pa-
tient Joe.

Whatever betided, he thought it was
right,
And Providence still he kept ever in
sight;
To those who love God, let things turn
as they would,
He was certain that all worked together
for good.

He praised the Creator whatever be-
fell ;—

How thankful was Joseph when mat-
ters went well !

How sincere were his offerings of
praise for good health !

And how grateful for any increase of
his wealth !

In trouble he bowed him to God's holy
will :—

How contented was Joseph when mat-
ters went ill !

When rich and when poor, he alike
understood

That all things together were working
for good.

It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in
a pit

With some who believed that profane-
ness was wit ;

When disasters befell him, much
pleasure they showed,

And laughed, and said, " Joseph, will
this work for good ?"

But always when these would profane-
ly advance

That *this* happened by luck, and *that*
happened by chance,

Still Joseph insisted no chance could
be found—

Not a sparrow by accident falls to the
ground.

Among his companions who worked
in the pit,

And made him the butt of their prof-
ligate wit,

Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and
who gamed,

Who mocked at his Bible, and was not
ashamed.

One day, at the pit, his old comrades
he found,

And they chatted, preparing to go un-
derground ;

Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to
jest

Joe's notion that all things which hap-
pened were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthink-
ingly laid

His provision for dinner, of bacon and
bread,

A dog, on the watch, seized the bread
and the meat,

And off with his prey ran with foot-
steps so fleet.

Now, to see the delight that Tim
Jenkins expressed !

" Is the loss of thy dinner, too, Joe, for
the best ?"

" No doubt on't," said Joe ; " but as I
must eat,

'Tis my duty to try to recover my
meat."

So saying, he followed the dog a long
round,

While Tim, laughing and swearing,
went down underground.

Poor Joe soon returned, though his
bacon was lost,

For the dog a good dinner had made
at his cost.

When Joseph came back he expected
a sneer,

But the face of each collier spoke hor-
ror and fear :

" What a narrow escape hast thou
had," they all said,

" For the pit's fallen in and Tim Jen-
kins is dead !"

How sincere was the gratitude
 Joseph expressed !
 How warm the compassion that
 glowed in his breast !
 Thus events, great and small, if
 aright understood,
 Will be found to be working to-
 gether for good.

"When my meat," Joseph cried,
 "was just stolen away,
 And I had no prospect of eating
 to-day,
 How could it appear to a short-
 sighted sinner
 That my life would be saved by
 the loss of my dinner?"

HANNAH MORE.

THE BOY'S WISH.

"WELL, I think I'll be a soldier;
 Mother, don't you think I'm
 right?
 It must be so fine, I fancy,
 With a gun and sword to
 fight—

"Fine to see the flags all flying,
 And to hear the cannon roar—
 Fine to get a silver medal
 When the fighting all is o'er.

"Sha'n't I like to be a soldier,
 Charging with my gallant men!
 I'll come home with hat and feathers:
 You won't know your Willie then."

"Ah, my son, if you must battle,
 Be a soldier of the Lord;
 Let your foe be sin and evil,
 And the Bible be your sword.



"Your reward will be the brighter;
 More, my son, than earthly gain;
 Life with Jesus everlasting,
 All of pleasure, naught of pain."

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house, with meadows
 wide,
 And sweet with clover on each side;
 A bright-eyed boy, who looks from
 out
 The door, with woodbine wreathed
 about,
 And wishes his one thought all day:
 "Oh, if I could but fly away

From this dull spot, the world to
see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long,
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

KITTY.

ALAS! little Kitty—do give her your
pity!—
Had lived seven years, and was never
called pretty!
Her hair was bright red and her
eyes were dull blue,
And her cheeks were so freckled,
They looked like the speckled
Wild lilies which down in the
meadow-lands grew.
If her eyes had been black, if she'd
only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most
happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted
and fretted,
But they were all pretty and they
were all petted;
While poor little Kitty, though
striving her best
To do her child's duty,
Not sharing their beauty,
Was always neglected and never
caressed.

All in vain, so she thought, was she
loving and true,
While her hair was bright red and
her eyes were dull blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover-
blossoms sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings
round her flitting;
A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance
more sweet
Than the wind's, blowing over
The red-blossomed clover,
Made her thrill with delight from
her head to her feet;
And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered
low in the air,
"See that beautiful, beautiful child
sitting there!"

Thrice blessed little Kitty! She al-
most looked pretty!
Beloved by the angels, she needed no
pity!
O juvenile charmers! with shoul-
ders of snow,
Ruby lips, sunny tresses—
Forms made for caresses—
There's one thing, my beauties! 'tis
well you should know:
Though the world is in love with
bright eyes and soft hair,
It is only *good* children the angels
call fair.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

BESSIE BELL.

"DEAR mother, why do all the girls
Love little Bessie Bell?
I've often thought it o'er and o'er,
And yet I cannot tell.
My favorite cousin always was
Dear, gentle cousin Bess;



But why the girls all love her so,
Indeed I cannot guess.

"She's not so pretty, half, as Kate;
Her hair don't curl like mine;
Candies and cakes she never brings
To school, like Caroline;
She has no garden large and fine,
Like Amy, Grace, and Jane;
No coach, like Rose, to take us home
When falls the snow or rain."

"They hear her gentle voice, my child,
And see her mild, soft eye
Beaming around on every one
With love and sympathy.
They see her striving every hour
For others' happiness;
These are some reasons why the girls
So love dear little Bess.

"Her widowed mother's heart she
cheers
By love and tenderness,
And by her daily walk with God,
And growth in holiness.

Sweet Bessie is a Christian child,
She loves the Saviour dear;
One of the lambs of His own flock,
She has no want or fear.

"Money, which other children spend
In candies, toys, and cake,
She carries to the poor and sick—
She loves them for Christ's sake.
Poor old blind Dinah down the lane
She reads to every day,
And ne'er forgets it—though dear
Bess
Is very fond of play.

"And now, my little daughter dear,
Would you be loved like Bess?
Go ask of God to change your heart
From pride and sinfulness
Better than beauty, rank, or gold
To be like little Bess,
Clothed in the spotless garment
Of the Saviour's righteousness."

YOUTH'S PENNY GAZETTE.

OLD CATO.

ANNA.

WHY, here comes old Cato! how smiling he looks,

Though he's limping along on his staff;

His clothes are all patched, and so worn and so poor

I wonder he ever can laugh.

I've been at his cottage; the snow and the rain

Beat through it at every flaw;

'Tis neat as a pin, but so empty and dark!

And his bed, why, 'tis nothing but straw.

What is it that makes him so cheerful, mamma,

A cripple, and wretchedly poor?

If I were as old and as helpless as he
I should cry all the time, I am sure.

MAMMA.

I'll tell you, my dear: old Cato has found

A Friend and a Father in heaven;

He loves the dear Saviour, obeys His commands,

And trusts that his sins are forgiven.

When the wind loudly roars, and the snow and the rain

Are drenching his desolate home,

He thinks of that glorious mansion where storms

Are never permitted to come.

And when he sits down to his poor, scanty meal,

Which to others so tasteless appears,

He remembers his Saviour was poor for his sake,

And he waters his crust with his tears.

He is old, but it gladdens his heart to reflect

That his trials will shortly be o'er—

That he soon shall arrive at a world of delight,

To sin and to suffer no more.

And he thinks, when he lies on his bundle of straw,

With his weary limbs aching for rest,

That he soon shall awake in the arms of his Lord,

And be to eternity blest.

For his dear fellow-sinners he pours out his soul

In frequent affectionate prayers,

And is often inviting the old and the young

To receive his Redeemer for theirs.

And now do you wonder that Cato should smile,

And that his old heart should be glad?

Oh, if I could have such a spirit as his,
I never again should be sad.

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June,

The flowers all bloomed together,

Save one, who tried to hide herself,

And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,

And felt a little lazy,

Was resting near a buttercup,

Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall ;
 She always had a passion
 For wearing frills about her neck,
 In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
 The same old, tiresome color,
 While daisies dress in gold and white,
 Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young
 flower,

"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
 To find a nice white frill for me
 Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said ;
 "I think you must be crazy ;
 I'd rather be my honest self
 Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright
 gown ;
 The little children love you ;
 Be the best buttercup you can,
 And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of
 sight,
 We'd better keep our places ;
 Perhaps the world would all go wrong
 With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
 And be content with knowing
 That God wished for a buttercup
 Just here, where you are growing."

SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS ;

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 The few locks which are left you are
 gray ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty
 old man ;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-
 liam replied,
 I remembered that youth would fly
 fast,
 And abused not my health and my
 vigor at first,
 That I never might need them at
 last.

You are old, Father William, the
 young man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass
 away,
 And yet you lament not the days that
 are gone ;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-
 liam replied,
 I remembered that youth could not
 last ;
 I thought of the future, whatever I
 did,
 That I never might grieve for the
 past.

You are old, Father William, the
 young man cried,
 And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse
 upon death ;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father
 William replied ;

Let the cause thy attention engage :
 In the days of my youth I remem-
 bered my God,
 And He hath not forgotten my age.

ROBERT SOUTHBY.



MEDDLESOME MATTY.

OH, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best:

Matilda, though a pleasant child,

One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid

To peep at what was in it,

Or tilt the kettle, if you did

But turn your back a minute.

In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,

And by mistake she laid

Her spectacles and snuff-box gay

Too near the little maid;

"Ah well!" thought she, "I'll try them
on

As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose

The glasses large and wide,

And looking round, as I suppose,

The snuff-box too she spied.

"Oh, what a pretty box is this!

I'll open it," said little miss.

"I know that grandmamma would
say,

'Don't meddle with it, dear!'

But then she's far enough away,

And no one else is near;

Besides, what can there be amiss

In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work

To move the stubborn lid,

And presently a mighty jerk

The mighty mischief did;

For all at once—ah woeful case!—

The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes and nose and mouth and chin

A dismal sight presented;

And, as the snuff got further in,

Sincerely she repented—

In vain she ran about for ease;

She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away
 To wipe her tingling eyes,
 And as in twenty bits they lay,
 Her grandmamma she spies.
 "Hey-day! and what's the matter
 now?"
 Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still and sore,
 Made many a promise to refrain
 From meddling evermore.
 And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
 She ever since has kept her word.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on
 her head,
 Thus mused on her prospects in life, it
 is said :

"Let's see—I should think that this
 milk will procure
 One hundred good eggs, or fourscore,
 to be sure.

"Well, then—stop a bit—it must not
 be forgotten
 Some of these may be broken, and
 some may be rotten ;
 But if twenty for accident should be
 detached,
 It will leave me just sixty sound eggs
 to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound
 chickens, I mean ;
 Of these some may die—we'll suppose
 seventeen.
 Seventeen? not so many—say ten at
 the most,
 Which will leave fifty chickens to boil
 or to roast.

"But then there's their barley ; how
 much will they need ?
 Why, they take but one grain at a time
 when they feed ;
 So that's a mere trifle ; now, then, let
 us see
 At a fair market price how much
 money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—
 three-and-six ;
 To prevent all mistakes, that low
 price I will fix ;
 Now what will that make? fifty chick-
 ens I said ;
 Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll
 ask brother Ned.

"Oh! but stop—three-and-sixpence
 a pair I must sell 'em ;
 Well, a pair is a couple—now, then, let
 us tell 'em ;
 A couple in fifty will go—(my poor
 brain !)
 Why, just a score times, and five pair
 will remain.

"Twenty-five pairs of fowls—now,
 how tiresome it is
 That I cannot reckon up such money
 as this!
 Well, there's no use in trying, so let's
 give a guess—
 I'll say twenty pounds, and it cannot
 be less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will
 buy me a cow,
 Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight
 pigs and a sow ;
 Now, if these turn out well, at the end
 of the year
 I shall fill both my pockets with
 guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden when this she
 had said,
 The maid superciliously tossed up her
 head;
 When, alas for her prospects!—her
 milk-pail descended,
 And so all her schemes for the future
 were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely
 attached:
 Reckon not on your chickens before
 they are hatched.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

THE CHATTERBOX.

FROM morning till night it was Lucy's
 delight
 To chatter and talk without stop-
 ping;
 There was not a day but she rattled
 away,
 Like water for ever a-dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on
 her clothes,
 'Twas vain to endeavor to still her;
 Nor once did she lack to continue her
 clack,
 Till again she lay down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, there
 would have been gaps
 If she hadn't been wonderful clever—
 That her sense was so great, and so
 witty her pate,
 That it would be forthcoming for
 ever;

But that's quite absurd! for have you
 not heard
 That much tongue and few brains
 are connected?—

That they are supposed to think least
 who talk most,
 And their wisdom is always sus-
 pected?

While Lucy was young, had she
 bridled her tongue
 With a little good sense and exer-
 tion,
 Who knows but she might now have
 been our delight,
 Instead of our jest and aversion?

JANE TAYLOR.



TRUTHFUL DOTTIE; OR, THE BROKEN VASE.

NELLIE and Dottie
 Both hear mamma say,
 "Pray, from the drawing-room
 Keep away.
 Don't take your toys there,
 Lest some one should call;
 Run out in the garden
 With rope, bat, and ball."
 The garden is lovely
 This bright summer day;

But Nellie and Dottie
 Too soon come away.
 Into the drawing-room
 Dottie comes skipping,
 With her new rope
 All the furniture flipping :
 Down goes the tall vase,
 So golden and gay,
 Smashed all to pieces.
 "What will mamma say?"
 Cries Nell, with her hands raised.
 "Oh, Dottie, let's run ;
 They'll think it was pussy,
 Who did it in fun."
 Dot answers, through big tears,
 "But, Nell, don't you see,
 Though nobody watched us,
 God *knows* it was me?
 Mamma always says
 That, whatever we do,
 The harm's not so great
 If we dare to be true.
 So I'll go up and tell her
 It caught in my rope ;
 Perhaps she won't scold much—
 At least, so I'll hope."
 "That's right," cries her mother,
 Who stands by the door ;
 "I would rather ten vases
 Were smashed on the floor
 Than my children should once break
 The bright words of truth,
 The dearest possession
 Of age or of youth.
 The vase can be mended,
 And scarce show a crack,
 But a falsehood once spoken
 Will never come back."
 However much grieved for
 By young folks or old,
 An untruth once uttered
 For ever is told.

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

THE mother looked pale, and her face
 was sad ;
 She seemed to have nothing to make
 her glad ;
 She silently sat with the tears in her
 eye,
 For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle, affectionate child,
 His ways were winning, his temper
 was mild ;
 There was love and joy in his soft blue
 eye,
 But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window with-
 in,
 For he felt that his soul was stained
 with sin ;
 And his mother could hear him sob
 and cry,
 Because he had told her that wicked
 lie.

Then he came and stood by his moth-
 er's side,
 And asked for a kiss, which she de-
 nied ;
 While he promised, with many a pen-
 itent sigh,
 That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gen-
 tly down,
 And took his soft hands within her
 own,
 And she kissed his cheek as he looked
 on high
 And prayed to be pardoned for telling
 that lie.



TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAS TOLD A LIE.

AND has my darling told a lie?
 Did she forget that God was by—
 That God, who saw the thing she did,
 From whom no action can be hid?
 Did she forget that God could see
 And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern
 Whichever way you think to turn;
 He made your ears, and He can hear
 When you may think nobody's near;
 In every place, by night or day,
 He watches all you do and say.

You thought, because you were alone,
 Your falsehood never could be known;

But liars always are found out,
 Whatever way they wind about;
 And always be afraid, my dear,
 To tell a lie, for God can hear!

I wish, my dear, you'd always try
 To act as shall not need a lie;
 And when you wish a thing to do
 That has been once forbidden you,
 Remember that, nor ever dare
 To disobey—for God is there!

Why should you fear to tell me
 true?
 Confess, and then I'll pardon you:

Tell me you're sorry, and will try
To act the better by and by,
And then, what'er your crime has
been,
It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay,
As passes by the smiling day,
You'll never have to turn aside
From any one your faults to hide;
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,
That either God or I should hear.

ANN TAYLOR.

NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

PRAY, where is my hat? It is taken
away,
And my shoe-strings are all in a
knot;
I can't find a thing where it should be
to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

Do, Rachel, just look for my atlas up
stairs—
My Aesop is somewhere there too;
And, sister, just brush down these
troublesome hairs,
And, mother, just fasten my shoe.

And, sister, beg father to write an ex-
cuse;—
But stop! he will only say "No,"
And go on with a smile and keep read-
ing the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall;
This old pop-gun is breaking my
nap;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-
gun or ball—
There's no playing for such a poor
chap.

The town-clock will strike in a min-
ute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I will sink;
There! look at my Carpenter tumbled
down here,
And my Worcester covered with
ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the
last,
Though the toast and the butter were
fine;
I think that our Edward must eat
pretty fast,
To be off when I haven't done
mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they
won't wait,
And beat on the door with their
sticks;
I suppose they will say *I was dressing
too late*;
To-morrow, *I'll be up at six*.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT ABOUT BUTTER.

Oh, mother, won't you speak to Kate?
I have not had enough to eat;
And when she spreads a little bread,
She thinks she gives me such a
treat.

I only wish I was a man,
To have my butter an inch thick,
And not be talking all the time
How this and that will make me
sick.
Poor little boys are sadly used;
They cannot have the thing they
wish,

While grown-up people help themselves
To what they like from every dish.

As soon as I become a man
I'll have a pie as tall as you,
With door and windows like a house,
And lined with plums all through
and through.

And I'll go in whene'er I choose,
And sit as snug as Jacky Horner;
And even Katie, though she's cross,
Shall sometimes come and eat a corner.

My windows all, with jelly made,
Like Boston glass shall glisten bright,
And sugar-candy for the frames
At every turn shall meet my sight.

My floors shall be of ginger-bread,
Because that's pretty hard, you
know,
Sanded all o'er with sugar-plums,
Rolling about where'er I go.

And, mother, Kate, my cellaret
Shall be all butter shaped with ice,
And then we'll see if I must fret
Because I want a little slice.

And, mother—oh, she's gone away!
And, Katie—what! you've left me
too?

I won't stand talking to the walls,
But go and find some work to do.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

—◆— IDLE ANNA.

Ou, Anna, this will never do;
This work is sadly done, my dear;
And then so little of it, too!
You have not taken pains, I fear.

Oh no, your work has been forgotten;
Indeed, you hardly thought of that:
I saw you roll your spool of cotton
About the floor to please the eat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide;
And others stretching down so far;
I'm very sure you have not tried
In this, at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew
Must neither be allowed to play;
And now I hope, my love, that you
Will take more pains another day.

—◆— THE LAZY BOY.

THE lazy lad! and what's his name?
I should not like to tell;
But don't you think it is a shame
That he can't read or spell?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,
Or paddle in the brook,
Than take his pencil and his slate,
Or try to con his book.

There! see, he's lounging down the
street,
His hat without a rim;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post,
But if you've seen him once,
You'll know the lad amongst a host
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's
name,—

I do not choose to tell;
But this you'll know—it is the same
As his who does not blush for shame
That he don't read or spell.



ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

A CHILD went wandering through a
wood

Upon a summer day ;
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
To join her in her play.

The cloudless sky above was blue,
The grass beneath was green,
And all around were lovely flowers,
The brightest ever seen.

A honey-bee went humming by—
“Stay, little bee!” she cried,
“Oh, do come back and play with
me.”

And thus the bee replied :

“I cannot stay, I must away,
And gather in my store,
For winter drear will soon be here,
When I can work no more.”

She heard a pigeon cooing soft
High in a bough above—

“Come down, and play a while with
me,
My pretty, gentle dove.”

“I cannot come and play with thee,
For I must guard my nest,
And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast.”

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beech tree—
“I love to see you bound and leap ;
Come down, and play with me.”

“I dare not play, I must away,
And quickly homeward hie ;
Were I to stay, my little ones
For want of food must die.”

She came unto a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks—
“Stay, pretty stream, and play with
me,
And you shall have my thanks.”

The stream replied, while in the pool
 A moment it stood still,
 "I cannot play, I must away
 And drive the village mill."

The child sat down upon a stone,
 And hung her little head;
 She wept a while, and sobbed a while,
 Then to herself she said,

"The stream, the squirrel, dove, and
 bee
 Have all got work to do;
 I must not play my hours away—
 I must be busy too."

R. P. S.

LAZY JANE.

Who was that, dear mamma, who ate
 Her breakfast here this morn,
 With tangled hair and ragged shoes,
 And gown and apron torn?

"They call her *Lazy Jane*, my dear;
 She begs her bread all day,
 And gets a lodging in a barn
 At night, among the hay;

"For when she was a little girl
 She loved to play too well;
 At school she would not mind her
 book,
 Nor learn to read and spell.

"'Dear Jane,' her mother oft would
 say,
 'Pray learn to work and read;
 Then you'll be able when you're grown
 To earn your clothes and bread.'

"But lazy Jenny did not care—
 She'd neither knit nor sew;
 To romp with naughty girls and boys
 Was all that she would do,

"So she grew up a very dunce,
 And when her parents died
 She knew not how to teach a school,
 Nor work, if she had tried.

"And now, an idle vagabond,
 She strolls about the streets,
 And not a friend can Jenny find
 In any one she meets.

"And now, my child, should you ne-
 glect
 Your book or work again,
 Or play when you should be at school,
 Remember *Lazy Jane*."

"LULLABIES AND DITTIES."

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard: I heard
 him complain,

"You have waked me too soon, I must
 slumber again."

As the door on its hinges, so he, on his
 bed,

Turns his sides and his shoulders, and
 his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more
 slumber;"

Thus he wastes half his days, and his
 hours without number;

And when he gets up he sits folding
 his hands,

Or walks about sauntering, or trifling
 he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the
 wild brier,

The thorn, and the thistle grow broad-
 er and higher:

The clothes that hang on him are
 turning to rags,

And his money still wastes, till he
 starves, or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 He'd taken better care for improving
 his mind ;
 He told me his dreams, talked of eat-
 ing and drinking ;
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and
 never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a
 lesson for me :
 That man's but a picture of what I
 might be ;
 But thanks to my friends for their
 care in my breeding,
 Who taught me by times to love work-
 ing and reading !

ISAAC WATTS.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate
 than the rest,
 Had once his integrity put to the
 test :
 His comrades had plotted an orchard
 to rob,
 And asked him to go and assist in the
 job.

He was very much shocked, and an-
 swered, "Oh no !
 What, rob our poor neighbor ! I pray
 you don't go ;
 Besides, the man's poor, and his or-
 chard's his bread ;
 Then think of his children, for they
 must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look
 very grave,
 But apples we want, and the apples
 we'll have ;

If you will go with us, we'll give you
 a share,
 If not, you shall have neither apple
 nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered : "I
 see they will go ;
 Poor man ! what a pity to injure him
 so !
 Poor man ! I would save him his fruit
 if I could,
 But my staying behind will do him
 no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon
 me,
 His apples might hang till they
 dropped from the tree ;
 But since they *will* take them, I think
 I'll go too ;
 He will lose none by me, though I do
 get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt
 more at ease,
 And went with his comrades the ap-
 ples to seize ;
 He blamed and protested, but joined
 in the plan ;
 He shared in the plunder, but pitied
 the man.

Conscience slumbered a while, but
 soon woke in his breast,
 And in language severe the delinquent
 addressed :
 "With such empty and selfish pre-
 tentences away !

By your *actions* you're judged, be your
 speech what it may."

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple
tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson
and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he
longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it
wouldn't be right!

Came wandering dreamily over his
brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had
long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite
frequently played.
And he sung, "Little Willie, beware,
oh beware!

Said he, "I don't
see why my
father should
say,

'Don't touch the
old apple tree,
Willie, to-
day;'

I shouldn't have
thought—now
they're hang-
ing so low—

When I asked
for just one,
he should
answer me
'No.'

"He would
never find out
if I took but
just one,

And they do look so good, shining
out in the sun;

There are hundreds and hundreds,
and he wouldn't miss

So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low
mournful strain



Your father has
gone, but your
Maker is there;

How sad you would feel if
you heard the Lord say,
"This dear little boy stole an apple
to-day!"

Then Willie turned round, and, as
still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the
house;

In his own little chamber he knelt
 down to pray
 That the Lord would forgive him, and
 please not to say,
 "Little Willie *almost* stole an apple to-
 day."

M. A. D.

THE APPLE TREE.

OLD John had an apple tree, healthy
 and green,
 Which bore the best baldwins that
 ever were seen,
 So juicy, and mellow, and red;
 And when they were ripe, as old
 Johnny was poor,
 He sold them to children that passed
 by his door,
 To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbor, one
 often might see
 With longing eye viewing this nice
 apple tree,
 And wishing an apple would fall.
 One day, as he stood in the heat of the
 sun,
 He began thinking whether he might
 not take one,
 And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the
 tree,
 He said to himself, "Oh, how nice
 they would be,
 So cool and refreshing to-day!
 The tree is so full, and I'd only take
 one;
 And old John won't see, for he is not
 at home,
 And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy; take your hand
 from the bough;
 Remember, though old John can't see
 you just now,
 And no one to chide you is nigh,
 There is ONE who by night, just as
 well as by day,
 Can see all you do, and can hear all
 you say,
 From His glorious throne in the sky.

Oh, then, little boy, come away from
 the tree,
 Content, hot or weary, or thirsty to
 be,
 Or anything rather than steal!
 For the great God, who even through
 darkness can look,
 Writes down every crime we commit
 in His book,
 However we think to conceal.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE STOLEN TOP.

"EDWARD, come here; how pale you
 are!
 What makes you look so wild?
 And you've been crying sadly too;
 What's happened to my child?"
 "You know, mamma, you sent me
 down
 To neighbor Brightman's shop
 With ninepence in my hand, to buy
 A little humming-top.
 "Well, neighbor Brightman handed
 down
 A dozen tops or more,
 For me to make a choice of one;
 Then stepped toward the door.

"So then I caught one slyly up,
And in my pocket slid it;
And no one would suspect the thing,
So cunningly I hid it.

"And so I bought another top
And laid my ninepence down,
Then laughed to think I owned them
both,
But paid for only one.

"But when I turned and left the shop
I felt most dreadfully,
For all the time I was in fear
That he would follow me.

"Surely, thought I, he'll find it out;
The angry man will come,
And I shall never see mamma,
And never more go home.

"He'll tie a rope around my neck,
And hang me up on high;
And leave the little wicked thief
To hang there till he die.

"And then I screamed, and ran so
fast
Adown the nearest lane;
And then I turned and looked behind,
Then screamed and ran again.

"Trembling, at last I reached my
home,
And straight I went to bed,
But oh, in such a shocking fright
That I was almost dead.

"No rest, nor comfort could I get,
And not a wink of sleep:
All I could do was toss and turn
From side to side, and weep.

"And what was worst of all, mamma,
I could not say my prayers;
And then I thought my heart would
burst,
And I was drowned in tears.

"'No, no,' I cried; 'God will not hear
A child so wicked pray;
I dare not hope He'll let me live
To see another day.'

"Thus did I mourn till morning's
dawn,
And yet found no relief;
For oh, what comfort can there be,
Or pleasure, for a thief?"

"Go, my poor, wretched, guilty child—
Go, take the top you stole,
And give it to the man you've wronged,
And own to him the whole.

"Then on your knees before your God
Confess how wrong you've been;
Beg Him to save you, and forgive
This great and dreadful sin.

"And never, while you live, again
To such a deed consent,
Lest He should take away your life
Before you can repent."

"LULLABIES AND DITTIES."

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a fool-
ish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit
of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the lit-
tle town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the
next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce
larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be
a work of time ;
So, when it was fairly tied, all the bells
had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure
enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and
waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind,
and smoothed them down before.
“Hallelujah! hallelujah!” sang the
choir above her head ;
“Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!”
were the words she thought they
said.

This made the little maiden feel so
very, very cross
That she gave her little mouth a twist
and her head a little toss,
For she thought the very hymn they
sang was all about her bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit
of lace upon it.

And she did not wait to listen to the
sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street
and hurried up the stair,
Till she'd reached her little bureau,
and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her
foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that
each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo
of your mind ;

And the little head that's filled with
silly airs
Will never get a blessing from ser-
mons or from prayers.

MISS HAMMOND.



THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

THERE went two travellers forth one
day ;
To a beautiful mountain they took
their way—
The one an idle hour to employ,
The other to see, to learn, to enjoy.

And when from their journeying
homeward they came,
There crowded around them master
and dame,
And a storm of questions from great
and small :
“Now, what have you seen?—Pray
tell us all.”

The first one yawned as he answer
made.
“Seen?—Why, little enough,” he said :
“Trees and meadows and brook and
grove,
And song-birds around, and sunshine
above.”

The other gave smiling the same re-
ply,
But with brightening face and flash-
ing eye :
“Oh, trees and meadows, and brook
and grove,
And song-birds around, and sunshine
above.”



THE USE OF SIGHT.

"WHAT, Charles! returned?" papa exclaimed;

"How short your walk has been!
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
Come, tell me what you've seen."

"So tedious, stupid, dull a walk,"
Said Charles, "I'll go no more;
First stopping here, then lagging there,
O'er this and that to pore.

"I crossed the fields near Woodland
House,
And just went up the hill;
Then by the river-side came down,
Near Mr. Fairplay's mill."

Now Tom and Julia both ran in:

"Oh, dear papa!" said they,
"The sweetest walk we both have had!
Oh, what a pleasant day!

"Near Woodland House we crossed
the fields,

And by the mill we came."
"Indeed!" exclaimed papa, "how's
this?
Your brother took the same,

"But very dull he found the walk.
What have you there? Let's see:
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming
treat,
As new to you as me."

"First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white
The mistletoe we knew.

"A bird all green ran up a tree—
A woodpecker we call—
Who with his strong bill wounds the
bark
To feed on insects small.

"And many lapwings cried 'peewit,'
And one among the rest
Pretended lameness to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

"Young starlings, martins, swallows,
all,
Such lively flocks and gay!
A heron, too, which caught a fish,
And with it flew away.

"This bird we found, a kingfisher;
Though dead, his plumes how
bright!
Do have him stuffed, my dear papa;
'Twill be a charming sight.

"When reached the heath, how wide
the space!
The air how fresh and sweet!
We plucked these flowers and differ-
ent heaths,
The fairest we could meet.

"The distant prospect we admired,
The mountains far and blue;
A mansion here, a cottage there;
And see the sketch we drew.

"A splendid sight we next beheld—
The glorious setting sun;
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold,
His daily race was done."

"True taste with knowledge," said
papa,

"By observation's gained;
You've both used well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtained.

"My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new;
And, Thomas, now this telescope
I think is quite your due.

"And toys, or still more useful gifts,
For Charles too shall be bought
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought."

JANE TAYLOR.

THE STORY OF HANS,

SHOWING THE FOLLY OF A BOY'S TRAD-
ING AND SWAPPING.

WITH seven years' wages on his back,
Hans, very happy, took his course,
But met a traveller on the track,
And with his gold he bought a
horse.

At riding Hans was not expert,
Which soon enough his horse found
out,
And tossed his rider in the dirt;
Hans kicked his feet and turned
about,

And saw a man who led a cow;
Quick with him Hans a bargain
made;
Off the man trotted on his horse;
Hans thought it was a lucky trade.

But when to get some milk he tried,
And found the beast quite dry, it
threw
Poor Hans into a dreadful pet,
And much he puzzled what to do.

But soon a man he saw come near
 Who drove a pig, and quickly he
 Changed off his cow, and with the pig
 Trotted along quite merrily.

But pigs are awkward things to drive,
 Which Hans found out, and when
 he met
 A man who drove a goose, he quick
 A bargain made, and ceased to fret.

He thought his goose nice eggs would
 lay ;
 But just that hour a man came by
 With a nice grindstone in his hand ;
 Hans thought with this his luck to
 try.

In journeying round and grinding
 knives,
 With driving he should have no
 pain ;
 And with his stone he thought he
 soon
 Might business find and money
 gain.

But when a stream he met, and knelt
 To drink from out the pleasant
 brook,

Down in the water rolled his stone :
 Hans gave his treasure one sad look,

Then, up he jumped, free from all care,
 And tossed his hat and danced for
 joy,
 And off to work again he went,
 A careless, but a hungry boy.

STORIES AND RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.

THE HOLIDAYS.

“AH! don't you remember 'tis almost
 December,
 And soon will the holidays come?”

Oh, 'twill be so funny! I've plenty of
 money ;
 I'll buy me a sword and a drum.”

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to
 tarry,
 Impatient to hurry from school ;
 But we shall discover this holiday-lover
 Spoke both like a child and a fool.

For when he alighted, so highly de-
 lighted,
 Away from his sums and his books,
 Though playthings surrounded and
 sweetmeats abounded,
 Chagrin still appeared in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys
 were now slighted,
 And thrown away out of his sight ;
 He spent every morning in stretching
 and yawning,
 Yet went to bed weary at night.

He had not that treasure which really
 makes pleasure
 (A secret discovered by few) ;
 You'll take it for granted more play-
 things he wanted :
 Oh no ; it was something to do.

He found that employment created
 enjoyment,
 And passed the time cheerful away,
 That study and reading by far were
 exceeding
 His cakes and his toys and his play.

To school now returning, to study and
 learning
 With pleasure did Harry apply ;
 He felt no aversion to books: 'twas di-
 version,
 And caused him to smile, not to sigh.

JANE TAYLOR.



A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A CHARMING present comes from town—

A baby-house quite neat,
With kitchen, parlors, dining-room,
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grandpapa it came;
Till little Rosa smiled delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all;
The furniture was gay;
And in the rooms they placed their dolls
When dressed in fine array.

At night their little candles lit,
And, as they must be fed,
To supper down the dolls were placed,
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma passed each hour
Devoted to their play,

And long were cheerful, happy, kind:
No cross dispute had they;

Till Rose in baby-house would change
The chairs which were below:
"This carpet they will better suit;
I think I'll have it so."

"No, no, indeed," her sister said;
I'm older, Rose, than you;
And I'm the pet; the house is mine.
Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in beheld the floor
All strewed with broken toys.

"Oh fie, my Emma! naughty Rose!
Say, why thus sulk and pout?
Remember this is New Year's Day,
And both are going out."

Now Betty calls the little girls:
"Ho! come up stairs and dress;"
They still revile with threats and taunts,
And angry rage express.

But, just prepared to leave their room,
 Persisting yet in strife,
 Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap,
 As void of sense or life.

Mamma appeared at Betty's call,
 John for the doctor goes,
 The measles, he begins to think,
 Dread symptoms all disclose.

"But though I stay, my Emma, you
 May go and spend the day."
 "Oh no, mamma," replied the child,
 "Do suffer me to stay.

"Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,
 And watch her with such care ;
 No pleasure can I e'er enjoy
 Till she my pleasure share.

"How silly now seems our dispute !
 Not one of us she knows ;
 How pale she looks ! how hard she
 breathes !
 Poor pretty little Rose !"

JANE TAYLOR.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

ANCIENT MARINER.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood
 spray :

"Pretty maid, slow wandering thisway,
 What's your name ?" quoth he—

"What's your name ? Oh stop and
 straight unfold,

Pretty maid with showery curls of
 gold,"—

"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the
 rocks—

Tossed aside her gleaming golden
 locks—

"Bonny bird," quoth she,
 "Sing me your best song before I go."
 "Here's the very finest song I know,
 Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped ; you never
 heard

Half so gay a song from any bird—
 Full of quips and wiles,
 Now so round and rich, now soft and
 slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,
 Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
 His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
 'Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and
 grow,

And shine forth in happy overflow
 From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through
 the glade,

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel
 shade,

And from out the tree
 Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void
 of fear,—

While bold blackbird piped that all
 might hear—

"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—

"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task re-
 turn—

Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—

Golden wood-lights glancing in his
 eyes—

And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July
 sun,

In the little lap dropped one by one—

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!

"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—

"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare—

Down came bonny blackbird, I declare ;

Little Bell gave each his honest share—

Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain

Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below

All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,

And shine out in happy overflow

From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day

Kneet sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—

Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,

In blue heaven, an angel shape serene

Paused a while to hear—

"What good child is this," the angel said,

"That with happy heart, beside her bed,

Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,

Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,

"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair

Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care ;

Child, thy bed shall be

Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind

Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,

Little Bell, for thee!"

T. WESTWOOD.

VACATION.

Oh, master, no more of your lessons!

For a season we bid them good-bye,

And turn to the manifold teachings

Of ocean, and forest, and sky.

We must plunge into billow and breaker,

The fields we must ransack anew,

And again must the sombre woods echo

The glee of our merry-voiced crew.

From teacher's and preacher's dictation—

From all the dreaded lore of the books—

Escaped from the thralldom of study,

We turn to the babble of brooks ;

We hark to the field-minstrels' music,

The lowing of herds on the lea,

The surge of the winds in the forest,

The roar of the storm-angered sea.

To the tree-tops we'll climb with the squirrels ;

We will race with the brooks in the glens ;

The rabbits we'll chase to their burrows ;

The foxes we'll hunt to their dens ;



The woodchucks, askulk in their caverns,
 We'll visit again and again ;
 And we'll peep into every bird's nest
 The copses and meadows contain.

For us are the blackberries ripening
 By many a moss-covered wall ;
 There are blue-hats enough in the thickets
 To furnish a treat for us all ;
 In the swamps there are ground-nuts
 in plenty ;
 The sea-sands their titbits afford ;

And, oh most delectable banquet !
 We will feast at the honey-bee's
 board.

Oh, comrades, the graybeards assure us
 That life is a burden of cares—
 That the highways and byways of
 manhood
 Are fretted with pitfalls and snares.
 Well, school-days have *their* tribulations,
 Their troubles, as well as their joys ;
 Then give us vacation for ever,
 If we must for ever be boys !

BEVERLY MOORE.



JEM AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

YOUNG Jem at noon returned from
school

As hungry as could be ;

He cried to Sue the servant-maid,
“ My dinner give to me.”

Said Sue, “ It is not yet come home ;
Besides, it is not late.”

“ No matter that,” cried little Jem ;
“ I do not wish to wait.”

Quick to the baker’s Jemmy went,
And asked, “ Is dinner done?”

“ It is,” replied the baker’s man.
“ Then home I’ll with it run.”

“ Nay, sir,” replied he prudently,
“ I tell you ’tis too hot,
And much too heavy ’tis for you.”
“ I tell you it is not.

“ Papa, mamma are both gone out,
And I for dinner long ;
So give it me, it is all mine ;
And, baker, hold your tongue.

“ A shoulder ’tis of mutton nice !
And batter pudding too !
I’m glad of that, it is so good ;
How clever is our Sue !”

Now near his door young Jem was
come ;

He round the corner turned ;
But oh, sad fate ! unlucky chance !
The dish his fingers burned.

Low in the gutter down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat ;
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sailed down the street.

The people laughed and rude boys
grinned
At mutton’s hapless fall ;
But, though ashamed, young Jemmy
cried,
“ Better lose part than all !”

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His both hands grasped it fast,
And, deaf to all their jibes and cries,
He gained his home at last.

"Impatience is a fault," says Jem ;

"The baker said too true ;
In future patient I will be,
And mind what says our Sue."

ADELAIDE TAYLOR.

THE PLUM-CAKE.

"OH, I've got a plum-cake, and a rare
feast I'll make ;

I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram :
Morning, noontime, and night, it shall
be my delight ;

What a happy young fellow I am !"

Thus said little George, and, begin-
ning to gorge,

With zeal to his cake he applied ;
While fingers and thumbs, for the
sweetmeats and plums,
Were hunting and digging beside.

But, woeful to tell, a misfortune be-
fell,

Which ruined his capital fun ;
After eating his fill, he was taken so
ill,
That he trembled for what he had
done.

As he grew worse and worse, the doc-
tor and nurse

To cure his disorder were sent,
And rightly, you'll think, he had
physic to drink,
Which made him his folly repent.

And while on his bed he rolled his
hot head,

Impatient with sickness and pain,
He could not but take this reproof
from his cake :

"Don't be such a glutton again."

ANN TAYLOR.

ANOTHER PLUM-CAKE.

"OH, I've got a plum-cake, and a feast
let us make ;

Come, school-fellows, come at my
call ;

I assure you 'tis nice, and we'll each
have a slice—

Here's more than enough for us
all."

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a
smack,

And sharpened his knife for the job ;
While round him a troop formed a
clamorous group,
And hailed him the king of the
mob.

With masterly strength he cut through
it at length,

And gave to each playmate a share ;
Dick, William, and James, and many
more names,

And a blind man partook of his
care.

And when it was done, and they'd
finished their fun,

To marbles or hoops they went
back,

And each little boy felt it always a
joy

To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book his best
pleasure he took,

And as he thus wisely began,
Since he's been a man grown he has
constantly shown

That a good boy will make a good
man.

ANN TAYLOR.



WHICH IS YOUR LOT?

SOME children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,
While others drudge their lives away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t'implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb pre-
pare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting
blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiff'ning hands in
theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping
 soul,
 And slowly down his wrinkled
 cheek
 The big, round tears were seen to
 roll,
 And told the thanks he could not
 speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er,
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done be-
 fore.

LUCY AIKEN.

TOMMY AND HIS SHILLING.

LITTLE Tommy found a shilling
 As he came from school one day ;
 "Now," said he, "I'll have a fortune,
 For I'll plant it right away.

"Nurse once told me, I remember,
 When a penny I had found,
 It would grow and bear new pennies
 If I put it in the ground.

"I'll not say a word to mother,
 For I know she would be willing ;
 Home I'll run, and in my garden
 Plant my precious bright new shil-
 ling.

"Every day I'll give it water,
 And I'll weed it with great care ;
 And I guess before the winter
 It will many shillings bear.

"Then I'll buy a horse and carriage,
 And a lot of splendid toys,
 And I'll give a hundred shillings
 To poor little girls and boys."

Thus deluded, little Tommy
 Laid full many a splendid plan,
 As the little coin he planted,
 Wishing he were grown a man.

Day by day he nursed and watched
 it,
 Thought of nothing else beside ;
 Day by day was disappointed,
 For no signs of growth he spied.

Tired at last of hopeless waiting,
 More than any child could bear,
 Little Tommy told his secret
 To his mother in despair.

Never was a kinder mother,
 But when his sad tale she heard,
 'Twas so funny, she from laughing
 Could not speak a single word.

This was worse than all, for Tommy
 Thought his sorrow too severe,
 And in spite of every effort
 Down his cheek there rolled a
 tear.

This his tender mother spying,
 Kissed it off before it fell ;
 "Where to plant your bright new
 shilling,"
 Said she to him, "let me tell :

"Peter Brown's two little children
 Long have wished to learn to read,
 But their father is not able
 To procure the books they need.

"To their use if you will spend it,
 Precious seed you then may sow,
 And ere many months are ended,
 Trust me, you will see it grow."

MRS. S. W. JEWETT,



THE BEGGAR-BOY.

A POOR boy went by with his raiment
all torn ;
He looked, too, so dirty and very for-
lorn ;
His coat was in tatters, no shoes on
his feet,
And they ached with the cold on the
stones of the street.

Poor boy ! no kind father or mother
has he,
Nor has he a nice house at home as
have we ;
He begs all the day for a morsel of
bread,
And perhaps sleeps at night in a com-
fortless shed.

10

He has no kind friends to instruct him
and guide,
And he hears what is sinful, and sees
it beside ;
Oh, how good and how thankful I then
ought to be
To the God who has given these good
things to me !

CHILD'S BOOK OF POETRY.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne
him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the short-
est span ;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will
bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty be-
speak,
These hoary locks proclaim my
lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn
cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of
tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising
ground
With tempting aspect, drew me
from my road;
For plenty there a residence has
found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and
poor!
Here, as I craved a morsel of their
bread,
A pampered menial drove me from
the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler
shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing
is the cold;
Short is my passage to the friendly
tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my
grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your
breast,
Your hands would not withhold the
kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be re-
pressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should
we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the
state you see;
And your condition may be soon like
mine,—
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hailed
the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from
my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was
my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my
age,
Lured by a villain from her native
home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide
stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to
roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my
care,
Struck with sad anguish at the stern
decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to de-
spair,
And left the world to wretchedness
and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne
him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the short-
est span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will
bless your store,



THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"AND wherefore do the poor complain?"

The rich man asked of me :

"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold ;
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bared-headed man,
His locks were thin and white ;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said—
But at home no fire had he ;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold ;

I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick abed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the
child
That screamed behind, be still—

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl—her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye—
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Addressed the passers-by;

I asked her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse;
She answered she was poor.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he:
“You asked me why the poor complain;
And these have answered thee!”

ROBERT SOUTHY.

HELP THE POOR.

BELL.

Oh, Susey, stop a moment, dear,
You don't know where I've been;
Oh, such a wretched, dismal sight,
I'm sure you've never seen.

I've been with mother to a house
Where they are all so poor;
I gave them all my purse contained,
And only wished 'twas more.

A woman very pale and thin—
A widow too, she said—
And six young children, none of whom
This day had tasted bread;
And not a single spark of fire
This bitter, freezing day:
Now, was there e'er a sadder sight,
Dear Cousin Susey, say?

Three little ones tried to keep warm
In a poor wretched bed;
So cold was one the mother held
I surely thought 'twas dead.
Could you have seen how glad they
looked

When mother sent for wood,
And bread and meat enough for all,
Susey, 'twould do you good.

SUSEY.

I have a dollar here, dear Bell,
Pa gave me yesterday;
I'll give it them: come, go with me,
We'll run there all the way.
I'd rather make a sad heart smile
Than buy a doll, I'm sure;
Indeed it must be very hard
Such sorrow to endure.

God made them poor—He made us
rich,

The wealth is all His own;
It was for them as well as us
The Saviour left His throne.

Let us henceforth save something,
Bell,
To help the suffering poor,
And for God's bounty to us both
His blessed name adore,



PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

WHENE’ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold!

While some poor creatures scarce can
tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

THERE’S a poor beggar going by;
I see her looking in;
She’s just about as big as I,
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
She is so very poor;
And hardly anything to eat:
I pity her, I’m sure.

But I have got nice clothes, you
know,

And meat and bread and fire ;
And dear mamma, that loves me so,
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
Oh dear ! what should I do ?
I wish she had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in :
There ! buy some bread with that.



MY LITTLE HERO.

"How we wish that we knew a hero !"
Say the children, pressing round ;
"Will you tell us if such a wonder
In London streets can be found ?"

I point from my study-window
At a lad who is passing by :
"My darlings, there goes a hero ;
You well know his oft-heard cry."

"'Tis the chimney-sweep, dear father,
In his jacket so worn and old ;
What can *he* do that is brave and
true,
Wandering out in the cold ?"

Says Maudie, "I thought that a hero
Was a man with a handsome face."
"And I pictured him all in velvet
dressed,
With a sword," whispered little
Grace.

"Mine is only a 'sweeper,' children,
His deeds all unnoticed, unknown ;

Yet I think he is one of the heroes
God sees and will mark for His own.

"Out there he looks eager and cheerful,
No matter how poorly he fares ;
No sign that his young heart is heavy
With the weight of unchildish cares.

"Home means to him but a dingy
room,
A father he shudders to see ;
Alas for the worse than neglected sons
Who have such a father as he !

"And a mother who lies on a ragged
bed,
So sick and worn and sad ;
No friend has she but this one pale
boy—
This poor little sweeper-lad,

"So rough to others, and all unskilled,
Yet to her most tender and true,
Oft waking with patient cheerfulness
To soothe her the whole night
through.

"He wastes no time on his own scant
meals,
But goes forth with the morning sun ;
Never a moment is wasted
Till his long day's work is done.

"Then home to the dreary attic
Where his mother lies lonely all day,
Unheeding the boys who would tempt
him
To linger with them and play.

"Because she is helpless and lonely,
He is doing a hero's part ;
For loving and self-denying
Are the tests of a noble heart."

POOR LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the
 outside old and mean,
 But all within that little cot was won-
 drous neat and clean ;
 The night was dark and stormy, the
 wind was howling wild,
 As a patient mother sat beside the
 deathbed of her child,
 A little worn-out creature, his once
 bright eyes grown dim.
 It was a collier's wife and child ; they
 called him little Jim ;
 And oh, to see the briny tears fast
 hurrying down her cheek,
 As she offered up the prayer in thought
 she was afraid to speak,
 Lest she might waken one she loved
 far better than her life,
 For she had all a mother's heart, had
 that poor collier's wife.
 With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
 beside the sufferer's bed,
 And prays that He would spare her
 boy, and take herself instead.
 She gets her answer from the child ;
 soft fall the words from him :
 " Mother, the angels do so smile, and
 beckon little Jim.
 I have no pain, dear mother, now, but
 oh, I am so dry !
 Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,
 and, mother, don't you cry."
 With gentle, trembling haste she held
 the liquid to his lip ;
 He smiled to thank her as he took
 each little, tiny sip.
 " Tell father, when he comes from
 work, I said good-night to him ;
 And, mother, now I'll go to sleep."
 Alas ! poor little Jim !
 She knew that he was dying—that the
 child she loved so dear,

Had uttered the last words she might
 ever hope to hear.
 The cottage-door is opened, the collier's
 step is heard,
 The father and the mother meet, yet
 neither speaks a word.
 He felt that all was over, he knew his
 child was dead ;
 He took the candle in his hand and
 walked toward the bed ;
 His quivering lips gave token of the
 grief he'd fain conceal,
 And see, his wife has joined him—the
 stricken couple kneel ;
 With hearts bowed down by sadness
 they humbly ask of Him
 In heaven once more to meet again
 their own poor little Jim.

—♦—

 POOR KATY.

" I don't like Katy ; she isn't nice—
 Her bonnet is old !
 The house she lives in, it makes me
 laugh ;
 'Tisn't much too large for my little
 brown calf ;
 Not good enough for Bossy, by half—
 She'd shiver in it with cold.
 " I don't like Katy ; her frocks are all
 torn—
 And she don't care.
 Now I never wore such a comical
 gown ;
 The pattern couldn't be found in town ;
 It must be her grandmother's dress
 cut down ;
 And only look at her hair !
 " I don't like Katy, do you, Nelly
 Gray ?"
 And Nelly replied :

"Do you know Molly Dow, the judge's daughter?"

I saw her fall yesterday plump in the water;

And whose do you think were the hands that caught her,
Or she would have died?"

"Perhaps her father's?" "No, he was not there!

Down, down she sank!
The pretty blue eyes and the golden curls
All drenched and dim in the cloudy whirls—
When out from a group of frightened girls
Sprang poor Kate Blanc!

"It made me dizzy to see her fly
Up to the brink,
And over. 'I swim like a fish,' she cried,
And plunged at something that went with the tide;
'Twas poor little Molly, the judge's pride,
Just ready to sink.

"The judge came then: you should have seen!
He held Molly tight!
But so he did Kate! She's home with him now;
And they say the rich judge has taken a vow,
That Kate shall be Molly's sister!—
Kate Dow!
I think it's right!"

MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

CLEAN CLARA.

WHAT! not know our clean Clara?
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,
And the cold Esquimaux,
Our little Clara know!
Clean Clara, the poet sings,
Cleaned a hundred thousand things.

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord;
All the pictures in their frames,
Knights with daggers, and stomachered dames;
Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Graemes,
Winifreds—all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,
She cleaned the spring of a secret lock;
She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard;
All the books she India-rubbed!

She cleaned the Dutch tiles in the place,
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace.
The Countess of Miniver came to her,
"Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?"
All her cleanings are admirable;
To count your teeth you will be able
If you look in the walnut table!

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler—
Joseph going down into the pit,
And the Shunammite woman, with the boy in a fit.

You saw the reapers, *not* in the distance,
 And Elisha coming to the child's assistance;
 With the house on the wall that was
 built for the prophet,
 The chair, the bed, and the bolster of
 it.
 The eyebrows all had a turn reflective,
 Just like an eel: to spare invective,
 There was plenty of color, but no
 perspective.

However, Clara cleaned it all,
 With a curious lamp that hangs in the
 hall;
 She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers.
 Madam in mittens was moved to tears!

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,
 The oldest bird that ever grew;
 I should say a thousand years old
 would do—
 I'm sure he looked it, but nobody
 knew.

She cleaned the china, she cleaned the
 delf,
 She cleaned the baby, she cleaned
 herself!

To-morrow morning she means to try
 To clean the cobwebs from the sky;
 Some people say the girl will rue it,
 But my belief is she will do it.
 So I've made up my mind to be there
 to see!

There's a beautiful place in the walnut
 tree;
 The bough is as firm as the solid
 rock;
 She brings out her broom at six
 o'clock.

LILLIPUT LEVEE.

NOTHING.

I ASKED a lad what he was doing;
 "Nothing, good sir," said he to me.
 "By nothing well and long pursuing,
 Nothing," said I, "you'll surely
 be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking;
 "Nothing," quoth he, "I do de-
 clare."
 "Many," said I, "in taverns drinking
 By idle minds were carried there."

There's nothing great, there's nothing
 wise,
 Which idle hands and minds sup-
 ply;
 Those who all thought and toil despise
 Mere nothings live, and nothings
 die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather
 When in a sum they all are brought;
 A thousand idle lads together
 Are still but nothings joined to
 naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,
 And sometimes pompous seem, and
 haughty;
 But still 'tis ever plain to most
 That *nothing boys* are mostly *naughty*.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE Ann and her mother were walk-
 ing one day
 Through London's wide city so
 fair,
 And business obliged them to go by
 the way
 That led them through Cavendish
 Square.

And as they passed by the great house
of a lord,

A beautiful chariot came
To take some most elegant ladies
abroad,

Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were
seen,

The chariot was painted all o'er ;
The footmen behind were in silver and
green,
And fine horses trotted before.

Little Ann by her mother walked si-
lent and sad,

A tear trickled down from her
eye ;

Then her mother said, "Ann, I should
be very glad

To know what it is makes you
cry."

"Ah look!" said the child, "at that
carriage, mamma,

All covered with varnish and gold ;
Those ladies are riding so charmingly
there,

While we have to walk in the cold.

"You say, 'God is kind to the folks
that are good,'

But surely it cannot be true ;
Or else I am certain, almost, that He
would
Give such a fine carriage to you."

"Look there, little girl," said her
mother, "and see
What stands at that very coach-
door ;

A poor, ragged beggar, and listen how
she

A halfpenny stands to implore.

"All pale is her face, and deep sunk is
her eye ;

Her hands look like skeleton
bones ;

She has got a few rags just about her
to tie,

And her naked feet bleed on the
stones.

" 'Dear ladies,' she cries—and tears
trickle down—

'Relieve a poor beggar, I pray ;
I've wandered all hungry about this
wide town,
And not ate a morsel to-day.

" 'My father and mother are long ago
dead,

My brother sails over the sea ;
And I've not a rag nor a morsel of
bread,
As plainly, I'm sure, you may see.

" 'A fever I caught which was terribly
bad,

But no nurse nor physic had I ;
An old dirty shed was the house that
I had,
And only on straw could I lie.

" 'And now that I'm better, yet feeble
and faint,

And famished, and naked, and cold,
I wander about with my grievous com-
plaint,
And seldom get aught but a scold.

" 'Some will not attend to my pitiful
call ;

Some think me a vagabond cheat,
And scarcely a creature relieves me,
of all

The thousands that traverse the
street.

"Then, ladies, dear ladies, your pity
bestow!"

Just then a tall footman came round,
And, asking the ladies which way they
would go,

The chariot turned off with a bound.

"Ah see, little girl! then her mother
replied,

"How foolish it was to complain!"

If you would have looked at the con-
trary side,

Your tears would have dried up
again.

"Your house, and your friends, and
your viétuals, and bed,

'Twas God in his merey that gave:
You did not deserve to be covered and
fed,

And yet all these blessings you
have.

"This poor little beggar is hungry and
cold,

No father nor mother has she;
And while you can daily such objects
behold,

You ought quite contented to be.

"A coach and a footman, and gaudy
attire,

Can't give true delight to the breast;
To be good is the thing you should
chiefly desire,

And then leave to God all the rest."

ANN TAYLOR.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

I HAD some money in my purse.

Kept there almost for ever,
Waiting to buy a pair of skates
To skate upon the river.

But yesterday, dear grandpapa,
I saw a painful sight;

It drew the money from my purse,
And left it empty quite.

A ragged boy led by the hand

A little sister sweet,
Who crept along the frozen ground
With half-uncovered feet.

My hand sought out the silver prize

That in my pocket lay,
When in my ear I heard a voice
That softly seemed to say:

"Think of the skates, the shining
skates!

Think of the glorious ice!
If you relieve the suffering child,
Pleasure must pay the price."

"Pleasure a GREATER price must
pay,"

Another voice replied,
"If suffered thus to close the hand
That Pity opens wide."

Out came the money, grandpapa;

How could I then refuse?
And to the smiling boy I said,
"Buy 'Sis' a pair of shoes."

You should have seen the little girl,

Her laughing eyes of blue,
As, showering kisses from her hand,
She sang, "New shoe! new shoe!"

"God bless the gift," said grand-
papa,

"And add to mercy's store!
He lendeth to the Lord, my son,
Who giveth to the poor."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.

THE TWO DIMES.

As Dick and Ben, one summer day,
Were sauntering home, fatigued with
play,

They spied, close by a dark pine
wood,
A pair of shoes, coarse, strong, and
good.

It seemed as if the owner's care
Was to preserve these shoes from
wear,

And so he'd placed them where they
stood,

And gone barefooted through the
wood.

Ben, glancing at the setting sun,
Said, "Look here, Dick, let's have
some fun :

'Twill soon be dark ; you won't refuse ;
So bear a hand ; let's take these shoes ;
And then we'll hide behind this stack,
And wait till the old chap comes
back,

And let him hunt until we choose
To sing out, 'Mister, here's your
shoes.'

"And ere he has a chance to try
To catch us, we will let 'em fly
Right at his head, plump in the face,
And then we'll lead him *such* a race !
I wish the other boys were here ;
We'd make old Two-shoes rub his ear.
Come, take one, Dick ; just feel its
weight ;

And when you fire, fire straight."

"No, no," said Dick ; "not I, for one :
I'm fond of joking, fond of fun ;
But who knows who this man may
be ?

Perhaps he's poor as poor can be,

And seeks in yonder dark pine wood
To gather chips to cook his food.
But come, don't let us have a spat ;
We'll play a trick worth two of that.

"I've got a dime, and so have you ;
Let's put one into each old shoe,
And then we'll creep behind this hay,
And hear what the old man will say."
"Agreed !" said Ben, who, fond of fun,
And willing any risk to run
To have a laugh, or play, or joke,
Yielded at once when kindness spoke.

So in the shoes they put their dimes,
And back and forth went twenty
times,

And laughed and talked about the
way

The trick would end they meant to
play.

First, they would twist the shoes
about,

To make the precious dimes show
out ;

Then place the silver in a way
To catch the sun's departing ray.

At length a sound their senses greet
Of rustling leaves and moving feet ;
And then, like kittens at their play,
They ran and hid beneath the hay ;
But, still afraid that they should lose
A sight of him who owned the shoes,
Kept peeping out, as if to view
And note what he would say or do.

And soon from out the lonely wood,
In weary, sad, and thoughtful mood,
An old man came, bowed down with
years,

Whose eyes betokened recent tears.
His steps were feeble, tottering, slow ;
His hair as white as driven snow ;

And as he came toward the stack
They saw the fagots on his back.

At length he stopped as if to muse ;
His tearful eyes turned toward his
shoes ;

When, as the silver met his sight,
They flashed as with a heavenly
light,

And down upon the yielding sod
He knelt with heartfelt thanks to God ;
And, with his aged hands upraised,
He said, "O God, Thy name be
praised !"

And as the boys beneath the hay
Listened with awe to hear him pray,
They learned his story, sad and brief,
Of toil and sickness, pain and grief ;
His children, one by one, had died,
And he had laid them, side by side,
Within the dark and chilly tomb,
And o'er his life spread heartfelt
gloom.

Yet through that gloom a cheering
ray
Of hope sustained him on his way ;
He felt that when this life was o'er
His children he should see once more ;
And so, with patience, hope, and trust,
He had consigned the dust to dust,
And at the grave of each loved one
He knelt and said, "Thy will be
done."

Then followed other ills of life—
Cold, pinching want, a suffering wife.
All this and more they heard him say
As they lay hid beneath the hay ;
And then, with cheek all wet with
tears,
In voice made tremulous by years,

They heard him ask of God to bless
The hand that had relieved distress.
But, rising from his knees at length,
And leaning on his staff for strength,
He thrust his feet within his shoes,
And hurried homeward with the news.
The boys, half-buried 'neath the hay,
Saw him go tottering on his way ;
Then crawling out, they homeward
went,
Pleased with the way their dimes
were spent.

"I say," said Ben, "if I had died
I couldn't help it, so I cried ;
But if I ever try again
To play a joke, my name ain't Ben !"
"Well, well, we've had our fun," said
Dick,
"And played a real handsome trick,
And I sha'n't be ashamed to tell
About a joke that ends so well."

MORAL.

The moral of this tale is plain :
Cause no unnecessary pain ;
Pluck from your heart all evil thoughts ;
Let love and kindness guide your
sports ;
And if induced to play a trick,
Act tenderly, like honest Dick ;
Or if in frolic now and then
You're led astray, remember Ben.

Remember, too, in pain or grief
A prayer to God will bring relief,
Or if with joy the heart expands,
On bended knee, with upraised hands
And heart uplifted to the skies,
Let thanks in prayer and praise arise.
God hears the gentlest sigh or prayer :
He's ever present everywhere.



LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And when I crossed the wild
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will nevermore be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night ;
You to the town must go,

And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father, will I gladly do ;
’Tis scarcely afternoon ;
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain-roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
 She wandered up and down,
 And many a hill did Lucy climb,
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide,
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
 That overlooked the moor,
 And thence they saw the bridge of
 wood
 A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward,
 cried,
 "In heaven we all shall meet,"
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's
 edge
 They tracked the footmarks small,
 And through the broken hawthorn
 hedge,
 And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
 The marks were still the same ;
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank,
 And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child—
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips
 along,
 And never looks behind,
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
 Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so
 pale ;
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and
 joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy !

Poor, foolish child ! how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 To see the lighted windows flame !
 To force me home my mother sought—
 She could not bear to hear my joy,
 For with my father's life 'twas bought—
 And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and
 loud ;
 My mother, shuddering, closed her
 ears ;
 "Rejoice ! REJOICE !" still cried the
 crowd,—
 My mother answered with her tears.
 "Oh why do tears steal down your
 cheek,"
 Cried I, "while others shout for
 joy ?"
 She kissed me, and in accents weak
 She called me her poor orphan boy !

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
 When suddenly she gasped for
 breath,
 And her eyes closed! I shrieked for
 aid,
 But ah! her eyes were closed in
 death.

My hardships since I will not tell;
 But now, no more a parent's joy,
 Ah, lady, I have learned *too* well
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep; what is't you say?
 You'll give me clothing, food, em-
 ploy?

Look down, dear parents! look and
 see

Your happy, happy orphan boy!

AMELIA OPIE.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
 The flowers bloomed—the air was
 mild,
 The little birds poured forth their
 lay,
 And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
 Beneath the deep wood's ample
 shade,
 Till suddenly I came upon
 Two children who had thither
 strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot
 A little boy and girl reclined;
 His hand in hers she kindly put,
 And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
 A tree concealed me from their
 view—
 But all they said I well could hear,
 And I could see all they might
 do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind
 boy,
 "That little bird sings very long;
 Say, do you see him in his joy?
 And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
 "I see the bird on yonder tree."
 The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
 "Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
 And bright green leaves are on the
 trees,
 And pretty birds are singing there—
 How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
 And I can feel the green leaf's
 shade,
 And I can hear the notes that swell
 From those dear birds that God has
 made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
 Though sight, alas! He has not
 given;
 But tell me, are there any blind
 Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; there all see;
 But why ask me a thing so odd?"
 "Oh, Mary, *He's so good to me,*
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long disease his hand had laid
 On that dear boy, so meek and mild;

His widowed mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless
child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up the poor blind
child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

REV. DR. HAWKS.

THE BLIND BOY.

OH, tell me the form of the soft sum-
mer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my
hair;
It breathes on my lips and it fans my
warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often
I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and
light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've
no sight.

And music, what is it? and where
does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence
and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the
deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning
to pain.

Now, what the bright colors of music
may be
Will any one tell me, for I cannot see?

The odors of flowers that are hovering
nigh,
What are they? on what kind of
wings do they fly?
Are these shining angels, who come to
delight
A poor little child that knows nothing
of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to
my mind—
Oh, tell me what light is, because I
am blind.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE BLIND BOY.

OH, say what is that thing called Light
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

THE BLIND MAN.

DEAR children, see, I'm old and poor,
 I grope my way from door to door.
 You, happy children, cannot know
 How dark the path through which I
 go.

But Bible words have comfort strong;
 They're ringing round me all day
 long—

They tell me of a brighter place,
 Where I shall see my Maker's face.



THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

HARK to the thunder!

 List to the ruin!

See the fierce lightning
 Flashing again!

See, at yon window,
 Gleaming afar,
 Shines a pale taper,
 Like a lone star!

There a lone mother,
 Bending the knee,
 Prays for her darling,
 Far, far at sea.

O God in heaven,
 Hear Thou her prayer!
 Still Thou the tempest,
 Calm her despair!

Out on the waters,
 Where the winds roar,
 Tossed by the billows,
 Miles from the shore,

In his rude hammock,
 Rocked by the deep,
 Lies a young sailor
 Buried in sleep.

Sweetly he's smiling,
 Dreaming of home,
 Far in green England,
 Over the foam.

She who is praying
 Stands by him now,
 Parting his tresses,
 Kissing his brow.

God send him safely
 To her again!
 God grant her watching
 Be not in vain!

MATTHIAS BARR.



THE SAILOR BOY'S GOSSIP.

You say, dear mamma, it is good to be
 talking

With those who will kindly endeavor
 to teach;

And I think I have learnt something
 while I was walking

Along with the sailor boy down on
 the beach.

He told me of lands where he soon
 will be going,

Where humming-birds scarcely are
 bigger than bees—

Where the mace and the nutmeg to-
 gether are growing,

And cinnamon formeth the bark of
 the trees.

He told me that islands far out in the
 ocean

Are mountains of coral that insects
 have made;

And I freely confess I had hardly a
 notion

That insects could work in the way
 that he said.



He spoke of wide deserts where sand-
clouds are flying,
No shade for the brow, and no grass
for the feet ;

Where camels and travellers often lie
dying,
Gasping for water and scorching
with heat.

He told me of places away in the
East

Where topaz and ruby and sapphire
are found,

Where you never are safe from the
snake and the beast,
For the serpent and tiger and jackal
abound.

He declared he had gazed on a very
high mountain
Spurting out volumes of sulphur
and smoke,

That burns day and night like a fiery
fountain,
Pouring forth ashes that blacken
and choke.

I thought our own river a very great
stream,

With its water so fresh and its cur-
rents so strong,

But how tiny our largest of rivers
must seem

To those he has sailed on, three
thousand miles long!

He spoke, dear mamma, of so many
strange places,

With people who neither have cities
nor kings,

Who wear skins on their shoulders
and paint on their faces,

And live on the spoils which their
hunting-field brings.

He told me of waters whose wonder-
ful falling
Sends clouds of white foam and a
thundering sound,
With a voice that for ever is loud and
appalling,
And roars like a lion for many
leagues round.

Oh, I long, dear mamma, to learn
more of these stories
From books that are written to
please and to teach,
And I wish I could see half the cu-
rious glories
The sailor boy told me of, down on
the beach.

ELIZA COOK.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the
west—
Away to the west as the sun went
down;
Each thought on the woman who loved
him the best,
And the children stood watching
them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And there's little to earn and many to
keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the
sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they
looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up
ragged and brown;

But men must work, and women must
weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters
deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
sands
In the morning gleam as the tide
went down,
And the women are weeping and wring-
ing their hands
For those who will never come home
to the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor
boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the
sport of the wind;
But, watchworn and weary, his cares
flew away,
And visions of happiness danced
o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear
native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's
merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half
covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secre-
ted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread
wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ec-
stasy rise;

Now far, far behind him the green
waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses
his eyes.

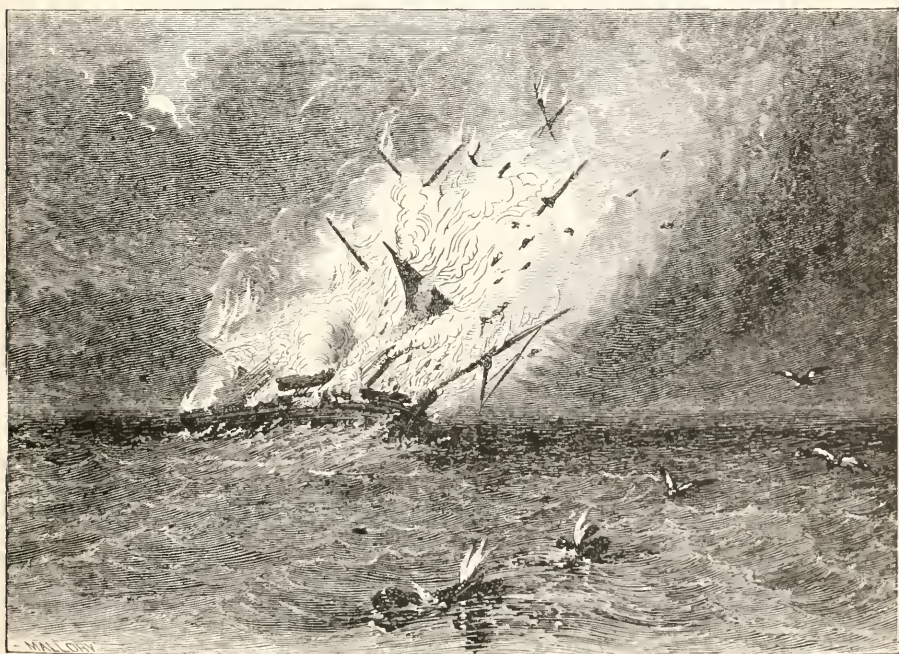
The jessamine clammers in flower o'er
the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from
her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises
the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply
to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of
delight,
His cheek is imperled with a moth-
er's warm tear,

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss
unite
With the lips of the maid whom his
bosom holds dear

The heart of the sleeper beats high
in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hard-
ships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals
through his rest—
"Kind Fate, thou hast blest me! I
ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame which now
bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now
'larums his ear?



'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting
hell on the sky,
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the
groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies
to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with im-
ages dire;

Wild winds and mad waves drive the
vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the
shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremen-
dously swell;

In vain the lost wretch calls on
Mercy to save;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing
his knell;

And the death-angel flaps his broad
wing o'er the wave!

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of
delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost-
work of bliss;

Where now is the picture that Fancy
touched bright,

Thy parents' soft pressure and love's
honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy
wishes repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep
in the main,

Full many a fathom, thy frame
shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remem-
brance for thee,

Or redeem form or frame from the
merciless surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy
winding-sheet be,

And winds, in the midnight of win-
ter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs
shall be laid,

Around thy white bones the red
coral shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of
amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion
below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall
circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee
shall roll;

Earth loses thy pattern for ever and
aye!

O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to
thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.



THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

You see the gentle water,

How silently it floats,

How cautiously, how steadily,

It moves the sleepy boats;

And all the little loops of pearl

It strews along the sand

Steal out as leisurely as leaves

When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,

And thunder from its rest,

When the stormy taunts of winter

Are flying at its breast;

And if you like to listen,

And draw your chairs around,

I'll tell you what it did one night

When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham

Go out to search the seas;

A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,

Who love a swinging breeze;

And along the woods of Devon,

And the silver cliffs of Wales,

You may see, when summer evenings
fall,

The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
 And gray winds hunt the foam,
 They go back to little Brixham
 And ply their toils at home ;
 And so it chanced, one winter's day,
 When the wind began to roar,
 That all the men were out at sea,
 And all the wives on shore.

Then, as the storm grew fiercer,
 The women's cheeks grew white ;
 It was fiercer through the twilight,
 And fiercest in the night ;
 The strong clouds set themselves like
 ice,
 With not a star to melt,
 And the blackness of the darkness
 Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin,
 Went on its secret way,
 And struck a hundred barks adrift
 To reel about the bay ;
 They meet! they crash!—God keep
 the men!

God give a moment's light!
 There is nothing but the tumult,
 And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were trembling,
 They grieved for what they knew ;
 What do you think the women did?
 Love taught them what to do:
 Up spoke a wife: "We've beds at
 home—
 We'll burn them for a light ;
 Give us the men and the bare ground—
 We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
 Who shivered and bade them go ;
 They took the baby's pillow,
 Who could not say them no ;

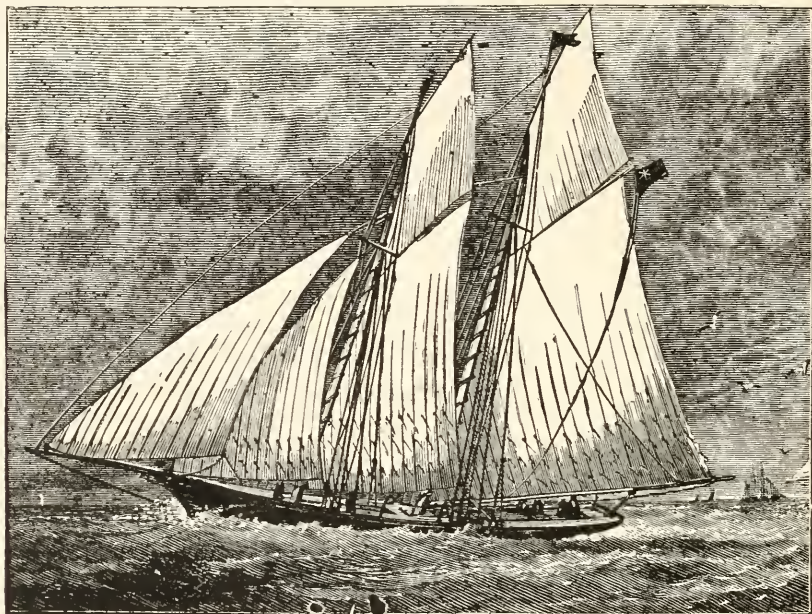
And they heaped a great fire on the
 pier,
 And knew not all the while
 If they were heaping a bonfire,
 Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
 Shone bravely on the black,
 Till a cry went through the people,
 "A boat is coming back!"
 Staggering dimly through the fog,
 They see, and then they doubt,
 But when the first prow strikes the
 pier,
 Cannot you hear them shout?

Then all along the breadth of flame
 Dark figures shrieked and ran.
 With, "Child, here comes your father!"
 Or "Wife, is this your man?"
 And faint feet touch the welcome stone
 And stay a little while,
 And kisses drop from frozen lips,
 Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,
 All that the sea would spare ;
 We will not reckon through our tears
 The names that were not there ;
 But some went home without a bed,
 When all the tale was told,
 Who were too cold with sorrow
 To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
 Who work in wind and foam,
 And this is what the women bear
 Who watch for them at home:
 So, when you see a Brixham boat
 Go out to meet the gales,
 Think of the love that travels
 Like light upon her sails!



THE LITTLE SCHOONER.

THEY built a little ship
 By the rough seaside;
 They laid her keel in hope,
 And they launched it in pride.
 Five-and-twenty workingmen,
 All day and half night,
 Were hammering and clamoring
 To make her all right.

Lightly was she rigged,
 And strongly was she sparred;
 She had bowlines and buntlines,
 Topping-lift and yard;
 They swung round her boom
 When the wind blew piff-paff,
 For she was a little schooner,
 And she sailed with a gaff.

The men who were making her
 Talked of her at home:
 "A smarter little creature
 Shall never breast the foam;

She is not built for battle,
 Nor for any dark deed,
 But for safety and money,
 And comfort and speed."

She made two trips
 In the smooth summer days;
 Back she came merrily—
 All sang her praise.
 Once she brought figs
 From a land of good heat;
 Once she brought Memel-wood,
 Strong, hard, and sweet.

She made three trips
 When winter gales were strong;
 Back she came gallantly,—
 Not a spar wrong;
 She could scud before the wind
 With just a sail set,
 Or beat up and go about,
 With not a foot wet.

It was in September
 That she went out anew,
 As fresh as a little daisy
 Brimful of morning dew;
 Brushed, painted, holystoned,
 Tarred, trimmed, and laced,
 Like a beauty in a ball-dress
 With a sash around her waist.

She went out of harbor
 With a light breeze and fair,
 And every shred of canvas spread
 Upon the soft blue air;
 But when she passed the Needles
 It was blowing half a gale,
 And she took in a double reef,
 And hauled down half her sail.

Just as the sun was sinking
 A cloud sprang from the east,
 Like an angry whiff of darkness
 Before the daylight ceased;
 It went rushing up the sky,
 And a black wind rushed below,
 And struck the little schooner
 As a man strikes his foe.

She fought like a hero—
 Alas! how could she fight
 In the clutch of the hurling demons
 Who roar in the seas by night?
 White stars, wild stars,
 With driving clouds before,
 You saw her driven like a cloud
 Upon a cruel lee-shore!

There were ten souls on board of her;
 The crew, I ween, were eight,
 And the ninth was a woman,
 And she was the skipper's mate—
 The ninth was a woman,
 With a prayer upon her lip;
 And the tenth was a little cabin-boy,
 And this was his first trip

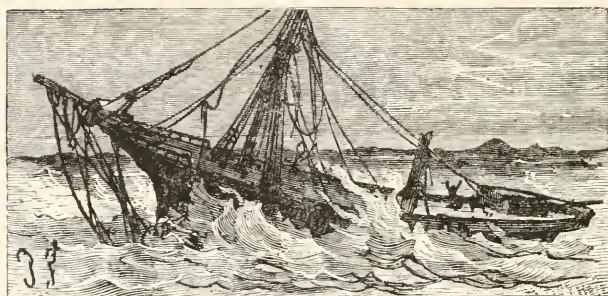
As they drove upon the rocks
 Before they settled down,
 They could see the happy windows
 Along a shining town;
 The flicker of the firelight
 Came through the swirls of foam,
 And they cried to one another,
 "Oh! thus it looks at home!"

By those bright hearths they guessed
 not,
 Closing their peaceful day,
 How ten poor souls were drowning
 Not half a mile away!
 But there were some hardy fellows
 Keeping a bright lookout,
 Who had manned the life-boat long
 ago,
 And launched her with a shout.

Out in the darkness, clinging
 To broken mast and rope,
 The ten were searching sea and sky
 With eyes that had no hope;
 And the moon made awful ridges
 Of black against the clear,
 And the life-boat over the ridges
 Came leaping like a deer!

Up spoke the life-boat coxswain,
 When they came near the wreck:
 "Who casts his life in this fierce sea
 To carry a rope on deck?"
 The men were all so willing
 That they chose the first who spoke,
 And he plunged into the breathless
 pause
 Before a huge wave broke.

And the wave sprang like a panther
 And caught him by the neck,
 And tossed him, as you toss a ball,
 Upon the shuddering wreck;



Faint eager hands upheld him
Till he had got his breath,
And could make fast the blessed rope—
A bridge to life from death.

There's many a precious cargo
Comes safe to British sands,
There's many a gallant fighting-man
About our British lands;
But I think our truest heroes
Are men with names unknown,
Who save a priceless freight of lives,
And never heed their own.

Now bear those weary wanderers
From the dark shores below,
And warm them at the hearths whose
light

They watched an hour ago;
And call the fishers and sailors
Gravely to see, and say,
"Our turn may come to-morrow,
As theirs has come to-day."

Among the fishers and sailors
There came a sunburnt man,
And he stared at the little cabin-boy
Lying so white and wan—
Lying so white and speechless,
They thought his days were done—
And the sailor stared, and wrung his
hands,
And cried, "It is my son!

"Oh! I was bound for Plymouth,
And he for the coast of Spain,
But little I thought when we set sail
How we should meet again.
And who will tell his mother
How he is come ashore?
For, though I loved him very much,
I know she loved him more.

"I'll kiss his lips full gently
Before they are quite cold,
And she shall take that kiss from mine
Ere this moon waxes old."
"Father!" the pale lips murmur,
"Is mother with you here?"
The answer to these welcome words
Was a sob, and then a cheer.

The captain spoke at midnight,
When he saw the tossing sky,
"Alas! a woeful night is this,
And a woeful man am I.
Glad am I for my wife," he said,
"And glad for my true men;
But alas for my little schooner!
She'll never sail again!"

Now, all you life-boat heroes
Who reckon your lives so cheap,
You banish tears from other homes—
Make not your own to weep!

You cannot die like lions,
 For all you are so strong ;
 While you are saving other lives,
 God keep your own from wrong !

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF
 "POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD."

MY BOY JEM.

A FEARFUL storm in the British Channel,
 On Monday, all the day ;
 And the "Daisy," bound for Bristol,
 Was lost in Walton Bay—
 The "Daisy," Captain Roberts.

Why, my boy sailed with him ;
 And she's lost ! she's lost ! and my
 dear boy,
 God bless him, my boy Jem !

Bound for Bristol, with sugar ;
 And just off Clevedon town
 The cargo shifted, a storm blew up,
 Struck her, and she went down.
 Poor souls ! poor souls ! and my dear
 lad ;
 But sure the boy could swim ;
 What'll his mother say ? Poor lad !
 God bless him, my boy Jem !

The captain's wife lives on the shore,
 In sight of Walton Bay ;
 She'd been watching days and weeks,
 And watching that very day.
 The captain stuck to the ship ;
 They say he couldn't swim.
 Yes ! yes ! I've heard him laugh on't
 Times enough to my boy Jem.

But one of the sailors caught him
 Just as the ship went down—
 Jumped overboard and swam with him,
 And brought him into the town.

A splendid fellow—James Brown, the
 mate ;

'Twas grand to see him swim.

The mate ? the mate ? Why, that's
 my boy !

God bless him, my boy Jem !

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little
 daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn
 buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper, he stood beside the helm ;
 His pipe was in his mouth ;
 And he watched how the veering flaw
 did blow
 The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main :
 " I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

" Last night the moon had a golden
 ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper he blew a whiff from his
 pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the north-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.



Down came the storm, and smote
 amain

The vessel in its strength ;
 She shuddered and paused like a
 frightened steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
 daughter,
 And do not tremble so ;
 For I can weather the roughest gale
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
 coat
 Against the stinging blast ;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,
 And bound her to the mast.

"Oh, father! I hear the church-bells
 ring ;
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
 And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns ;
 Oh say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot
 live
 In such an angry sea!"

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light ;
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word—
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and
 stark,

With his face turned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the
 gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands,
 and prayed
 That saved she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled
 the wave
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark
 and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and
 snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
 Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling
 surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
 bows;
 She drifted a dreary wreck;
 And a whooping billow swept the
 crew;
 Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
 waves
 Looked soft as carded wool;
 But the cruel rocks they gored her
 side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in
 ice,
 With the masts, went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
 sank—
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast
 To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown
 sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus
 In the midnight and the snow;
 Christ save us all from a death like
 this

On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
 Not a soul would dare to sleep;
 It was midnight on the waters,
 And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
 To be shattered by the blast,
 And to hear the rattling trumpet
 Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
 For the stoutest held his breath—
 While the hungry sea was roaring
 And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
 Each one busy with his prayers,
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted,
 As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
 As she took his icy hand,
 "Isn't God upon the ocean,
 Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
 And we spoke in better cheer,
 And we anchored safe in harbor
 When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done?"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of
 death

In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father, must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and
 shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy!—oh, where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea—

With mast, and helm, and pennon
 fair,
 That well had borne their part,—

But the noblest thing which perished
 there
 Was that young, faithful heart!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

FILIAL TRUST.

'Twas when the sea with awful roar
 A little bark assailed,
 And pallid fear's distracting power
 O'er each on board prevailed,

Save one, the captain's darling child,
 Who steadfast viewed the storm ;
 And, cheerful, with composure smiled
 At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus?" 'a seaman
 cried,

"Whilst terrors overwhelm?"

"Why yield to fear?" the boy replied ;
 "My father's at the helm."

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

NAPOLEON's banners at Boulogne
 Armed in our island every freeman ;
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain halfway over
 With envy ; *they* could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been
 dearer,

If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming,
floating—

An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field
It would have made the boldest
shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and un-
keeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skill with wattled wil-
lows ;
And thus equipped he would have
passed
The foaming billows ;

But Frenchmen caught him on the
beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger ;
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger :

“ Rash man that wouldst yon Channel
pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fash-
ioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”

“ I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
“ But—absent long from one an-
other—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.”

“ And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said ;
“ Ye've both my favor fairly won ;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-
cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch
in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wound-
ed to die.

When reposing that night on my
pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guard-
ed the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision
 I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt
 it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dread-
 ful array
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate
 track ;

'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on
 the way
 To the home of my fathers, that wel-
 comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed
 so oft

In life's morning march, when my
 bosom was young ;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleat-
 ing aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the
 corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and
 fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping
 friends never to part ;

My little ones kissed me a thousand
 times o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her
 fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us ! rest ; thou art
 weary and worn !"

And fain was their war-broken sol-
 dier to stay ;

But sorrow returned with the dawn-
 ing of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear
 melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

'Tis of a little drummer
 The story I shall tell—
 Of how he marched to battle,
 And all that there befell,
 Out in the West with Lyon
 (For once that name was true),
 For whom the little drummer beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

Our army rose at midnight,
 Ten thousand men as one,
 Each slinging on his knapsack
 And snatching up his gun ;
 "Forward !" and off they started,
 As all good soldiers do,
 When the little drummer beats for them
 The *rat-tat-too*.

Across a rolling country,
 Where the mist began to rise,
 Past many a blackened farm-house,
 Till the sun was in the skies ;
 Then we met the rebel pickets,
 Who skirmished and withdrew,
 While the little drummer beat and
 beat
 The *rat-tat-too*.

Along the wooded hollows
 The line of battle ran ;
 Our centre poured a volley,
 And the fight at once began ;
 For the rebels answered, shouting,
 And a shower of bullets flew ;
 But still the little drummer beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

He stood among his comrades,
 As they quickly formed the line,
 And when they raised their muskets
 He watched the barrels shine,

When the volley broke, he started,
 For war to him was new ;
 But still the little drummer beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

It was a sight to see them,
 That early autumn day—
 Our soldiers in their blue coats,
 And the rebel ranks in gray,
 The smoke that rolled between them,
 The balls that whistled through,
 And the little drummer as he beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

His comrades dropped around him—
 By fives and tens they fell—
 Some pierced by Minie bullets,
 Some torn by shot and shell.
 They played against our cannon,
 And a caisson's splinters flew,
 But still the little drummer beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

The right, the left, the centre—
 The fight was everywhere ;
 They pushed us here—we wavered ;
 We drove and broke them there.
 The gray-backs fixed their bayonets,
 And charged the coats of blue,
 But still the little drummer beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

“Where is our little drummer?”
 His nearest comrades say
 When the dreadful fight is over
 And the smoke is cleared away.
 As the rebel corps was scattering,
 He urged them to pursue,
 So furiously he beat and beat
 The *rat-tat-too*.

He stood no more among them ;
 A bullet, as it sped,
 Had glanced and struck his ankle,
 And stretched him with the dead.
 He crawled behind a cannon,
 And pale and paler grew,
 But still the little drummer beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

They bore him to the surgeon—
 A busy man was he :
 “A drummer-boy ? what ails him ?”
 His comrades answered, “See !”
 As they took him from the stretcher
 A heavy breath he drew,
 And his little fingers strove to beat
 The *rat-tat-too*.

The ball had spent its fury ;
 “A scratch,” the surgeon said
 As he wound the snowy bandage
 Which the lint was staining red ;
 “I must leave you now, old fellow”
 “Oh, take me back with you,
 For I know the men are missing me
 And the *rat-tat-too* !”

Upon his comrade's shoulder
 They lifted him so grand,
 With his dusty drum before him
 And his drumsticks in his hand,
 To the fiery front of battle,
 That nearer, nearer drew,
 And evermore he beat and beat
 His *rat-tat-too*.

The wounded, as he passed them,
 Looked up and gave a cheer,
 And one in dying blessed him,
 Between a smile and tear.
 And the gray-backs, they are flying
 Before the coats of blue,
 For whom the little drummer beats
 His *rat-tat-too*.

When the west was red with sunset
 The last pursuit was o'er;
 Brave Lyon rode the foremost,
 And looked the name he bore;
 And before him, on his saddle,—
 As a weary child would do,
 Sat the little drummer fast asleep,
 With his *rat-tat-too*.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratis-
 bon:

A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day;
 With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow,
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My
 plans

That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there
 flew

A rider, bound on bound
 Full galloping, nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his
 breast
 Was all but shot in two,

"Well," cried he, "emperor, by God's
 grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye
 flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed, but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his sol-
 dier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief
 beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

NO ACT FALLS FRUITLESS.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power;
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
 That waits its natal hour.
 A whispered word may touch the
 heart,
 And call it back to life;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
 How vast its power may be,
 Nor what results enfolded dwell
 Within it silently.
 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be;
 God is with all that serve the right,
 The holy, true, and free.



BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 'twere play;
Though I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon-whip to crack,
Oh, I'm thrice as happy then
As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day;
I'd rather be a ploughboy than
A useless little gentleman.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATIONS.

JOHN.

I MEAN to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too;

I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving
plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's
tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week
For all the gay and great;
I'll be a king, except a crown—
For that they won't allow—
And I'll find out what the Tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,

That ever pierce the good man's heart
 And rob him of his rest;
 The great and gay to him appear
 As trifling as the dust,
 For he knows how little they are
 worth,
 How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage-girl,
 And sit behind a rill,
 And morn and eve my pitcher there
 With purest water fill;
 And I'll train a lovely woodbine
 Around my cottage-door,
 And welcome to my winter hearth
 The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind
 'Tis beautiful to see,
 And you shall never hear a word
 To check that mind from me;
 But ah! remember pride may dwell
 Beneath the woodbine's shade,
 And discontent, a sullen guest,
 The cottage-hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

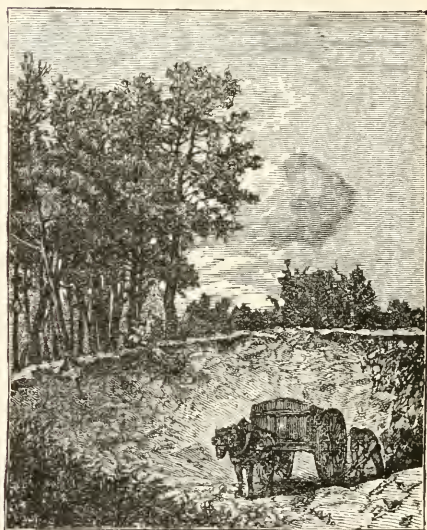
I will be gay and courtly,
 And dance away the hours;
 Music and sport and joy shall dwell
 Beneath my fairy bowers;
 No heart shall ache with sadness
 Within my laughing hall,
 But the note of love and gladness
 Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul
 To hear your playful strain;
 I cannot bear to chill your youth
 With images of pain;

Yet humbly take what God bestows,
 And, like His own fair flowers,
 Look up in sunshine with a smile,
 And gently bend in showers.

CAROLINE GILMAN.



GRANDMOTHER'S FARM.

My grandmother lives on a farm
 Just twenty miles from town;
 She's sixty-five years old, she says;
 Her name is Grandma Brown.
 Her farm is very large and fine;
 There's meadow, wood, and field,
 And orchards, which all kinds of
 fruits
 Most plentifully yield.
 Butter she churns, and makes nice
 cheese;
 They are so busy there,
 If mother would stay with me too,
 I'd like to do my share.
 I go out with the haymakers,
 And tumble on the hay;
 They put me up upon the load,
 And home we drive away.

I go into the pleasant fields
 And gather berries bright ;
 They've many, many thousands there,
 All fresh and sweet and ripe.
 A pretty brook runs through the farm,
 Singing so soft and sweet :
 I sit upon the grassy bank,
 And bathe my little feet.

A farmer I would like to be,
 They live so pleasantly ;
 They must be happy while they work,
 Singing so cheerfully.
 I think I'll save all that I get,
 And earn all that I can,
 And buy me such a pleasant farm
 When I grow up a man.



THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing
 red,
 While yet upon their wholesome bed
 The sleeping laborers rest ;
 And the pale moon and silver star
 Grow paler still, and, wandering far,
 Sink slowly to the west.

And see, behind the sloping hill
 The morning clouds grow brighter
 still,
 And all the shades retire ;
 Slowly the sun, with golden ray,
 Breaks forth above the horizon gray,
 And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
 The mills and vales and woods rejoice ;

The lark ascends the skies,
 And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
 The sleeping people at the farm,
 And bid them all arise.

Then in the dairy's cool retreat
 The busy maids together meet :
 The careful mistress sees :
 Some tend with skilful hand the
 churns,
 Where the thick cream to butter turns,
 And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the
 house,
 With well-known cry to call the cows,
 Still sleeping on the plain ;
 They, quickly rising one and all,
 Obedient to the daily call,
 Wind slowly through the lane.



And see the rosy milkmaid now
Seated behind the hornèd cow,
With 'milking-stool and pail ;
The patient cow, with dappled hide,
Stands still, unless to lash her side
With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry, Mary's charge,
Must all be fed and let at large
To roam about again ;
Wide open swings the great barn-door,
And out the hungry creatures pour
To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough
The sun-burnt laborer hastens now
To guide with skilful arm ;
Thus all is industry around ;
No idle hand is ever found
Within the busy farm.

JANE TAYLOR.

FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes ;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand ;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing ;
The early dews are falling ;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink ;
The swallows skim the river's brink ;

And home to the woodland fly the
crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
“ Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! ”
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
“ Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! ”

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day :
Harness and chain are hung away ;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and
plough ;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in
the mow,
The cooling dews are falling ;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master
knows,

When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
“ Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! ”
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone
astray,—
“ Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! ”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through
the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great ;



About the trough, by the farm-yard
pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and
jump

While the pleasant dew's are fall-
ing ;

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil
eye ;

And the white stream into the bright
pail flows,

When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,—

“So, boss ! so, boss ! so ! so ! so !”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight
cool,

Saying, “So, so, boss ! so ! so !”

To supper at last the farmer goes ;
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long ;
The heavy dew's are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the
lock ;

Drowsily ticks the kitchen-clock ;

The household sinks to deep repose ;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,

Singing, calling,—

“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !”

And oft the milkmaid in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing
streams,

Murmuring, “So, boss ! so !”

JOHN T. TROWERIDGE.

MORNING SONG IN THE COUNTRY.

COME out of your beds, there !
 The cock loudly crows—
 The birds they are singing,
 The morning wind blows ;
 And see, the red morning
 So gayly is here,
 On meadow, on brooklet,
 The sunbeams shine clear.

Take coats from the cupboard,
 Take hats from the wall,
 Take scythe, and take sickle,
 And hayfork, and all—
 The maids to the meadow,
 The men to the field,
 That corn-field and hay-field
 Good harvest may yield.

And while ye are sowing
 And ploughing for food,
 Look gratefully up to
 The Giver of good,
 Who sends us our bread,
 By His mercy and power,
 And blessing and increase,
 And sunshine and shower.

THE MILKMAID.

OH, happy the milkmaid's life,
 Passed among hill and glen,
 Far from the city's strife
 And the noise and din of men.
 She rises with early dawn,
 With a heart all free from care,
 And, taking her snowy pail,
 Goes forth in the dewy air.

Such pleasant things abound
 In earth, in air above ;
 All Nature seems around
 To tell of life and love.

The pigeon sings its lay
 In the wood beyond the brook,
 And fragrant flowers grow
 In every sunny nook.

And soon the sun will tinge
 The top of the poplar trees,
 Whose leaves are dancing now
 In the early morning breeze ;
 And the bees are gathering in
 The honey of the limes ;
 Oh, 'tis pleasant on summer morns
 To be up and abroad betimes.

And though in winter days
 Come frost and cold and snow,
 And the far sun's feeble rays
 Give forth no kindly glow,
 There's pleasure even then
 In the milkmaid's daily life,
 For around duty's paths
 Blessings are ever rife.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to
 give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull
 and gray ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
 leave you
 For every day :

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
 be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them,
 all day long ;
 And so make life, death, and that vast
 Forever
 One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JEANNETTE AND JO.

Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
 And one is always moping ;
 The other lassie, come what may,
 Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
 Are theirs, for joy or sorrow ;
 Jeannette takes brightly every day,
 And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the
 dawn—
 I saw them stand together ;
 Their whole day's sport, 'twas very
 plain,
 Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette
 spoke low,
 "Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
 And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
 Came beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo ;
 "It always is a-raining!"
 Then hid her face in dire despair,
 Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful
 yet—
 I tell it to her honor—
 Looked up and waited till the sun
 Came streaming in upon her ;

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds
 Across a sea of glory.
 Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—
 Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come
 shine,
 The hopeful are the gladdest ;

And doubt and dread, dear girls, be-
 lieve,
 Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light let youth be bright,
 Take in the sunshine tender ;
 Then, at the close, shall life's decline
 Be full of sunset splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
 To shun all weak complaining ;
 And not, like Jo, cry out too soon,
 "It always is a-raining!"

MARY MAPES DODGE.

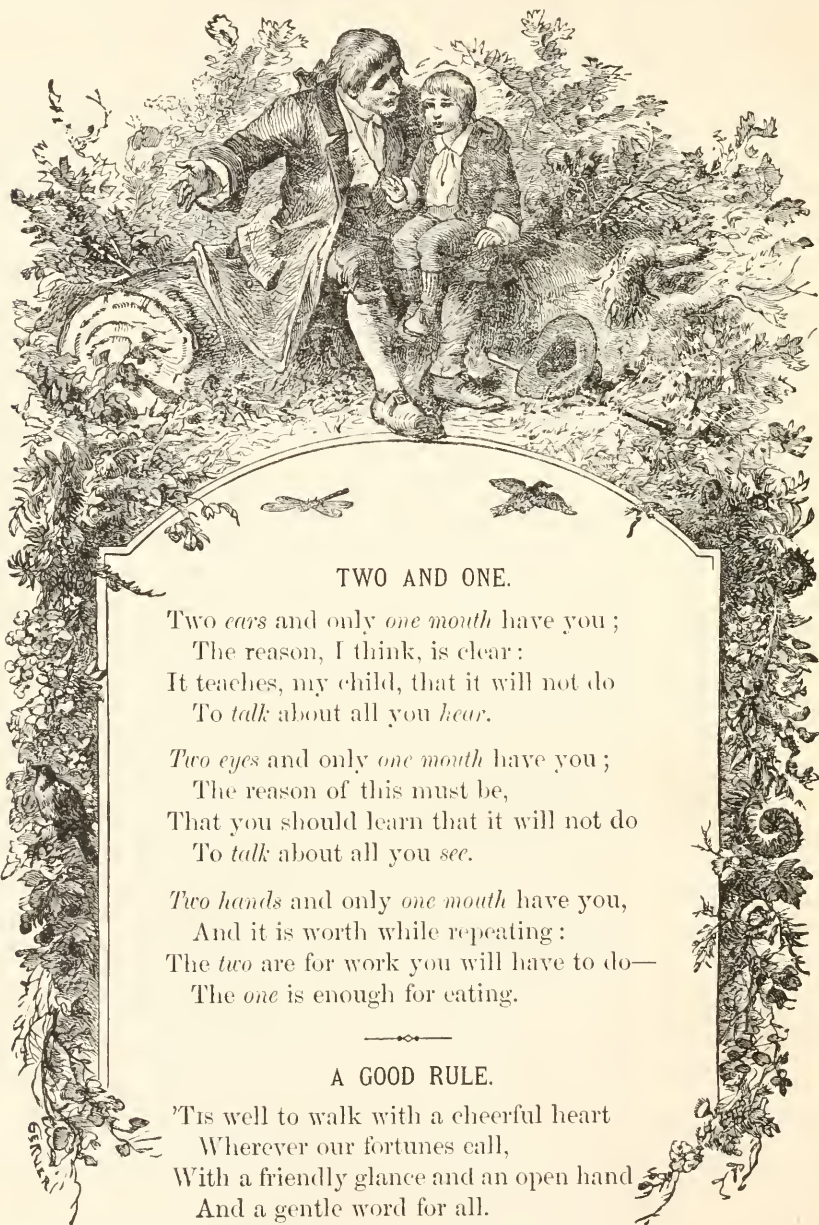
LEARN YOUR LESSON.

You'll not learn your lesson by cry-
 ing, my man,
 You'll never come at it by crying, my
 man ;
 Not a word can you spy
 For the tear in your eye ;
 Then set your heart to it, for surely
 you can.

If you like your lesson, it's sure to
 like you,
 The words then so glibly would jump
 into view ;
 Each one to its place
 All the others would chase,
 Till the laddie would wonder how
 clever he grew.

You'll ery till you make yourself
 stupid and blind,
 And then not a word can you keep in
 your mind ;
 But cheer up your heart,
 And you'll soon have your part,
 For all things grow easy when bairns
 are inclined.

ALEXANDER SMART.



TWO AND ONE.

Two *ears* and only *one mouth* have you ;
 The reason, I think, is clear :
 It teaches, my child, that it will not do
 To *talk* about all you *hear*.

Two *eyes* and only *one mouth* have you ;
 The reason of this must be,
 That you should learn that it will not do
 To *talk* about all you *see*.

Two *hands* and only *one mouth* have you,
 And it is worth while repeating :
 The *two* are for work you will have to do—
 The *one* is enough for eating.

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart
 Wherever our fortunes call,
 With a friendly glance and an open hand
 And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
 Where toil is the portion of man,
 We all should endeavor, while passing along,
 To make it as smooth as we can.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

THE LION.

LION, thou art girt with might!
King by uncontested right;
Strength and majesty and pride
Are in thee personified!
Slavish doubt or timid fear
Never come thy spirit near;

What it is to fly, or bow
To a mightier than thou,
Never has been known to thee,
Creature terrible and free!

Power the Mightiest gave the lion
Sinews like to bands of iron;



Gave him force which never failed,
Gave him heart that never quailed.
Triple-mailed coat of steel,
Plates of brass from head to heel,
Less defensive were in wearing
Than the lion's heart of daring;

Nor could towers of strength impart
Trust like that which keeps his
heart.

What are things to match with him?
Serpents old, and strong, and grim,

Seas upon a desert shore,
 Mountain-wildernesses hoar,
 Night and storm, and earthquakes dire,
 Thawless frost and raging fire—
 All that's strong and stern and dark,
 All that doth not miss its mark,
 All that makes man's nature tremble,
 Doth the desert-king resemble!

When he sends his roaring forth,
 Silence falls upon the earth;
 For the creatures, great and small,
 Know his terror-breathing call,
 And, as if by death pursued,
 Leave to him a solitude.

Lion, thou art made to dwell
 In hot lands intractable;
 And thyself, the sun, the sand,
 Are a tyrannous triple-band.
 Lion-king and desert throne,
 All the region is your own!

MARY HOWITT.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! tiger! burning bright,
 In the forest of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand forged thy dread
 feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil; what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
 spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make
 thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
 In the forest of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE CHILD.

THE arching trees above a path
 Had formed a pleasant shade,
 And here, to screen him while he
 slept,
 An infant boy was laid.

His mother near him gathered fruit,
 But soon with fear she cried,
 For, slowly moving down the path,
 An elephant she spied.

The sticks he crushed beneath his
 feet
 Had waked the sleeping child,
 Who pushed aside the waving curls,
 And looked at him, and smiled.

The mother could not reach the spot —
 With fear she held her breath—
 And there in agony she stood
 To see him crushed to death.

His heavy foot the monster held
A while above the boy,
Who laughed to see it moving there,
And clapped his hands with joy.

The mother saw it reach the ground
Beyond her infant son,
And watched till every foot was safe
Across the little one.

She caught the infant from the ground,
For there, unharmed, he lay,
And could have thanked the noble
beast,
Who slowly stalked away.

THE CAMEL.

CAMEL, thou art good and mild,
Mightst be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed,
And through wilds of trackless sand
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws,
Where no pleasant water flows,
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,—
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
Bearing freight of precious things—
Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship!

When the red simoom comes near,
Camel, dost thou know no fear?
When the desert sands uprise,
Flaming crimson to the skies,

And, like pillared giants strong,
Stalk the dreary waste along,
Bringing Death unto his prey,
Does not thy good heart give way?
Camel, no! thou dost for man
All thy generous nature can:
Thou dost lend to him thy speed
In that awful time of need;
And when the simoom goes by
Teachest him to close his eye,
And bow down before the blast,
Till the purple death has passed!

And when week by week is gone,
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly—when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if cheeringly to say,
“Journey on for this one day!
Do not let thy heart despond;
There is water yet beyond,
I can scent it in the air;
Do not let thy heart despair!”
And thou guid’st the traveller there.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Mightst be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
And these desert wastes must be
Untracked regions but for thee!

MARY HOWITT.

THE SAILOR AND THE MONKEYS.

Once, in the hope of honest gain
From Afric’s golden store,
A brisk young sailor crossed the main
And landed on her shore;
And, leaving soon the sultry strand
Where his fair vessel lay,

He travelled o'er the neighboring
land
To trade in peaceful way.

Full many a toy had he to sell,
And caps of scarlet dye;
All such things, he knew full well,
Would please the natives' eye.

But as he travelled through the woods
He longed to take a nap;
And opening there his pack of goods,
Took out a scarlet cap,

And drew it on his head, thereby
To shield him from the sun;
Then soundly slept, nor thought an
eye
Had seen what he had done.

But many a monkey dwelling there,
Though hidden from his view,
Had closely watched the whole affair,
And longed to do so too;

And while he slept did each one
seize
A cap to deck his brows;
Then climbing up the highest trees,
Sat chattering on the boughs.

The sailor waked, his caps were gone,
And loud and long he grieves,
Till, looking up with heart forlorn,
He spied the little thieves.

With cap of red upon each head,
Full fifty faces grim,
The sailors sees amid the trees,
With eyes all fixed on him.

He brandished quick a mighty stick,
But could not reach their bower,
Nor yet could stone, for every one
Was far beyond his power.

"Alas!" he thought, "I've safely
brought
My caps far over seas,
But could not guess it was to dress
Such little rogues as these."

Then quickly down he threw his own,
And loud in anger cried,
"Take this one too, you thievish crew,
Since you have all beside."

But quick as thought the caps were
caught
From every monkey's crown,
And like himself each little elf
Threw his directly down.

He then with ease did gather these,
And in his pack did bind;
Then through the woods conveyed his
goods,
And sold them to his mind.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that
standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy
neck and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with
all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again—
thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—
snuff not the breezy wind—
The farther that thou fliest now, so
far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—
thy master hath *his* gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell;
thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt
sold.



Farewell! those free, untired limbs
 full many a mile must roam
 To reach the chill and wintry sky
 which clouds the stranger's home;
 Some other hand, less fond, must now
 thy corn and bed prepare,
 Thy silky mane, I braided once, must
 be another's care!

The morning sun shall dawn again,
 but never more with thee
 Shall I gallop through the desert
 paths where we were wont to be;
 Evening shall darken on the earth,
 and o'er the sandy plain
 Some other steed, with slower step,
 shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free
 breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
 Thy master's home,—from all of these
 my exiled one must fly;
 Thy proud dark eye will grow less
 proud, thy step become less fleet,
 And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck
 thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark
 eye, glancing bright;—
 Only in sleep shall hear again that
 step so firm and light;
 And when I raise my dreaming arm
 to check or cheer thy speed,
 Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—
 thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some
 cruel hand may chide,
 Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested
 waves, along thy panting side:
 And the rich blood that's in thee
 swells, in thy indignant pain,
 Till careless eyes, which rest on thee,
 may count each started vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought
 —but no, it cannot be—
 Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so
 gentle, yet so free:
 And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone,
 my lonely heart should yearn—
 Can the hand which casts thee from it
 now command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what
 shall thy master do
 When thou, who wast his all of joy,
 hast vanished from his view?
 When the dim distance cheats mine
 eye, and through the gathering
 tears
 Thy bright form, for a moment, like
 the false mirage appears;
 Slow and unmounted shall I roam,
 with weary step alone,
 Where, with fleet step and joyous
 bound, thou oft hast borne me on:
 And sitting down by that green well
 I'll pause and sadly think,
 "It was here he bowed his glossy neck
 when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away!
 the fevered dream is o'er—
 I could not live a day and *know* that
 we should meet no more!
 They tempted me, my beautiful!—
 for hunger's power is strong—
 They tempted me, my beautiful! but
 I have loved too long.
 Who said that I had given thee up?
 who said that thou wast sold?
 'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I
 fling them back their gold!
 Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and
 scour the distant plains;
 Away! who overtakes us now shall
 claim thee for his pains!

CAROLINE NORTON.

THE BLIND STEED.

"WHAT bell-house, yonder, towers in
 sight
 Above the market-square?
 The wind sweeps through it day and
 night;
 No gate nor door is there.

Speaks joy or terror in the tone
 When neighbors hear the bell?
 And that tall steed of sculptured
 stone—
 What doth the statue tell?"

"Not the first stranger, friend, art
 thou
 That hath such knowledge sought;
 What say our chronicles shall now
 To thee be freely taught.
The Doom-bell of Ingratitude,
 The precious relic's name:
 Shades of brave sires around it
 brood,—
 Their memory is its fame.

"Ingratitude was, even then,
 An envious world's base meed;
 And so those upright, ancient men
 This warning sign decreed:
 Whoso had felt that serpent's sting,
 To him was given the power
 With his own hand, straightway, to
 ring
 The doom-bell in the tower.

"Then came the ministers of law
 Together—though 'twere night,—
 Inquired, examined, heard, and saw
 Where lay the injured right.
 Unheeding title, rank, or gold,
 Unknowing lord or slave,
 A righteous sentence, free and bold,
 The honest judges gave.

"A hundred years ago, or more,
 A citizen lived here
 Whose thrifty toil and goodly store
 Were famed both far and near.
 His dress, his cellar, and his sheep
 His wealth might well declare;
 And he was pleased and proud to keep
 A steed of beauty rare.

“Once on a time, as he rode by
 A forest late at night,
 With tiger-spring and murder-cry
 Six robbers hove in sight.
 His life, hard pressed before, behind,
 Hung trembling by a hair;
 But his good steed, with speed of
 wind,
 Soon snatched him from the snare.

“The faithful beast, all white with
 foam,
 Brought off without a wound
 His grateful lord, who, once at home,
 His horse's praise did sound.
 A vow he made, and, swearing, sealed:
 ‘Henceforth I'll give my gray
 The best of oats the land can yield
 Until he turns to clay.’

“But the good beast fell sick at last,
 Grew lame, and stiff, and blind,
 And his forgetful master fast
 Renounced his grateful mind.
 He sought to sell him cheap, oh
 fie!
 And, what was worst of all,
 When none at any price would buy,
 He kicked him from the stall!

“For seven long hours, with drooping
 head,
 Close to his master's gate,
 Pricking his ears at every tread,
 That patient beast did wait.
 The stars came out all cold and
 bright;
 None pitied his bare bones;
 And there he lay, the livelong night,
 Out on the icy stones.

“And when uprose another morn,
 There the poor nag still stood,



Till driven by hunger's goading thorn
 To stir in quest of food.
 The sun o'er all his radiance flings,
 But midnight veils *his* head;
 And he who once seemed clothed with
 wings
 Now creeps with dubious tread.

"Before each tread his lifted hoof
 Groped forth to feel the way,
 And, step by step, with certain proof,
 Its soundness to assay.
 Through all the streets he, fumbling
 so,
 Grazed with his mouth the
 ground;
 And 'twas a windfall, you may
 know,
 When some stray straw he found.

"Once, thus urged on by hunger's
 power,
 All skin and bone—oh shame!—
 The skeleton, at midnight hour,
 Up to the bell-house came.
 He stumbled in, and chanced to
 grope
 Near where the hemp rope hangs;
 His gnawing hunger jerks the rope,
 And, hark! the doom-bell clangs!

"The judges hear the midnight cry,
 Straight to the tower repair,
 And lift their wondering hands on
 high
 To see such plaintiff there.
 They went not back, with gibe and
 joke,
 To curse the untimely clang:
 Amazed, they cried, "'Twas God that
 spoke,
 When the stern doom-bell rang!"

"And the rich man is summoned
 now
 Straight to the market-square;
 Half waked, he fiercely knits his
 brow,—
 'You dream! who wants me there?'
 He went defiant, but his mood
 To meekness changed with speed,
 When in the judges' midst he stood,
 Confronted with his steed.

"'Know you this beast?' From his
 high seat
 Thus the chief justice said:
 'But for his fleet and faithful feet
 Your life long since had fled!
 And what rewards such signal worth?
 Thou spurnest him away,
 O man of ice! the rabble's mirth
 And gaunt starvation's prey!

"'The doom-bell sounded out its call,
 The plaintiff here you see;
 Your crime is manifest to all,
 And so we do decree,
 That you henceforth your faithful
 steed
 Home to your stable take,
 And, like a Christian, nurse and
 feed
 Till death, for mercy's sake!"

"The mean rich man dumfounded
 stood,
 The verdict vexed him sore;
 Yet felt he his ingratitude,
 And took his steed once more.
 So in the chronicles is traced
 The story, plain and fair;
 And for a monument they placed
 The stone-hewn statue there."

Translated from the German by the

REV. C. T. BROOKS.

THE BONNIE MILK-COW.

"Moo! moo! pretty lady!"

Bairnies want their supper now.

Lowing in the twilight hour,

Comes my bonnie cow.

Buttercups and clover green

All day long her feast have been;

She comes laden home at e'en—

She is coming now.

Bairnies for their porridge fret—

"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"

And milk must have, their mouths to
wet,

Sweet and warm from you.

Other cows go dry, they tell;

Hawkie ne'er was known to fail,

But aye she fills the foaming pail—

"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"

Best of butter, best of cheese,

"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"

That well the daintiest may please,

Yields my gentle cow;

When the good wife stirs the tea,

Sweeter cream there cannot be—

Such curds and whey you'll seldom
see;

"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"

ALEXANDER SMART.



THE BOY AND THE ASS.

"DONKEY, I'll ask you a riddle to-day:

What is that creature whose hide is
gray,

Whose ears are large, and whose sense
is small,

Who cries 'Ye-aw!' and walks with a
lazy crawl?"

"Dear boy, that's too hard and too
deep for me;

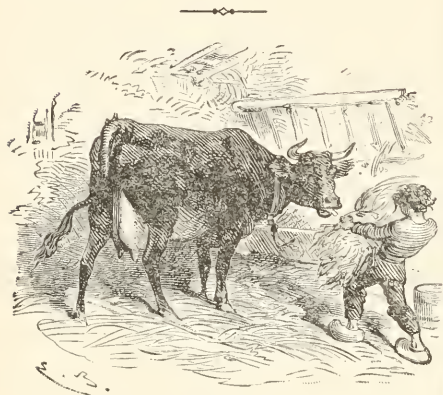
Pray tell me what may this creature
be?"

Then the boy laughed loudly, and said,

"Go to!

You foolish donkey, I spoke of you."

The ass pricked his ears, but could not
make out
Whatever the boy was talking about.
And the child went away—he was
wrong, I confess,
For who'd give a donkey a riddle to
guess?



THANK YOU, PRETTY COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE COW-BOY'S SONG.

"MOOLY cow, mooly cow, home from
the wood,
They sent me to fetch you as fast as I
could.

The sun has gone down: it is time to
go home;
Mooly cow, mooly cow, why don't you
come?
Your udders are full, and the milkmaid
is there,
And the children all waiting their sup-
per to share.
I have let the long bars down; why
don't you pass through?"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, have you not
been
Regaling all day where the pastures
are green?
No doubt it was pleasant, dear mooly,
to see
The clear-running brook and the wide-
spreading tree,
The clover to crop and the streamlet to
wade,
To drink the cool water and lie in the
shade;
But now it is night: they are waiting
for you."
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, where do you
go
When all the green pastures are cov-
ered with snow?
You go to the barn, and we feed you
with hay,
And the maid goes to milk you there
every day;
She pats you, she loves you, she
strokes your sleek hide,
She speaks to you kindly, and sits by
your side;
Then come along home, pretty mooly
cow, do!"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail,
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoats, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat.

What can you be staring at, mooly?
You know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! Oh, what shall I do?"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

ANNA M. WELLS.



THAT CALF!

To the yard by the barn came the farmer one morn,
And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright, "Now which of you last night
Shut the barn-door while I was abed?"
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf Spot, she was down in the lot;
And the way the rest talked was a shame;
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door;
But they said that she did, all the same,
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was
not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his
horns very high,
And said, "Let who may here ob-
ject,
I say 'tis that calf I suspect!"

Then out spoke the cow: "It is terrible
now
To accuse honest folks of such
tricks."

Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure
'twasn't me;"
And the sheep all cried, "Bah!"
(there were six),
"Now that calf's got herself in a
fix!"

"Why, of course we all knew 'twas
the wrong thing to do,"
Said the chickens. "Of course,"
said the cat;
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some
folks think me a fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what
she's at."

Just that moment the calf, who was
always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in
sight.
"Did you shut my barn-door?" asked
the farmer once more.
"I did, sir; I closed it last night,"
Said the calf; "and I thought that
was right."

Then each one shook his head. "She
will catch it," they said;
"Serve her right for her meddle-
some way!"

Said the farmer, "Come here, little
bossy, my dear;
You have done what I cannot re-
pay,
And your fortune is made from to-
day."

"For a wonder, last night I forgot the
door quite,
And if you had not shut it so neat
All my colts had slipped in, and gone
right to the bin,
And got what they ought not to
eat—
They'd have foundered themselves
upon wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began
loudly to bawl;
The very mule smiled; the cock
crew.
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a fa-
vorite here,"
They cried. "We all said it was
you;
We were so glad to give you your
due!"
And the calf answered, knowingly,
"Boo!"

PHEBE CARY.

NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep
say,
"In all the green world there is noth-
ing so sweet
As my little lammy, with his nimble
feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's de-
light!"

And the mother-sheep and her little
one

Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hill-
side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on
my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did
I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens
three!

I heard her whispering soft: said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly
curled,

Are the prettiest things that can be
in the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.

I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and
night.

Now I'll take up my kitties, the kit-
ties I love,

And we'll lie down together beneath
the warm stove."

Let the kittens sleep under the stove
so warm,

While my little darling lies here on
my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old
hen

Go clucking about with her chickens
ten;

She clucked and she scratched and she
bustled away,

And what do you think I heard the
hen say?

I heard her say, "The sun never did
shine

On anything like to these chickens of
mine.

You may hunt the full moon and the
stars, if you please,

But you never will find ten such
chickens as these.

My dear, downy darlings, my sweet
little things,

Come, nestle now cozily under my
wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice
feather bed.

And there let them sleep, in their
feathers so warm,

While my little chick lies here on my
arm.

MRS. CARTER.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow;

And everywhere that Mary went,

The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day:

That was against the rule;

It made the children laugh and play

To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,

But still he lingered near,

And waited patiently about

Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid

His head upon her arm,

As if he said, "I'm not afraid—

You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary
so?"

The eager children cry.

"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you
know,"

The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal

In confidence may bind,

And make them follow at your will,

If you are only kind.

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars be-
gan to blink ;

I heard a voice ; it said, " Drink, pretty
Creature, drink ! "

And looking o'er the hedge, before me
I espied

A snow-white mountain Lamb with a
Maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb
was all alone,

And by a slender cord was tethered
to a stone ;

With one knee on the grass did the
little maiden kneel,

While to that mountain Lamb she
gave its evening meal.

The Lamb, while from her hand he
thus his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears ;
and his tail with pleasure shook.

" Drink, pretty Creature, drink, " she
said in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into
my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a
Child of beauty rare !

I watched them with delight, they were
a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the Maiden
turned away :

But ere ten yards were gone her foot-
steps did she stay.

Right toward the Lamb she looked ;
and from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings
of her face ;

If Nature to her tongue could meas-
ured numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that lit-
tle Maid might sing :

" What ails thee, Young One ? what ?
Why pull so at thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for
bed and board ?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green
as grass can be ;

Rest, little Young One, rest ; what is't
that aileth thee ?

" What is it thou wouldst seek ? What
is wanting to thy heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? And
beautiful thou art :

This grass is tender grass ; these flow-
ers they have no peers ;

And that green corn all day is rustling
in thy ears !

" If the Sun be shining hot, do but
stretch thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert
thou canst gain ;

For rain and mountain-storms, the
like thou needest not fear—

The rain and storm are things that
scarcely can come here.



"Rest, little Young One, rest; thou
 hast forgot the day
 When my father found thee first in
 places far away;
 Many flocks were on the hills, but
 thou wert owned by none,
 And thy mother from thy side for ev-
 ermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity
 brought thee home:
 A blessed day for thee! then whither
 wouldst thou roam?
 A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam
 that did thee rear
 Upon the mountain-tops no kinder
 could have been.

"Thou knowest that twice a day I
 brought thee in this can
 Fresh water from the brook, as clear
 as ever ran;
 And twice in the day, when the ground
 is wet with dew,
 I bring thee draughts of milk—warm
 milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as
 stout as they are now,
 Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a
 pony in the plough;
 My playmate thou shalt be; and when
 the wind is cold
 Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house
 shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest—poor Creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is
working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to
thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou
canst neither see nor hear.

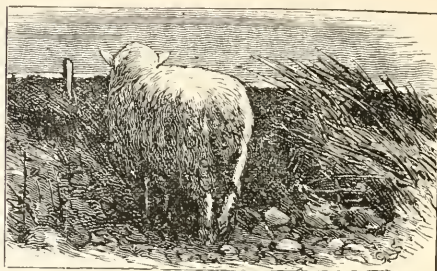
"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so
green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness
that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime
and all play,
When they are angry, roar like Lions
for their prey.

"Here thou needest not dread the
raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage
is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so
at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will
come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I
went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes
repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad
line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one
half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat
the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the
Damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and
she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into
my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray ;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes ?
Cold, ah, very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring,
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare !

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

ANN TAYLOR.



THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

ONE stormy night, upon the Alps,
A traveller, weak and old,
Walked sadly on through ice and
snow,
And shivered with the cold.

His eyes were dim with weariness,
His steps were short and slow ;
At length he laid him down to sleep
Upon a bed of snow.

Before he closed his aching eyes,
He heard a cheerful bark ;
A faithful dog was by his side
To guide him through the dark.

And soon beside the fire he stood,
And earnestly he prayed
For those who trained that noble dog,
And sent him to his aid.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

THEY tell that on St. Bernard's mount,
Where holy monks abide,
Still mindful of misfortune's claim,
Though dead to all beside,

The weary, wayworn traveller
Oft sinks beneath the snow ;
For where his faltering steps to bend
No track is left to show.

'Twas here, bewildered and alone,
A stranger roamed at night ;
His heart was heavy as his tread,
His scrip alone was light.

Onward he pressed, yet many an
hour
He had not tasted food,
And many an hour he had not known
Which way his footsteps trod ;

And if the convent's bell had rung
To hail the pilgrim near,
It still had rung in vain for him—
He was too far to hear ;

And should the morning light dis-
close
Its towers amid the snow,
To him 'twould be a mournful sight—
He had not strength to go.

Valor could arm no mortal man
That night to meet the storm—
No glow of pity could have kept
A human bosom warm.

But obedience to a master's will
Had taught the dog to roam,
And through the terrors of the waste
To fetch the wanderer home.

And if it be too much to say
That pity gave him speed,
'Tis sure he not unwillingly
Performed the generous deed.

For now he listens, and anon
He scents the distant breeze,
And casts a keen and anxious look
On every speck he sees.



And now, deceived, he darts along
As if he trod the air—
Then, disappointed, droops his head
With more than human care.

He never loiters by the way,
Nor lays him down to rest,
Nor seeks a refuge from the shower
That pelts his generous breast.

And surely 'tis not less than joy
That makes it throb so fast
When he sees, extended on the snow,
The wanderer found at last.

'Tis surely he—he saw him move,
And at the joyful sight
He tossed his head with a prouder
air,
His fierce eye grew more bright ;

Eager emotion swelled his breast
To tell his generous tale,
And he raised his voice to its loudest
tone
To bid the wanderer hail.

The pilgrim heard—he raised his head
And beheld the shaggy form ;
With sudden fear he seized the gun
That rested on his arm.

“ Ha ! art thou come to rend alive
What dead thou mightst devour ?
And dost thy savage fury grudge
My one remaining hour ? ”

Fear gave him back his wasted
strength ;
He took his aim too well :
The bullet bore the message home—
The injured mastiff fell.

His eye was dimmed, his voice was still,

And he tossed his head no more ;
But his heart, though it ceased to throb
with joy,
Was generous as before ;

For round his willing neck he bore
A store of needful food,
That might support the traveller's strength
On the yet remaining road.

Enough of parting life remained
His errand to fulfil—
One painful, dying effort more
Might save the murderer still ;

So he heeded not his aching wound,
But crawled to the traveller's side,
Marked with a look the way he came,
Then shuddered, groaned, and died!

MISS FRY.

BETH-GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer :
"Come, Gêlert, come; wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;

He watched, he served, he cheered his lord

And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and delis
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of Hart or Hare,
And scant and small the booty proved.
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied :
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood :
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'eturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, no voice replied ;
 He searched with terror wild ;
 Blood, blood, he found on every side ;
 But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound ! my child by thee's de-
 voured !"
 The frantic father cried ;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell
 No pity could impart,
 But still his Gêlert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh :
 What words the parent's joy could
 tell
 To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor
 dread ;
 But the same couch beneath
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear ;
 His gallant hound the wolf had
 slain,
 To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe :
 "Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic blow which laid thee
 low
 This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deckt ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved ;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and
 spear,
 And there, as evening fell,
 In Fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow
 old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

No dandy dog poor Rover was,
 So sleek and fair to see ;
 No ears of beauty graced his head,
 No dainty limbs had he ;
 No pretty tail he had to wag
 When master came in sight ;
 No glossy silken curls adorned
 His coat of black and white.

But Rover was a gentle dog,
 A faithful dog and true ;
 The little children loved him well,
 He loved the children, too ;
 He licked their little hands so soft,
 He trotted at their heels,
 He played with them upon the grass,
 And helped them at their meals.



When Rover was a tiny pup,
And scarce could run about,
His master found him in a ditch
One day, and brought him out;
And little thought the good lad then,
As, pleased, he turned away,
In saving Rover's humble life
He saved his own that day.

And tenderly he bore him home,
And nursed him well and long,
And day by day, and week by week,
The dog grew big and strong;
And late or soon, in house or field,
The two were ne'er apart;
The neighbors said the lad had tied
The dog up to his heart.

And Rover—well he loved to lie
With Colin 'neath the trees,
And lay his great and shaggy head
Upon his master's knees;
And had he had the power to speak
The power to shed a tear,
I think he would have wept and
"I love you, master dear."

And cunning tricks he knew as well:
He feigned a broken leg;
He tumbled down as he were shot,
And then stood up to beg;
He chased the butterflies about,
He barked at bird and bee,
And sniffed the flowers as if he
loved
The pretty things to see.

No shepherd's dog the country round
Could better watch the sheep;
His bright black eyes were every-
where—

He never seemed to sleep;
And when the flock went once as-
tray,
He soon was on its track,
And ere the sun had gone to rest
He brought the wanderers back.

watched them thro' the silent
night,

was brave and bold;
As he killed a hungry wolf
caught beside the fold,

But better still I love to hear
The story that they tell
Of what, upon a stormy night,
His master dear befell.

The snow was falling fast and thick—
So thick you scarce could see—
And Colin's mother lay abed,
As ill as she could be;
So Colin must to town away,
And fetch the doctor straight;
No matter though the wind may blow,
The night be dark and late.

He kissed his mother's cheek so pale,
Then turned in haste to go;
His faithful dog was at his side,
And leapt out on the snow.
Fierce blew the wind across the heath
As Colin shut the door,
But bravely turned he to the blast,
And Rover went before.

No moon shed down her gentle light
To guide them on their way;
They could not tell the road that night
They knew so well by day.
And weary miles they struggled
through,
And sore was Colin's heart,
To think his mother lay abed,
And he so far apart.

"Good dog! good dog!" at length he
said,
"God keep us both from ill!
Though wild the night, we'll take the
path
That lies across the hill."
They clambered up the steep hill-
side,
They left the vale below,
But louder howled the storm above,
And faster fell the snow,

The blood froze in poor Colin's veins,
The tear froze in his eye;
He scarce could breathe, so cold he
was—
He felt as he would die.
His heart beat faint and fainter still,
His head swam round and round;
He reeled, and with a cry of pain
Sank helpless to the ground.

And Rover licked his icy face,
And licked his frozen hand;
Why master lay so cold and still
He could not understand.
But soon a thought, a happy thought,
Lit up his lowly mind;
He shook the snow from off his back,
And sped off like the wind.

A shepherd dwelt upon the hill—
A goodly man, tho' poor—
And he that night was roused from
sleep
By something at his door.
He looked from out his window high,
And something black he saw
That stood beside his cottage-door,
And scraped it with its paw.

With speedy step the old man came,
The door he opened wide,
And, panting in the howling storm,
Poor Rover he espied.
"Come in, good dog, come in," he
said,
"And tell me why you grieve."
Poor Rover looked up in his face,
And pulled him by the sleeve.

The shepherd took his staff in hand.
And Rover led the way,
And up the giddy heights they went
To where young Colin lay.

They found him lying stiff and cold;
The good man raised his head.
He breathed, he murmured Rover's
name;
Thank God, he was not dead!

The shepherd bore him to his cot,
And well he nursed him there;

And Colin soon had cause to bless
The good man for his care.
And Rover now is old and gray,
But Colin loves him still,
And ne'er forgets the night he
saved
His life upon the hill.

MATTHIAS BARR.



DEAR OLD FLO.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LECTURE TO HER
DOG.

STAND up and listen like a dear old
Flo!
Not that you *really* are so *old*, you
know,—

You're but a baby in your second
year,—
By *old* I only mean the same as *dear*!
“You dear old Flo!”
Means just as if I said, “You dear, *dear*
Flo!”
But that sounds rather silly said to
you.

Then, as *one* "dear" won't do,
 Because I love you so,
 I call you old as well! It's just the
 same!

For pa last night
 Read from a funny book by Mr.
 Spear—
 (He reads to ma, who thinks it such a
 treat)—

"What's in a name?
 A rose by *any* name would smell as
 sweet."

You dear old Flo!
 I'm sure *you* smell as sweet as any
 rose!

I think so, if Nurse don't!
 And Nurse *don't* think so just because
 she *won't*.

Puss is *her* dear old darling; and she
 knows,

Because your temper (like her own)
 is hasty,
 That you and pussy sometimes come
 to blows—

Not blows *exactly*; but it's all the
 same!

Again I tell you, Flo, what's in a
 name?

Medicine by *any* name would smell
 as nasty!

For it *is* nasty that you won't agree,
 Pussy and you! You're like the
 "busy bee"

In Nurse's song,

That "loves to bark and bite"—
 Oh no! that's wrong, I'm sure; dear!
 dear! let's see,

Whatever *can* it be?

It's *Tommy's* fault; he *always* says it
 wrong;

And now, you see, he's put *me* out as
 well.

Tut! I *can't* get it right;

And if *you* knew, you know you
 couldn't tell.

However, never mind, it's all the
 same!

To quarrel *must* be bad by *any* name.
 So listen, Flo!

Don't *ever* fight with pussy; let her
 spit,

And don't you care one bit!
 She knows no better, for she's but a
 cat,

As stupid as she's fat,—
 Fat as our pony when he's had his
 beans;

And you're my noble doggy, brave
 and strong,

Loving, obedient, trustful—*such* a
 dear!

Pa says you are a dog "without a
 peer."

I don't know what that means,
 But pa is always right, whoever's
 wrong!

Then it's no wonder that I love you
 so,

You dear old Flo!

S. J. STONE.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends;
 We read and play together;
 We tramp across the hills and fields,
 When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste
 I come along the street,
 He hurries on with bounding step,
 My glad return to greet.

Then how he frisks along the road,
 And jumps up in my face!
 And if I let him steal a kiss,
 I'm sure it's no disgrace.

Oh, had he but the gift of speech
 But for a single day,
 How dearly should I love to hear
 The funny things he'd say !

Yet, though he cannot say a word
 As human beings can,
 He knows and thinks as much as I,
 Or any other man.



And what he knows, and thinks, and
 feels
 Is written in his eye ;
 My faithful dog cannot deceive,
 And never told a lie.

Come here, good fellow, while I read
 What other dogs can do ;
 And if I live when you have gone,
 I'll write your history too.

SUSAN JEWETT.

SIR PONTO'S PARTY.

THERE once lived in Dogdom a dog
of great worth—

Sir Ponto, distinguished for fashion
and birth ;

His lady, for virtue and beauty as
famed ;

And three puppy sons—Carlo, Snap,
and Dash named.

It being the season for parties and balls,
For exchanging of visits and making
of calls,

Sir Ponto resolved, with his fair lady's
leave,

Next week at his mansion his friends
to receive.

So young Master Dash was directed to
write,

And his friends to a dinner next week
to invite ;

But the ladies expressly to tell, one
and all,

That the party would close with an
elegant ball.

The excitement the news caused in
Dogdom was great ;

Both old dogs and young dogs pre-
pared for the *fête*,

Each fully determined to use all his
might,

His very best leg to put foremost that
night.

Such a brushing of coats and a trim-
ming of caps

In all former dog-days ne'er took place,
perhaps ;

Shawls, laces, and robes were examined
with care,

And ornaments purchased to deck off
their hair.

On the long-wished-for day, exactly at
five,

The guests in their coaches began to
arrive ;

And were ushered up stairs by wait-
ing-men monkeys,

Dressed out in a style that became
lordly flunkies.

Sir Ponto received them with true
courtly grace,

With bows and with greetings, and
smiles on his face ;

While his lady declared how delighted
she was

To see her dear friends and to shake
their dear paws.

For a while they engaged in agreeable
chat,

Now talking of this, and now talking
of that,

Till the butler appeared in a full suit
of red,

And said, with a bow, that the table
was spread.

Of the various dishes composing the
treat—

Of the roast and the boiled, of the
fish, fowl, and meat ;

Of the wines and the fruits, of the
puddings and pies—

Sir Ponto had ordered abundant sup-
plies.

But, alas! disappointments our best
schemes await,

Nor are dogs, more than mortals, ex-
empted by fate ;

While we're looking for joy, sorrow
enters the door,

And dangers attend us behind and be-
fore.

While Beau Pincher was handing a
 slice of rat-pie
 To Miss Flora, whose beauty had
 fixed every eye,
 A monkey, in handing a dish of hot
 soup,
 Spilled it over her paw and her silk-
 covered hoop!

The guests, in confusion, now each one
 arose—
 Some examined her paw, some exam-
 ined her clothes;
 Some plied their smell-bottles, and
 some plied their fan,
 While the monkeys in terror around
 the room ran.

“You wretch of a monkey!” the an-
 gry host said,
 “You richly deserve I should break
 your big head!
 Be off with you quick, you villainous
 scamp!
 Or I’ll flatten your nose with this
 kerosene lamp!”

“Miss Flora, my dear, I’m really
 ashamed—
 That chuckle-head monkey’s alone to
 be blamed;
 I hope that your sweet paw don’t feel
 any pain:
 Your dress we’ll have scoured and
 lusted again.”

On Miss Flora’s left side sat a long-
 nosed greyhound,
 Who, sharing the scalding, leaped up
 with a bound,
 And seizing poor Pug by the calf of
 his leg,
 Made him howl and for mercy most
 lustily beg.

Miss Pussy then jumped up, and with
 her sharp claws
 Inflicted some scratches on both of
 his jaws;
 While the bull-dog displayed his great,
 terrible teeth,
 As if at one mouthful he meant him
 to eat.

Thus surrounded, poor Pug, in frantic
 despair,
 With a shriek, leaped high o’er their
 heads in the air,
 Nor looking behind him, made straight
 for the door,
 Bare-headed rushed out, and was
 never seen more!

Mr. Pincher, the beau, now the ladies
 entreated
 To forget their alarm, and again to be
 seated,
 While each gentleman dog did his best
 to restore
 The enjoyment and mirth which ex-
 isted before.

The laugh and the jest now flew mer-
 rily round—
 A happier party could scarcely be
 found;
 And soon to the ballroom they eagerly
 went,
 On waltzing and polking each mind
 fully bent.

On high, in a gallery, in white ermine
 suits,
 Four *mewsical* cats sat, with fiddles
 and flutes;
 While the leader in front, with a wave
 of his paw,
 To the *mewsic* and dancing gave order
 and law,

The *mewsic* struck up, and each dog
took his place
In the right merry dance with a right
merry face ;
They waltzed and they polked, till the
low, drooping tail
Plainly showed that their strength was
beginning to fail.

Each dog then his partner led back to
her seat,
And hastened to bring her an ice-
cream to eat ;
While he gallantly stood by, and said,
with a *bow*,
That a happier dog never lived, he
would *wow*.

Then, in cloaks and in shawls muffled
up to the chin,
To their coaches, long waiting, the
ladies got in,
And, chatting, drove off with their
beaux by their side,
To protect them from harm as they
homeward did ride.

FINALE.

Old Towser, as it now was late,
Shut up the house and locked the
gate ;
Then stretched himself upon the floor,
And loudly soon began to snore.

PROFESSOR BRUNS.

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

LITTLE one, come to my knee !
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roar-
ing !

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses :

Father was lost in the pitch-black
night
In just such a storm as this is !

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and
waited,
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the
bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came
after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree
roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thickset boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me ;
Something rustled, two green eyes
shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened :
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long
night,
Hid from the awful weather.

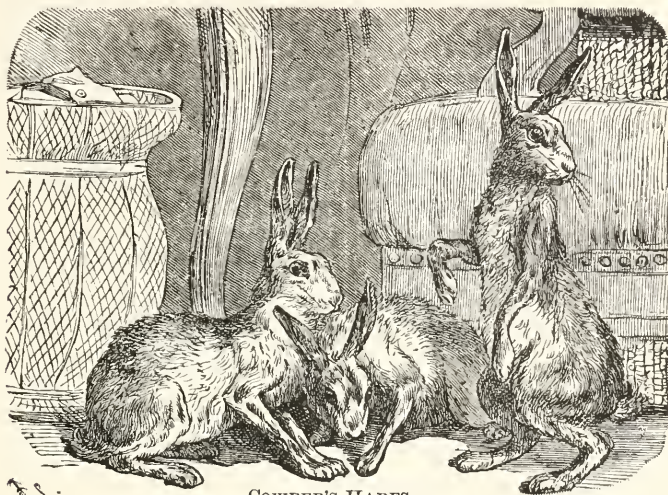
His wet fur pressed against me,
Each of us warmed the other ;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-
place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment !
Hark ! how the wind is roaring !

Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



COWPER'S HARES.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies whom hound did ne'er
pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning
dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo !

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,

And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling
moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it
ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade,
 He finds his long last home,
 And waits, in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler Puss shall come,

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
 From which no care can save,
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,
 Must soon partake his grave.

WILLIAM COWPER.



THE LITTLE HARE.

BEYOND the palings of the park
 A hare had made her form,
 Beneath a drooping fern, that gave
 A shelter snug and warm.

She slept until the daylight came,
 And all things were awake,
 And then the hare, with noiseless step,
 Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her
 paws,
 Looked timidly around
 With open eyes, and ears erect
 That caught the smallest sound.

The field-mouse rustled in the grass,
 The squirrel in the trees,

But Puss was not at all afraid
 Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gambolled with de-
 light,
 And cropped a leaf or two
 Of clover, and of tender grass,
 That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her
 start,
 And run away so fast?
 She heard the distant sound of hounds,
 She heard the huntsman's blast.

Hoy!—tally-ho!—hoy!—tally-ho!
 The hounds are in full cry;
 Elbow! elbow!—in scarlet coats
 The men are sweeping by.



So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,

Faster than hunter and faster than hound,
And on and on, till she lost the sound,
And away went the little hare.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES

THE SQUIRREL.

Oh, there's the squirrel perched aloft,
That active little rover;
See how he whisks his bushy tail,
Which shadows him all over.

Now view him seated on the bough
To crack his nuts at ease,
While blackbirds sing, and stock-doves
coo,
Amid the neighboring trees.

With cunning glance he casts around
His merry sparkling eye;
In yonder hazel by the brook,
Rich clusters he can spy.

And then he flies much more alert
Than butterfly or bee;
No lamb or kid is half so light,
So swift of foot, as he.

THE SQUIRREL.

THE pretty red squirrel lives up in a tree,
A little blithe creature as ever can be;
He dwells in the boughs where the stock-dove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods;

His food is the young, juicy cones of
the pine,
And the milky beech-nut is his bread
and his wine.

In the joy of his nature he frisks with
a bound

To the topmost twigs, and then down
to the ground ;

Then up again like a wingèd thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting
spring ;

Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish
and queer,

As if he would say, "Ay, follow me
here."

And then he grows pettish, and stamps
his foot ;

And then independently cracks his
nut.

And thus he lives the long summer
thorough,

Without a care or a thought of sor-
row.

But small as he is, he knows he may
want

In the bleak winter weather when food
is scant :

So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest and lays up
his store ;

Then when cold winter comes, and
the trees are bare,

When the white snow is falling, and
keen is the air,

He heeds it not, as he sits by himself
In his warm little nest with his nuts
on his shelf.

Oh wise little squirrel ! no wonder that
he,

In the green summer woods, is as
blithe as can be !

MARY HOWITT.

THE SQUIRREL.

"THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel
is gay,"

Little Harry exclaimed to his broth-
er ;

"He has nothing to do or to think of
but play,

And to jump from one bough to an-
other."

But William was older and wiser, and
knew

That all play and no work wouldn't
answer,

So he asked what the squirrel in win-
ter must do,

If he spent all the summer a dan-
cer.

The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and
wise,

For true wisdom and mirth go to-
gether ;

He lays up in summer his winter sup-
plies,

And then he don't mind the cold
weather. *

BERNARD BARTON.

THE SQUIRREL.

"LITTLE brown squirrel, pray what do
you eat ?

What had you for dinner to-day ?"

"Nuts, beautiful nuts, so nice and so
sweet :

I gather them off the tall trees in the
wood,

And eat all the kernels I find that are
good,

And then throw the hard shells
away."



"Little brown squirrel, but what do
you do

When the season for nuts is o'er?"

"I gather ripe nuts all the long sum-
mer through,
And hide them so deep in a hole in the
ground ;

Then when the dark winter again has
come round

I have plenty still laid up in store."

Dear little reader, I wonder if you
Are laying in food for your mind ?
You should seek what is good and in-
structive and true,

You should gain all the knowledge
that ought to be known,
That when the bright days of your
childhood are flown

You may be of some use to man-
kind.

KITTY IN THE BASKET.

"WHERE is my little basket gone?"
Said Charlie boy one day ;

"I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

"And Kitty too, I can't find her ;
Oh dear ! what shall I do ?
I wish I could my basket find,
And little Kitty too.

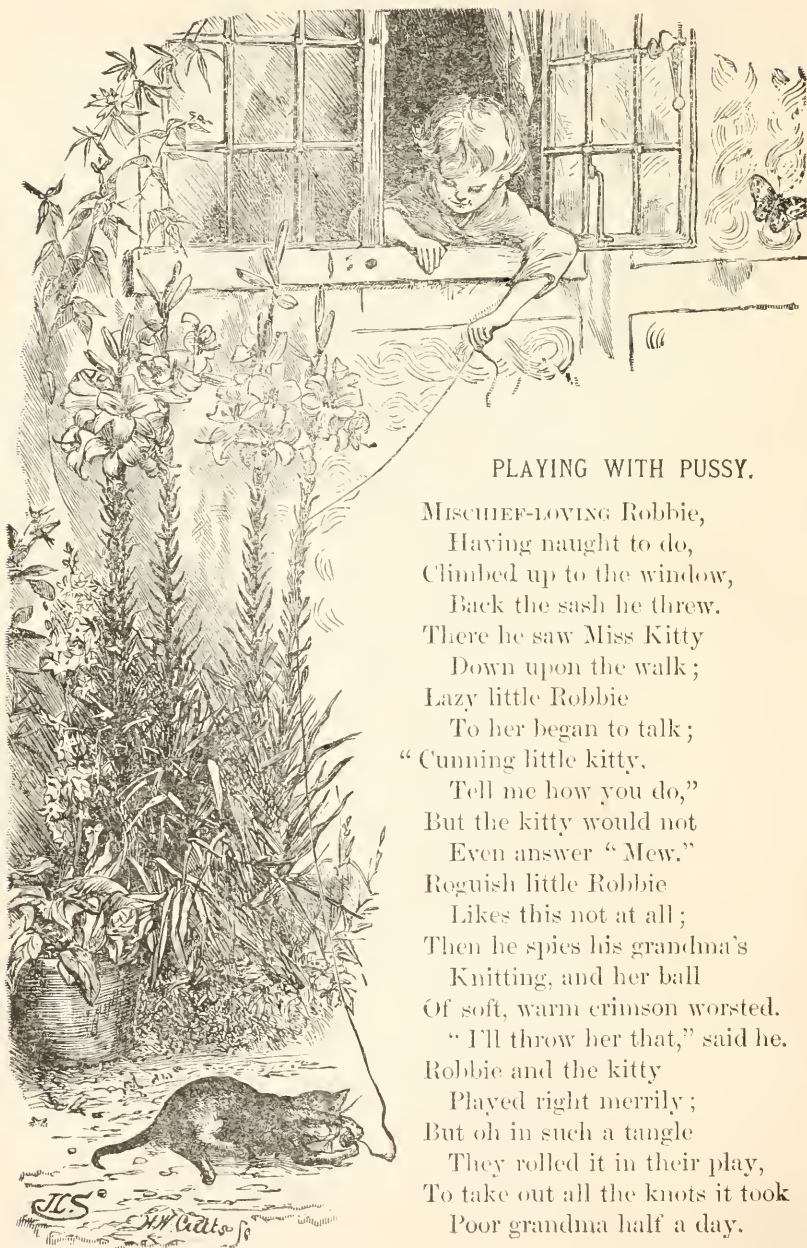
"I'll go to mother's room and look ;
Perhaps she may be there,
For Kitty loves to take a nap
In mother's easy chair.

"Oh, mother ! mother ! come and
look !

See what a little heap !
My Kitty's in the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep."

He took the basket carefully,
And brought it in a minute,
And showed it to his mother dear.
With little Kitty in it.

ELIZA FOLLEN.



PLAYING WITH PUSSY.

MISCHIEF-LOVING Robbie,
 Having naught to do,
 Climbed up to the window,
 Back the sash he threw.
 There he saw Miss Kitty
 Down upon the walk ;
 Lazy little Robbie
 To her began to talk ;
 " Cunning little kitty,
 Tell me how you do,"
 But the kitty would not
 Even answer " Mew."
 Roguish little Robbie
 Likes this not at all ;
 Then he spies his grandma's
 Knitting, and her ball
 Of soft, warm crimson worsted.
 " I'll throw her that," said he,
 Robbie and the kitty
 Played right merrily ;
 But oh in such a tangle
 They rolled it in their play,
 To take out all the knots it took
 Poor grandma half a day.



I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

I LIKE little Pussy,
 Her coat is so warm ;
 And if I don't hurt her
 She'll do me no harm.
 So I'll not pull her tail,
 Nor drive her away,
 But Pussy and I
 Very gently will play ;
 She shall sit by my side,
 And I'll give her some food ;
 And she'll love me because
 I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
 And then she will purr,
 And thus show her thanks
 For my kindness to her ;

I'll not pinch her ears,
 Nor tread on her paw,
 Lest I should provoke her
 To use her sharp claw ;
 I never will vex her,
 Nor make her displeased,
 For Pussy don't like
 To be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR.

PUSSY'S HIDING-PLACE.

Oh, where is my kitten, my little gray
 kitten ?
 I've hunted the house all around ;
 I've looked in the cradle and under
 the table,
 But nowhere can Kitty be found.

I've hunted the clover and flower-beds
over ;
I peeped in the old wooden spout ;
I went to the wood-pile, and stayed
there a good while,
But never my Kitty came out.

I've been in the attic and made a
great racket ;
I peeped into little Dick's bed ;
I've looked in the stable as much as
I'm able ;
I hunted the wood-house and shed.

I called little Rover to hunt the field
over,
And help find my Kitty for me ;
No dog could be kinder, but he
couldn't find her—
Oh, where can my poor Kitty be?

I saw a boy trundle away a small
bundle,
And drop it down into the brook.
Could that be my Kitty, so cunning
and pretty ?
I think I will run there and look ;

For there is no knowing what people
are throwing
When things are tied up in a sack ;
Whatever they carry, not long do they
tarry,
And always they come empty
back!

AUNT CLARA.

MY PUSSY.

OH, here is Miss Pussy ;
She's drinking her milk ;
Her coat is as soft
And as glossy as silk.



She sips it all up
With her little lap-lap ;
Then, wiping her whiskers,
Lies down for a nap.

My kittle is gentle,
She loves me right well ;
And how funny her play is
I'm sure I can't tell.

MY KITTENS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

My dear little kittens! my five little
darlings!
I loved you—the gray ones, the spot-
ted, the white ;
I brought you your breakfast of warm
milk each morning,
And saw you all lap it with keenest
delight.

You played, too, so merry and cunning
together ;
Your mother would watch while she
lay in the straw,
A-winking her eyes in the warm sun-
ny weather,
And giving you sometimes a tap with
her paw.

You would pull at her tail, at her ears
 you would nibble;
 You had no respect for her gray
 hairs at all;
 I am sure, though, she liked it, but
 sometimes she scolded,
 And said, in cat-language, "Be off
 with you, all!"

But one day poor Whitey, the prettiest
 darling
 Of all these five kittens, grew sick
 and then died;
 I never again could have such a sweet
 kitten,
 And oh how I grieved! and how
 sadly I cried!

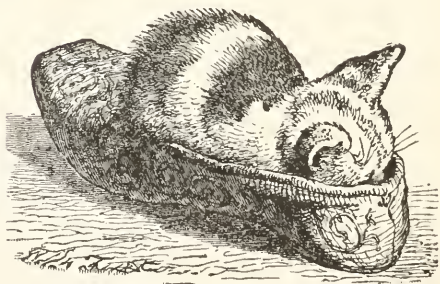
I went out and dug her a grave in the
 garden,
 And lined it all softly with leaves
 and with moss;
 I brought to the burial her brothers
 and sisters,
 Thinking that they too would
 mourn for her loss.

But the heartless things capered and
 whisked all around me—
 They chased a bright butterfly,
 searched for a mouse,
 Jumped for the bird that sang up in
 the pear tree;
 I whipped them and sent them all
 back to the house.

Then I filled up the grave and I
 rounded it over,
 And made it a border of white
 pearly stone;
 And on it I planted a nice root of cat-
 nip;
 Then left little Whitey to sleep all
 alone.

One day Tom, the bad boy who lives
 round the corner,
 Stole Spotty and Grayback—I called
 help too late;
 He never would tell where he carried
 the darlings,
 And I sigh when I think of their
 probable fate.

Then I had but two left me, and these
 a good neighbor
 Adopted and brought up with kind-
 ness and care;
 Their mother and I were both sorry
 to lose them,
 But we knew it was best for them
 both to be there.



LITTLE KIT.

PRETTY Kit, little Kit,
 Oh, you're a lovely pet!
 With your sleek coat and your white
 throat,
 And toes as black as jet.
 It's true your eye is rather green,
 But then it shines so bright,
 That you could catch the naughty
 mouse
 Who stole my cake last night.
 Ah, Kitty! sweet Kitty!
 You're the pet for me!
 Come, now; I'll rock you in my lap
 And nurse you on my knee.

Pretty Kit, little Kit,

I've often fondled you
Before your little legs could walk,
And eyes were opened too;
And when I laid you on the rug
To roll you o'er in play,
Your kind mamma in her great
mouth

Would carry you away.

Ah, Kitty! sweet Kitty!

You're the pet for me!
Come, now; I'll rock you in my lap
And nurse you on my knee.

Pretty Kit, little Kit,

Annie's bird can sing,
Arthur's dog can carry sticks,
And Mary's parrot swing;
But though you do not carry sticks,
Or sing, or swing, you are,
With your low purr and your soft
fur,

The dearest pet by far.
Yes, Kitty, sweet Kitty,
You're the pet for me!
Come, now; I'll rock you in my lap
And nurse you on my knee.

Oh, you Kit! naughty Kit!

What is this I find?
Annie's little bird is gone,
And Poll's scratched nearly blind;
Carlo's coat is sadly torn;
Oh dear! what shall I do?
You've feathers hanging round your
mouth—

It's all been done by you.
Fie, Kitty! fly, Kitty!
You're no pet for me!
I'll neither rock you in my lap
Nor nurse you on my knee.

JOHN G. WATTS.

THE TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had
none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the big-
gest cat.

"*You'll* have that mouse? we'll see
about that!"

"*I will* have that mouse," said the
eldest son;

"You *sha'n't* have the mouse," said
the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to
fight;

The old woman seized her sweeping-
broom,

And swept the two kittens right out
of the room.

The ground was covered with frost
and snow,

And the two little kittens had no-
where to go;

So they laid them down on the mat
at the door,

While the old woman finished sweep-
ing the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as
ice,

For they found it was better, that
stormy night,

To lie down and sleep than to quarrel
and fight.



PUSSY CAT.

PUSSY CAT lives in the servants' hall,
 She can set up her back and purr;
 The little mice live in a crack in the
 wall,

But they hardly dare venture to
 stir;

For whenever they think of taking the
 air,

Or filling their little maws.

The pussy cat says, "Come out, if you
 dare;

I will catch you with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all
 the little mice,

For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;

The pussy cat said, "It smells very
 nice;

Now *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the little mouse;

"Squeak, squeak, squeak,"

Said all the young ones too;

"We never creep out when cats are
 about,
 Because we are afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a
 mat

By the fire in the servants' hall:

"If the little mice peep, they'll think
 I'm asleep;"

So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little mouse; "we'll
 creep out,

And eat some Cheshire cheese;

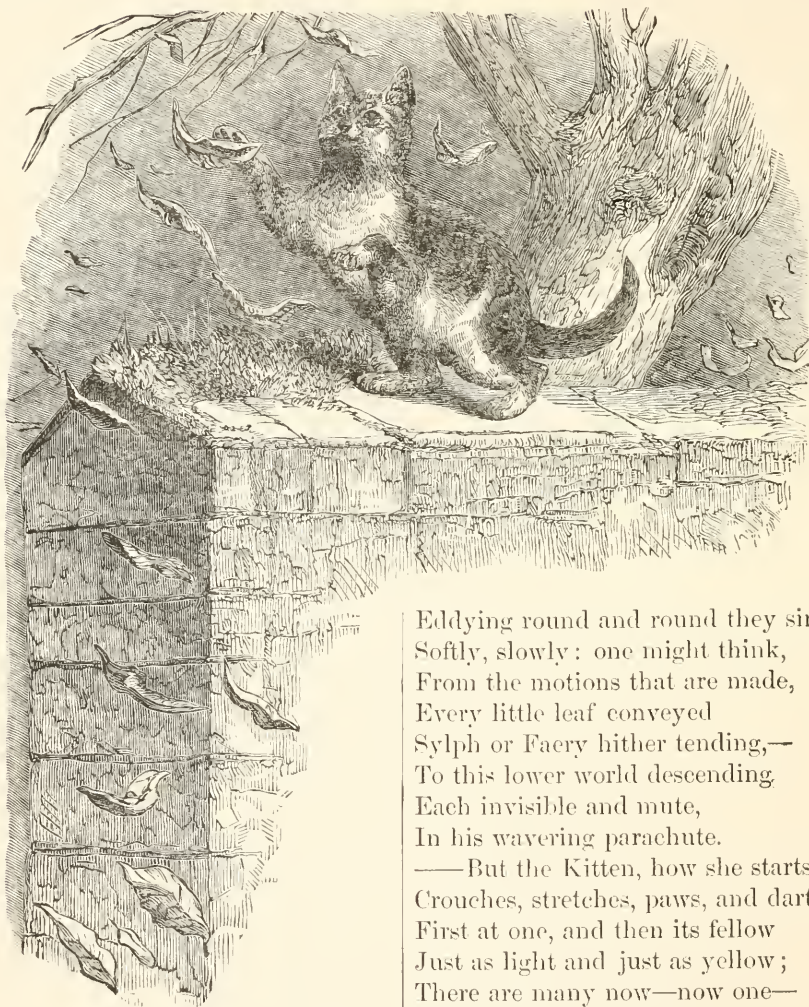
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
 And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went the little
 mice,

And they licked their little paws;

Then the cunning old cat sprang up
 from her mat,

And caught them all with her claws.



THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!
 What a pretty baby-show!
 See the Kitten on the Wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves — one — two — and
 three —
 From the lofty Elder tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly: one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
 To this lower world descending
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 — But the Kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop, and there are none;
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap half way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again:
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian Conjuror;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.

Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd?
 Over-happy to be proud,
 Over-wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat;
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
 Here, for neither Babe nor me,
 Other playmate can I see.
 Of the countless living things,
 That with stir of feet and wings
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade)
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,
 Made this Orchard's narrow space
 And this Vale so blithe a place;
 Multitudes are swept away,
 Never more to breathe the day:
 Some are sleeping; some in Bands
 Travelled into distant Lands;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighborhood;
 And, among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.
 —Where is he, that giddy Sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple tree;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out;
 Hung with head toward the ground,
 Fluttered, perched, into a round
 Bound himself, and then unbound:
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
 Prettiest Tumbler ever see

Light of heart and light of limb;
 What is now become of him?
 Lambs, that through the mountains
 went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighboring Rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy:
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every Creature;
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Laura's face;
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair;
 And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason,
 Will walk through life in such a way
 That, when time brings on decay,

Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 —Pleased by any random toy ;
 By a Kitten's busy joy,
 Or an Infant's laughing eye,
 Sharing in the ecstasy ;
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss ;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought,
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CAT'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

"GIVE me turkey for my dinner,"
 Said a tabby cat.
 "Before you get it you'll be thinner ;
 Go and catch a rat,"
 Said the cook, her pastry making,
 Looking fierce and red,
 And a heavy roller shaking
 Over Pussy's head.
 Hark ! her kittens' shriller mewling ;
 "Give us pie," said they
 To the cook, amid her stewing,
 On Thanksgiving Day.
 "Pie, indeed ! you idle creatures !
 Who'd have thought of that ?
 Wash your paws and faces neater,
 And go hunt. 'Scat ! 'Scat !"
 So they went and did their duty,
 Diligent and still ;
 Exercise improved their beauty,
 As it always will.
 Useful work and early rising
 Brought a merry mood,
 And they found the cook's advising,
 Though severe, was good.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.



CLEOPATRA.

WE'VE called our young puss Cleopatra ;

'Twas grandpa who named her like that.

He says it means "fond of good living ;"
 A queer-enough name for a cat !

She leads the most lovely existence,
 And one which appears to enchant :
 Asleep in the sun like a snowflake
 That tries to get melted and can't ;

Or now and then languidly strolling
 Through plots of the garden, to steal
 On innocent grasshoppers, crunching
 Her cruel and murderous meal ;

Or lapping from out of her saucer—
 The dainty and delicate elf !—
 With appetite spoiled in the garden,
 New milk that's as white as herself.

Dear ! dear ! could we only change
 places,

This do-nothing pussy and I,
 You'd think it hard work, Cleopatra,
 To live as the moments went by.

Ah ! how would you relish, I wonder,
 To sit in a schoolroom for hours ?
 You'd find it less pleasant, I fancy,
 Than murdering bugs in the flowers.

EDGAR FAWCETT

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,

"It is time your morning lesson was said."

So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,

And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,

"And tell me quick where your noses are."

At this all the kittens sniffed the air
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"

The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—

You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,

When you want a fish or a bit of bone,
Now what do you say when children are good?"—

And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—

When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.

"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;

You must use your claws when children are rough.

"And where are your claws? no, no—my dear"

(As she took up a paw). "See! they're hidden here:"

Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need

To use such weapons—oh, no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "Pshaw!"

And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, 'Sptiss!' as hard as you can," she said;

But every kitten hung down its head;
"Sptiss!" I say," cried the mother-cat,

But they said "Oh, mammy, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;

"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose."

And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

PUSS AND THE BEAR.

A FIERCE grizzly bear,
With shaggy gray hair,

Lay on the low branch of a pine;
Above him there sat

A cunning wild cat,

Who guessed that he wanted to dine.

At last Bruin spied

Where Puss wished to hide,
And, being quite hungry and tired,

Said, "Pray, Miss Puss, come
Down here to my home ;
Oh, how your sweet face I've ad-
mired !"

But Puss wisely thought,
If she should be caught,
Her poor bones Bruin quickly would
crunch ;
So she slyly said, " Bear,
I'll take very good care
You don't gobble me up for your
lunch."

Yet, being polite,
She judged it but right
To give an excuse for refusing ;
So at once up she stood,
Still as high as she could,
And said, " I can't do what you're
choosing ;

"But here's such a fine view—
I wish you would come too ;
I am sure it would please your good
taste.

It's easy to climb
In almost no time ;
So pray come up here, sir—make
haste !"

Bruin thought, " That will do !
Puss soon shall cry ' Mew !'
Ah, how silly a young cat is she !
I'll very soon stride
Close up to her side,
When she'll make a nice luncheon for
me."

So he said, " Thank you, Puss ;
Without any more fuss
I'll come up your prospect to see."

But old Bruin forgot
That a slim branch would not
Hold up such a monster as he ;

Down he came with a crack,
Tumbling flat on his back,
To the stones at the foot of the tree.

Oh, how Puss did purr
To think her sleek fur
Had 'scaped the rude clutch of his
paws !

But more was she pleased
To think she had teased
Bruin, who would have seized
And munched her up in his great
jaws.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CON- FESSION OF POOR PUSS.

KIND masters and misses, whoever
you be,
Do stop for a moment and pity poor
me,
While here on my deathbed I try to
relate
My many misfortunes and miseries
great.

My dear mother Tabby I've often
heard say
That I have been a very fine cat in
my day ;
But the sorrows in which my whole
life has been passed
Have spoiled all my beauty, and
killed me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing ! if I
recollect right,
I was kittened in March, on a clear
frosty night ;
And before I could see or was half a
week old
I nearly had perished, the barn was
so cold.

But this chilly spring I got pretty well over,
And moused in the hay-loft or played in the clover;
And when this displeased me or mousing was stale
I used to run round and round after my tail.

But ah! my poor tail and my pretty sleek ears!
The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears;
And little I thought, when I licked them so clean,
I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen!

Some time after this, when my sores were all healed,
As I lay in the sun, sound asleep in a field,
Miss Fanny crept slyly, and, grasping me fast,
Declared she had caught the sweet creature at last.

Ah me! how I struggled my freedom to gain!
But, alas! all my kicking and scratching were vain;
For she held me so tight, in her pinafore tied,
That before she got home I had liked to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose;
Wherever I went I was followed with blows;
Some kicked me for nothing while quietly sleeping,
Or flogged me for daring the pantry to peep in.

And then the great dog! I shall never forget him,
How many's the time master Jacky would set him,
And while I stood terrified, all of a quake,
Cried, "Hey, cat!" and "Seize her, boy! give her a shake!"

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear
Just taking a scrap that I thought they could spare,
Oh, what have I suffered with beating and banging,
Or starved for a fortnight, or threatened with hanging!

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,
I've borne with a spirit becoming a cat:
There was but one thing which I could not sustain,
So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain.

One morning, safe hid in a little warm bed
That down in the stable I'd carefully spread,
Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw
I concealed, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud;
I mewed to my kittens and purred out aloud,
And thought with delight of the merry carousing
We'd have when I first took them with me a-mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful
ditty ?
I'm sure it would melt even Growler
to pity ;
For the very next morning my dar-
lings I found
Lying dead by the horse-pond, all
mangled and drowned.

Poor darlings! I dragged them along
to the stable,
And did all to warm them a mother
was able ;
But, alas! all my licking and mewing
were vain,
And I thought I should never be
happy again.

However, time gave me a little re-
lief,
And mousing diverted the thoughts
of my grief,
And at last I began to be gay and
contented,
Till one dreadful morning, for ever
repented.

Miss Fanny was fond of a favorite
sparrow,
And often I longed for a taste of its
marrow ;
So, not having eaten a morsel all
day,
I flew to the bird-cage and tore it
away.

Now tell me, my friends, was the like
ever heard,
That a cat should be killed just for
catching a bird ?
And I'm sure not the slightest sus-
picion I had
But that catching a mouse was exactly
as bad.

Indeed, I can say, with my paw on my
heart,
I would not have acted a mischievous
part ;
But, as dear mother Tabby was often
repeating,
I thought birds and mice were on
purpose for eating.

Be this as it may, with the noise of its
squeaking,
Miss Fanny came in while my whis-
kers were reeking,
And on my poor back with the hot
poker flying,
She gave me those bruises of which I
am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows
shorter apace,
And cold clammy sweats trickle down
from my face :
I forgive little Fanny this bruise on
my side.—
She stopped, gave a sigh and a strug-
gle, and died !

JANE TAYLOR.

PUSS PUNISHED.

Oh, naughty puss! you must not play
And romp with Dolly thus, I say ;
You spoil her curls and ruffles too,
And make her quite a fright—you do.

Shame! puss, to treat poor Dolly so!
The simple thing, that cannot sew,
And mend her clothes when they are
torn,
Or run away when thus forlorn.

My mother tells me 'tis unkind
To treat the helpless thus ; so mind,
If you repeat your tricks, old cat,
Your ears shall pay for it—that's flat.

CATCHING THE CAT.

THE mice had met in council ;

They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.

Not a family out of mourning--

There was crape on every hat.
They were desperate : something must
be done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said,

"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring!"

The suggestion was applauded

Loudly, by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked, "That trap
would be
About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—

A little under his breath—
They should confiscate the very first
mouse

That died a natural death ;
And he'd undertake to poison the cat,
If they'd let him prepare that mouse.

"There's not been a natural death,"
they shrieked,
"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council

Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.

He waited until there was silence

All along the pantry-shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
"I will catch the cat myself!"

"When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away,

I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play :
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature ! I suppose ;
But as she stoops to catch *me*,
I shall catch *her* by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A gray-haired sage said slowly,
"And what will you do with her
then?"

The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, "Well,
I think, if you'll all excuse me,
"Twould be wiser not to tell.

"We all have our inspirations—"
This produced a general smirk—

"But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they'll work.

I ask you, then, to trust me :
You need have no further fears—
Consider our enemy done for!"
The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"
Said a small mouse, nervously.
"Run, if you like," said the champion,
"But *I* shall wait and see!"

And sure enough she was coming ;
The mice all scampered away
Except the noble champion
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith—of course they
had—

They were all of them noble souls,
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them safely in their holes
Until some time in the evening ;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And saw, happily in the distance,
The cat prance gaily about !

There was dreadful consternation,
 Till some one at last said, "Oh,
 He's not had time to do it—
 Let us not prejudge him so!"
 "I believe in him, of course I do,"
 Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,
 "But the cat looks uncommonly 'hap-
 py,
 And I wish I *did* know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
 Still prances about that house,
 And no message, letter, or telegram
 Has come from the champion mouse.
 The mice are a little discouraged;
 The demand for crape goes on;
 They feel they'd be happier if they
 knew
 Where the champion mouse has
 gone.

This story has a moral—
 It is very short, you see,
 So no one, of course, will skip it,
 For fear of offending me.
 It is well to be courageous,
 And valiant, and all that,
 But—if you are mice—you'd better
 think twice
 Before you catch the cat.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

KITTEN GOSSIP.

KITTEN, kitten, two months old,
 Woolly snowball, lying snug,
 Curled up in the warmest fold
 Of the warm hearth-rug!
 Turn your drowsy head this way:
 What is Life? Oh, kitten, say!

"Life?" said the kitten, winking her
 eyes,
 And twitching her tail in a droll sur-
 prise—

"Life? Oh, it's racing over the floor,
 Out at the window and in at the door;
 Now on the chair-back, now on the
 table,
 'Mid balls of cotton and skeins of
 silk,
 And crumbs of sugar and jugs of
 milk,
 All so cozy and comfortable.
 It's patting the little dog's ears, and
 leaping
 Round him and over him while he's
 sleeping—
 Waking him up in a sore affright,
 Then off and away like a flash of light,
 Scouring and scampering out of sight.
 Life? Oh, its rolling over and over
 On the summer-green turf and bud-
 ding clover;
 Chasing the shadows as fast as they
 run
 Down the garden-paths in the mid-
 day sun,
 Prancing and gambolling, brave and
 bold,
 Climbing the tree-stems, scratching
 the mould—
That's life!" said the kitten two months
 old.

Kitten, kitten, come sit on my knee,
 And lithe and listen, kitten, to me;
 One by one, oh! one by one,
 The sly, swift shadows sweep over the
 sun—
 Daylight dieth, and kittenhood's done.
 And, kitten, oh! the rain and the
 wind!
 For cathood cometh, with careful
 mind,
 And grave cat-duties follow behind.
 Hark! there's a sound you cannot hear;
 I'll whisper its meaning in your ear:

Mice!

(The kitten stared with her great green eyes,
And twitched her tail in a queer surprise.)

Mice!

No more fit-bits dainty and nice;
No more mischief and no more play;
But watching by night and sleeping
by day,
Prowling wherever the foe doth lurk—
Very short commons and very sharp
work.

And, kitten, oh! the hail and the
thunder—
That's a blackish cloud, but a black-
er's under.

Hark! but you'll fall from my knee,
I fear,
When I whisper that awful word in
your ear:

R-r-r-rats!

(The kitten's heart beat with great
pit-pats,
But her whiskers quivered, and from
their sheath
Flashed out the sharp, white, pearly
teeth.)

R-r-r-rats!

The scorn of dogs, but the terror of
cats;
The cruellest foes and the fiercest
fighters;
The sauciest thieves and the sharpest
biters.
But, kitten, I see you've a stoutish
heart,
So courage! and play an honest part;
Use well your paws,
And strengthen your claws,

And sharpen your teeth and stretch
your jaws—

Then woe to the tribes of pickers and
stealers,
Nibblers and gnawers, and evil-deal-
ers!

But now that you know life's not pre-
cisely

The thing your fancy pictured so
nicely,

Off and away! race over the floor,
Out of the window, and in at the
door;

Roll in the turf and bask in the
sun,

Ere night-time cometh and kitten-
hood's done.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE CAT'S APOLOGY.

GIRL.

You must not scratch, dear pussy-
cat,

Nor use your long, sharp claws like
that;

Give me a nice soft paw to pat!

CAT.

Dear child, that will I gladly do;

But let me say a word or two.

Who hurts and teases first? Don't
you?

Suppose a child may now and then

Give to a cat a little pain,

May not a poor cat scratch again?

And though a blood-drop stain the
arm,

Yet neither meant the other harm;

Then let us be good friends and
warm.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

IN a crack near the cupboard, with
dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her
mother resided ;
So securely they lived in that snug,
quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have
envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, who was
given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way
from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy
in her eyes,
That her gray, sedate parent expressed
some surprise.

"Oh mother!" said she, "the good folks
of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to
a mouse ;
And those tales can't be true you always
are telling,
For they've been at such pains to con-
struct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are
of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort re-
quires ;
And I'm sure that we there should
have nothing to fear
If ten cats, with their kittens, at once
should appear.

"And then they have made such nice
holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no
trouble at all ;
But forcing one through such rough
crannies as these
Always gives one's poor ribs a most
terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provid-
ed us well

With a large piece of cheese of most
exquisite smell ;

"Twas so nice I had put in my head
to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come
and fetch you."

"Ah, child!" said her mother, "be-
lieve, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a
terrible cheat ;
Do not think all that trouble they took
for our good ;
They would eat us and kill us all
there if they could—

"As they've caught and killed scores,
and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did
ever return!"

*Let the young people mind what the old
people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out
of the way.*

"RUN, MOUSEY, RUN!"

I AM sitting by the fireside,
Reading, and very still ;
There comes a little sharp-eyed mouse,
And run about he will.

He flies along the mantelpiece,
He darts beneath the fender ;
It's just as well that Jane's not here,
Or into fits he'd send her.

And now he's nibbling at some cake
She left upon the table ;
He seems to think I'm somebody
To hurt a mouse unable.

Run, Mousey, run! I hear the cat;
 She's scratching at the door;
 Once she comes in you'll have no
 chance
 Beneath her savage claw.

Run, Mousey, run! I hear Jane's
 foot;
 She's coming up to bed;
 If Puss but makes a spring at you,
 Poor Mousey, you'll be dead!

— — —
 WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

"LITTLE sparrow, come here and say
 What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to
 find

A fat little worm or a fly to my
 mind;

And I carry it back to my own pretty
 nest

For the dear little pets that I warm
 with my breast;

For until I can teach them the way
 how to fly,

If I did not feed them my darlings
 would die.

How glad they all are when they see
 me come home!

And each of them chirps, "Give me
 some! give me some!"

"Little lamb, come here and say
 What you're doing all the day."

"Long enough before you wake
 Breakfast I am glad to take

In the meadow, eating up

Daisy, cowslip, buttercup;

Then about the fields I play,

Frisk and scamper all the day.

When I'm thirsty I can drink
 Water at the river's brink;
 When at night I go to sleep,
 By my mother I must keep:
 I am safe enough from cold
 At her side within the fold."

"Little bee, come here and say
 What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, every day, and all day long,
 Among the flowers you hear my
 song;

I creep in every bud I see,

And all the honey is for me.

I take it to the hive with care,

And give it to my brothers there,

That when the winter-time comes on,

And all the flowers are dead and
 gone,

And the wild wind is cold and rough,
 The busy bees may have enough."

"Little fly, come here and say
 What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I am a gay and merry fly;

I never do anything—no, not I.

I go where I like, and I stay where I
 please,

In the heat of the sun or the shade
 of the trees,

On the window-pane or the cupboard
 shelf,

And I care for nothing except my-
 self.

I cannot tell, it is very true,

When the winter comes what I mean
 to do;

And I very much fear, when I'm get-
 ting old,

I shall starve with hunger or die with
 cold."

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
 With a piece of cheese :
 It tickled so a little mouse
 It almost made him sneeze.
 An old rat said, "There's danger !
 Be careful where you go !"
 "Nonsense !" said the other,
 "I don't think you know !
 So he walked in boldly—
 Nobody in sight ;
 First he took a nibble,
 Then he took a bite ;
 Close the trap together
 Snapped as quick as wink,
 Catching Mousey fast there,
 'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
 Fond of her own way,
 Wouldn't ask the old ones
 Where to go or stay ;
 She said, "I'm not a baby ;
 Here I am half grown ;
 Surely I am big enough
 To run about alone !"
 Off she went, but somebody,
 Hiding, saw her pass ;
 Soon like snow her feathers
 Covered all the grass.
 So she made a supper
 For a sly young mink,
 'Cause she was so headstrong
 That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
 Lived outside the door,
 Who wanted to go inside
 And hop upon the floor.
 "Oh no," said the mother,
 "You must stay with me ;
 Little birds are safest
 Sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said Robin,
 And gave his tail a fling ;
 "I don't think the old folks
 Know quite everything."
 Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
 Before he'd time to blink.
 "Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry !
 But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
 You who read this song,
 Don't you see what trouble
 Comes of thinking wrong?
 And can't you take a warning
 From their dreadful fate,
 Who began their thinking
 When it was too late ?
 Don't think there's always safety
 Where no danger shows ;
 Don't suppose you know more
 Than anybody knows ;
 But when you're warned of ruin,
 Pause upon the brink,
 And don't go under headlong
 'Cause you didn't think.

PHÆBE CARY.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must
 be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree—
 In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace-
 hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and
 boon,
 That open to sun, and stars, and
 moon—
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wan-
 der by !



They have left their nests in the forest
bough—

Those homes of delight they need not
now—

And the young and the old they wan-
der out,

And traverse their green world round
about:

And hark! at the top of this leafy
hall,

How one to the other they lovingly
call!

“Come up, come up!” they seem to
say,

“Where the topmost twigs in the
breezes sway!

“Come up, come up, for the world is
fair,

Where the merry leaves dance in the
summer air!”

And the birds below give back the
cry,

“We come, we come to the branches
high!”

How pleasant the life of a bird must
be,

Flitting about in a leafy tree!

And away through the air what joy to
go,

And to look on the bright green earth
below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must
be,

Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-
built home!

What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the
rosy morn,

To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless
space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must
be,

Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates
at play,

Above and below, and among the
spray,

Hither and thither, with screams as
wild

As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living
breeze

To flutter about 'mong the flowering
trees;

Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming purple
 heath,
 And the yellow furze like fields of
 gold
 That gladden some fairy regions old !
 On mountain-tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must
 be !

MARY HOWITT.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

"LITTLE bird! little bird! come to
 me!

I have a green cage ready for thee;
 Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring anew,
 And fresh, ripe cherries all wet with
 dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy
 care,

But I love dearly the clear, cool air,
 And my snug little nest in the old
 oak tree."

"Little bird! little bird! stay with
 me."

"Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly
 To greener fields and warmer sky;
 When spring returns with pattering
 rain,
 You'll hear my merry song again."

"Little bird! little bird! who'll guide
 thee

Over the hills and over the sea?
 Foolish one! come in the house to
 stay,
 For I'm very sure you'll lose your
 way."

"Ah no, little maiden! God guides
 me

Over the hills and over the sea;
 I will be free as the rushing air,
 And sing of sunshine everywhere."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE BIRD AND THE MAID.

THERE sat a bird on the elder-bush
 One beauteous morn in May,
 And a little girl 'neath the elder-bush,
 That beauteous morn in May.

The bird was still while the maiden
 sang,

And when she had done his song out-
 rang;

And thus in the rays of the bright
 spring sun

The maid and the bird sang on and
 on,

That beauteous morn in May.

And what, I pray, sang the bright bird
 there,

That beauteous morn in May?

And what was the song of the maiden
 fair,

That beauteous morn in May?

They were singing their thanks to
 God above

For the bounteous gifts of His price-
 less love.

Oh, such songs of praise

Should be sung always,

Each beauteous morn in May.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

QUOTH the boy: "I'll climb that tree,
 And bring down a nest I know."

Quoth the girl: "I will not see
 Little birds defrauded so!

Cowardly their nests to take,
 And their little hearts to break,
 And their little nests to steal.
 Leave them happy for my sake;
 Surely little birds can feel!"

Quoth the boy: "My senses whirl;
 Until now I never heard
 Of the wisdom of a girl
 Or the feelings of a bird!
 Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
 Tell me what you reckon on
 When you prate in such a strain;
 If I wring their necks anon,
 Certainly they *might* feel—pain."

Quoth the girl: "I watch them talk,
 Making love and making fun,
 In the pretty ash tree walk,
 When my daily task is done:
 In their little eyes I find
 They are very fond and kind.
 Every change of song or voice
 Plainly proveth to my mind
 They can suffer and rejoice."

And the little Robin-bird
 (Nice brown back and crimson
 breast)
 All the conversation heard,
 Sitting trembling in his nest.
 "What a world," he cried, "of bliss—
 Full of birds and girls—were this!
 Blithe we'd answer to their call;
 But a great mistake it is
 Boys were ever made at all."

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE skylark's nest among the grass
 And waving corn is found;
 The robin's on a shady bank,
 With oak-leaves strewed around.
 The wren builds in an ivied thorn
 Or old and ruined wall;



The mossy nest, so covered in,
 You scarce can see at all.

The martins build their nests of clay
 In rows beneath the eaves;
 The silvery lichens, moss, and hair
 The chaffinch interweaves.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
 But through the wood she strays
 Until she finds one snug and warm.
 And there her eggs she lays.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
 With feathers warmly lined;
 The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
 On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
 And often disagree;
 The owl will build inside a barn
 Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest of grass and mud
 In bush and bank is found;
 The lapwing's darkly-spotted eggs
 Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is made with thorns
 In leafless tree or hedge;
 The wild-duck and the water-hen
 Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to
year
According to their kind—
Some very neat and beautiful ;
Some simpler ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God Himself,
And ordered by His will.

M. S. C.



BABY-BIRDS.

LAST year a linnet's brood I bought,
Just taken from the spray,
To save them from their captors' hands,
Who tortured them with play.

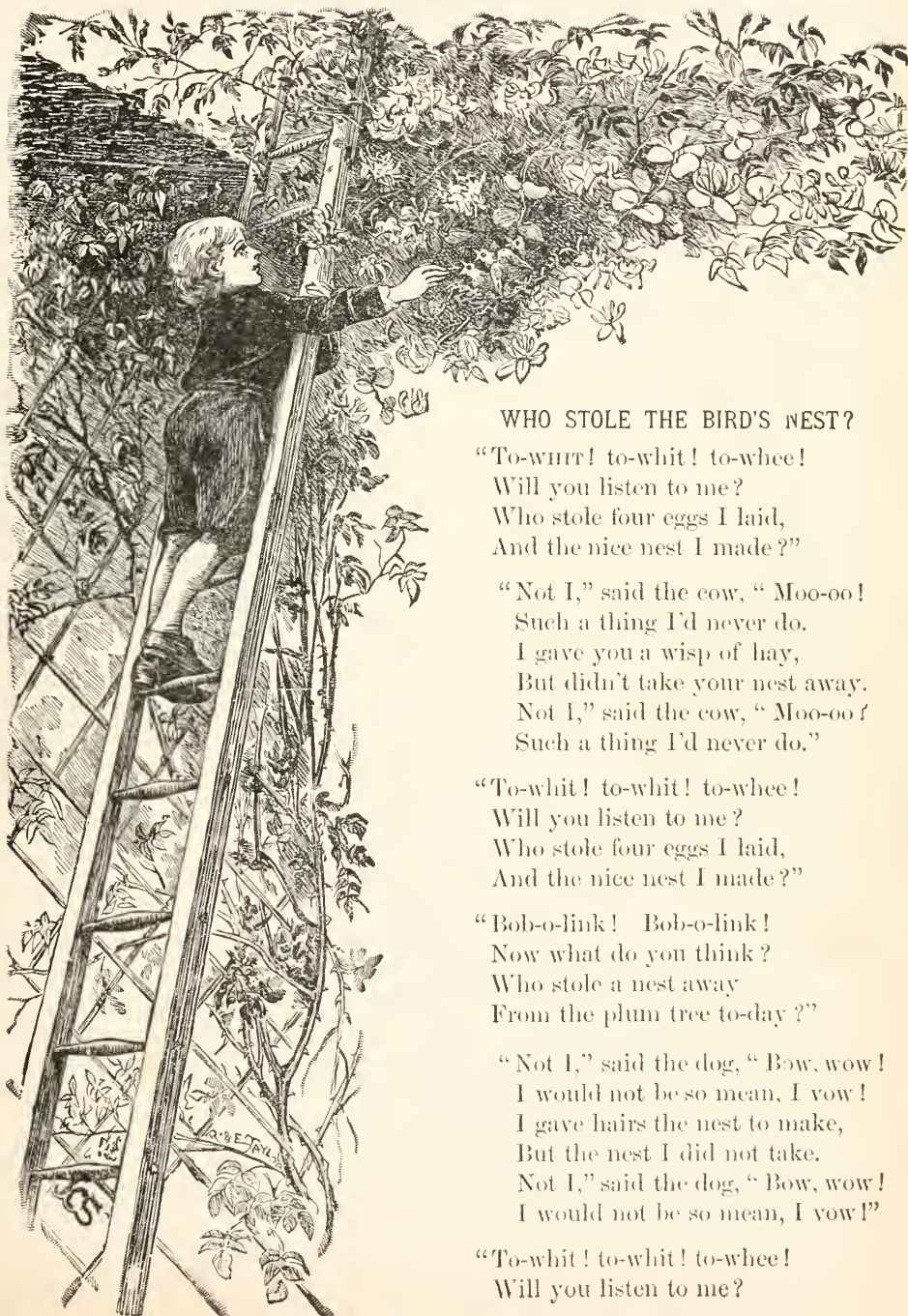
Upon the lawn I placed my charge,
Screened from the noontide glare,
And far from cats ; but ere an hour
The mother found them there.

Day after day, and hour by hour,
To feed her young she sped,
Placed every sunny morn by me
Beneath an arbory shed.

They lived, and feathers grew apace
Where down was spread before,
Till one bright morn they disappeared—
I saw my pets no more.

Think if that tender mother-bird
Felt not a parent's pain,
Would she have sought and labored thus
Her lost ones to regain ?

All feel that crawl, or walk, or swim,
Or poise the busy wing :
Then seek not pleasure in the pain
Of any living thing.



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow, wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow, wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!"

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?"

Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too;
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whew!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too;
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'for shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;

"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;

"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow-breast:
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The
sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush, say "I love and
I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind
is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings
a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and
sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come
back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness
and love,
The green fields below him, the blue
sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for
ever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO
HIS MISTRESS.

HERE in the wiry prison, where I
sing,

And think of sweet green woods,
and long to fly,
Unable once to stretch my feeble wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear
blue sky,

Day after day the selfsame things I
see—

The cold white ceiling, and this
wiry house;
Ah! how unlike my healthy native
tree,
Rocked by the winds that whistle
through the boughs!

Mild spring returning strews the
ground with flowers,
And hangs sweet May-buds on the
hedges gay,
But no warm sunshine cheers my
gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on
the spray.

Oh, how I long to stretch my weary
wings,
And fly away as far as eye can
see!
And from the topmost bough, where
Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as
blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving
nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods,
and hedges green;

Torn from my tender mother's downy
breast,
In this sad prison-house to die un-
seen?

Why must I hear, in summer even-
ings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry
choirs,
And I, poor lonely I, forbid to join,
Caged by these wooden walls and
golden wires?

Kind mistress, come; with gentle,
pitying hand,
Unbar my prison door, and set me
free;
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take
my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom
and to thee.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LIT-
TLE BIRD.

DEAR little bird, don't make this pit-
eous cry,
My heart will break to hear thee
thus complain;
Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee
fly,
If that were likely to relieve thy
pain.

Sad was the boy that climbed the
tree so high,
And took thee bare and shivering
from thy nest:
But no, dear little bird, it was
not I;
There's more of soft compassion
in my breast.



But when I saw thee gasping wide for
breath,
Without one feather on thy callow
skin,
I begged the cruel boy to spare thy
death,
Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee with the tenderest
care,
And filled thy gaping beak with
nicest food ;
Gave thee new bread and butter from
my share,
And then with chickweed green thy
dwelling strewed.

Soon downy feathers dressed thy naked
wing,
Smoothed by thy little beak with
beauish care ;
And many a summer evening wouldst
thou sing,
And hop from perch to perch with
merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison-
door,
And let thee out into the world so
wide,
Unused to such a wondrous place before,
Thou'dst want some friendly shelter
where to hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy
little eyes,
And fight the stranger from their
woods away ;
Fierce hawks would chase thee tumb-
ling through the skies,
Or crouching Pussy mark thee for
her prey.

Sad, on the lonely blackthorn wouldst
thou sit,
Thy mournful song unpitied and un-
heard ;
And when the wintry wind and driv-
ing sleet
Came sweeping o'er, they'd kill my
pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my favorite, to be
free;

Plume up thy wings, and clear that
sullen eye;

I would not take thee from thy native
tree,

But now 'twould kill thee soon to
let thee fly.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Oh, who would rob the wee bird's nest,
That sings so sweet and clear,

That builds for its young a cozy house
In the spring-time of the year;

That feeds the gaping birdies all,
And keeps them from the rain;

Oh, who would rob the wee bird's nest,
And give its bosom pain?

I would not harm the linnet's nest,
That whistles on the spray;

I would not rob the pleasant lark,
That sings at break of day;

I would not rob the nightingale,
That chants so sweet at e'en;

Nor yet would I sweet Jenny Wren,
Within her bower of green.

For birdies are like bairnies

That dance upon the lea,
And they will not sing in cages
So sweet as in the tree.

They're just like bonnie bairnies
That mothers love so well,

And cruel, cruel is the heart

That would their treasures steal.

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE ROBIN.

PRETTY Robin, do not go,

For I love to have you near;

Stay among the shady leaves,

Sing your songs so sweet and clear.

Pretty bird, you do not know

How each morning in the spring

To my window I would go,

Hoping I might hear you sing.

And when, one delightful morn,

First I caught your cheerful strain,

Like some long-lost friend you seemed,

To our home come back again.

Pleasant stories then you told

Of that joyous southern clime,

Where the roses do not fade,

And 'tis one long summer-time.

Then I could not help but wish

I had wings to fly like you,

That beneath those pleasant skies

I might go and warble too.

Did you know, my little pet,

That the nice tall cherry tree,

Where each morning you would sing,

Father planted there for me?

Many a hearty feast you made

Where my finest cherries grew;

Do not think I mean to chide—

You were very welcome too.

But, if I had loved you less,

You might now be in your grave;

I preferred that you should live,

Rather than my fruit to save.

Do you know that soon again

Will the frost and snow come on?

Soon the leaves will fall, and then

From these woods you will be gone.

He who made your lovely form

Gave your life so bright and gay,

Tells you when 'tis time to go,

And directs you on your way.

SUSAN JEWETT.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

"WHAT is that, mother?"

The lark, my child.

The morn has but just looked out and
smiled

When he starts from his humble grassy
nest,

And is up and away, with the dew on
his breast,

And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure
bright sphere,

To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first
lays

Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's
praise.

"What is that, mother?"

The dove, my son ;

And that low, sweet voice, like a
widow's moan,

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely
nest,

As the wave is poured from some crys-
tal urn,

For her distant dear one's quick re-
turn.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant
in love.

"What is that, mother?"

The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigor re-
lying,

Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt
defying ;

His wing on the wind, and his eye on
the sun,

He swerves not a hair, but bears on-
ward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be
thine—

Onward and upward, and true to the
line !

"What is that, mother?"

The swan, my love ;

He is floating down from his native
grove.

No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die :
Death darkens his eye and unplumes
his wings,

Yet the sweetest song is the last he
sings.

Live so, my child, that when death
shall come,

Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee
home.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN.

So now, pretty Robin, you've come to
my door,

I wonder you never have ventured
before !

'Tis likely you thought I would do
you some harm,

But pray, sir, what cause could there
be for alarm ?

You seem to be timid—I'd like to know
why ;

Did I ever hurt you? what makes you
so shy ?

You shrewd little rogue ! I've a mind,
ere you go,

To tell you a thing it concerns you to
know.

You think I have never discovered
your nest ;

'Tis hid pretty snugly, that must be
confessed ;

Ha! ha! how the boughs are entwined
all around!

No wonder you thought it would never
be found.

You're as cunning a rogue as ever I
knew;

And yet—ha! ha! ha!—I'm as cunning
as you!

I know all about your nice home on
the tree—

'Twas nonsense to try and conceal it
from me.

Go home, where your mate and your
little ones dwell;

Though I know where they are, yet I
never will tell;

Nobody shall injure the leaf-covered
nest,

For sacred to me is the place of your
rest.

Adieu! for you want to be flying
away,

And it would be too cruel to ask you
to stay;

But come in the morning—come early,
and sing;

You shall see what I'll give you, sweet
warbler of spring.

REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

COME HERE, LITTLE ROBIN.

COME here, little Robin, and don't be
afraid,

I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here, little Robin, and pick up
some bread,

To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor
little thing!

And Pussy-cat is not behind me;

So hop about pretty, and put down
your wing,

And pick up the crumbs, and don't
mind me!

Cold winter is come, but it will not
last long,

And summer we soon shall be greet-
ing;

Then remember, sweet Robin, to sing
me a song

In return for the breakfast you're
eating!

EASY POETRY.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to summer,

For summer's nearly done;

The garden smiling faintly,

Cool breezes in the sun;

Our thrushes now are silent,

Our swallows flown away,

But Robin's here, in coat of brown

And scarlet breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

Robin sings so sweetly

In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,

The leaves come down in hosts;

The trees are Indian princes,

But soon they'll turn to ghosts!

The leathery pears and apples

Hang russet on the bough;

It's autumn, autumn, autumn late;

'Twill soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

And what will this poor Robin do,

For pinching days are near?

The fireside for the cricket,

The wheat-stack for the mouse,

When trembling night-winds whistle
 And moan all round the house.
 The frosty ways like iron,
 The branches plumed with snow—
 Alas! in winter dead and dark
 Where can poor Robin go?
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,
 His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE GOLD ROBIN.

A LITTLE gold robin with very red
 breast
 Sat perched on a tree near a chick-a-
 dee's nest.
 "Will you go and pick cherries," said
 Robin, "with me?"
 "I've no time to spare," said the chick-
 a-dee-dee.
 "And what do you live on?" said
 Robin Redbreast.
 "The worms from the garden; I like
 them the best."
 "And where do you find them? Pray
 come and show me."
 "Go hunt for yourself," said the chick-
 a-dee-dee.
 "And where do you sleep?" asked
 the robin redbreast.
 "High up in the tree in my little
 snug nest."
 "Any children?" asked Robin. "Ah
 yes, I have three;
 Fine birdies they are," said the chick-
 a-dee-dee.
 "Do you never get weary?" asked
 Robin Redbreast.
 "Yes, often; but then I can lie down
 and rest.

Those three little birds for their food
 look to me,
 So I must work hard," said the chick-
 a-dee-dee.

"But work is not pleasant," said
 Robin Redbreast.
 "Ah, love makes it pleasant; love
 gives it a zest.
 Just try it: here's straw, and look!
 there's a tree;
 Go build now a nest," said the chick-
 a-dee-dee.

So off flew the robin with very red
 breast;
 She gathered up straws, and she made
 a nice nest:
 She hatched four young robins. "Oh,
 joy! look at me!"
 "Now work and be glad," said the
 chick-a-dee-dee.

HOME SONGS FOR OUR NESTLINGS.

THE ROBIN.

THERE came to my window, one morn-
 ing in spring,
 A sweet little robin; she came there to
 sing;
 The tune that she sang, it was prettier
 far
 Than ever was heard on the flute or
 guitar.
 Her wings she was spreading to soar
 far away;
 Then resting a moment, seemed sweet-
 ly to say,
 "Oh happy, how happy this world
 seems to be!
 Awake, little girl, and be happy with
 me!"

But just as she finished her beautiful
 song
 A thoughtless young man with his
 gun came along;
 He killed and he carried my robin
 away;
 She'll never more sing at the break of
 the day!

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

I ASKED a sweet robin, one morning in
 May,
 Who sung in the apple tree over the
 way,
 What it was he was singing so sweetly
 about,
 For I'd tried a long while, and could
 not find out.

"Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you
 cannot guess wrong;
 Don't ye know I am singing a tem-
 perance song?
 'Teetotal,' oh! that's the first word of
 my lay;
 And then don't you see how I twitter
 away?"

"'Tis because I have just dipped my
 back in the spring,
 And brushed the fair face of the lake
 with my wing;
 Cold water! cold water! yes, that is
 my song,
 And I love to keep singing it all the
 day long!"



MY NEIGHBORS.

Up in the apple tree over the way
 Robin, my neighbor, is busy all day.
 When the sweet morn is beginning to
 gleam,
 Through the white blossoms he flits
 like a dream,
 Trills a wild carol, so mellow and clear;
 Through all my dreaming it streams
 on my ear.

Robin's my gardener, honest and
 bold,
 Robin's my minstrel, unpaid by my
 gold.

Under my window, where roses en-
 twine,
 Lives the brown Sparrow, a neighbor
 of mine.

Close by the lattice, among the green
boughs,
Rocks, like a cradle, her snug little
house.
Up in my face, with her innocent
eyes,
Looks my wee neighbor with timid
surprise;
Nestles a little, as if she would say,
'Touch but a feather, I'm up and
away!"

Swallows are twittering under my
eaves,
Thrushes are singing among the green
leaves,
Blackbirds are piping a musical lay,
Bees in the clover are droning all day.
Blythe little neighbors! so merry and
free,
Sparrow and Robin and Swallow and
Bee!
One loving Father keeps watch over
all,
Caring alike for the great and the
small.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTER- FLY.

ART thou the bird whom man loves
best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin—
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, who by some name or other
All men who know thee call their
brother—

The darling of children and men?
Could Father Adam open his eyes
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.
If the butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend,
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree.
In and out he darts about;
Can this be the bird to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children
So painfully in the wood?
What ailed thee, Robin, that thou
couldst pursue
A beautiful creature
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerer, thou, of our indoor sad-
ness,
He is the friend of our summer glad-
ness.
What hinders, then, that ye should
be

Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together?
His beautiful wings in crimson are
drest,

A crimson as bright as thine own;
If Thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,
O pious bird! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SWALLOW AND REDBREAST.

THE swallows at the close of day,
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes where soon the winter drear
Should close the unrejoicing year.

Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
 Now settle on the crowded roof,
 As counsel and advice to take
 Ere they the chilly North forsake;
 Then one, disdainful, turned his eye
 Upon a redbreast twittering nigh,
 And thus began with taunting scorn:
 "Thou household imp, obscure, for-
 lorn!

Through the deep winter's dreary day
 Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou
 stay,
 Whilst we, who make the world our
 home,
 To softer climes impatient roam,
 Where summer still on some green isle
 Rests, with her sweet and lovely
 smile;
 Thus, speeding far and far away,
 We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true," the redbreast answered
 meek,
 "No other scenes I ask or seek;
 To every change alike resigned,
 I fear not the cold winter's wind.
 When spring returns, the circling year
 Shall find me still contented here;
 But whilst my warm affections rest
 Within the circle of my nest,
 I learn to pity those that roam,
 And love the more my humble home."

W. L. BOWLES.

MARY'S PET.

Cousin Jack, the sailor lad,
 Gave to sister Mary,
 Just before he went away,
 Such a sweet canary!
 You should see the tiny thing
 Trim its wings so neatly;
 You should hear it sing a song
 Prettily and sweetly.



And so tame it is that she
 In her hand can hold it;
 Yesterday I'm sure it did
 Everything she told it—
 Pecked the crumbs from out her mouth,
 Hopped upon her shoulder,
 Back upon her hand again;
 Never bird was bolder.

And whenever Mary speaks,
 How its eyes will glisten
 As it cocks its head aside
 Saucily to listen!
 And she tells it funny tales—
 Calls it pretty Fairy;
 Wonder if it understands
 All that's said by Mary?

Every morning, too, it sings
 Just as I am waking,
 And ma tells me it begins
 Oft when day is breaking.

Don't I like to hear it sing,
 Pretty little fellow!
 With its bright and bead-like eyes,
 And its coat of yellow?

And so fond it grows of me!
 You should only hear it—
 How it calls out, "Weet, weet, weet!"
 If I but go near it:
 Dickie's fond of sugar too—
 Oh, so pleased to get it!
 It would eat a lump, I know,
 If we'd only let it.

Mary sometimes loves to sit,
 As the evening closes,
 Close beside the garden-path,
 Underneath the roses;
 And beside the pretty flowers
 Late she loves to linger,
 Talking to her little pet
 Seated on her finger.

When mamma and Mary sit
 In the parlor sewing,
 How it watches all they do,
 Looking sly and knowing!
 "Saucy Dick!" mamma will say;
 When its name she utters
 Down upon her head so dear
 Jauntily it flutters.

Jumps upon the table, too—
 Never thinks of asking;
 Never fears the pussy-cat
 In the sunshine basking.
 Into Mary's work-box next
 Merrily it dances;
 How we laugh, and love to see
 All its ways and fancies!

On the bough beside the sill
 Oft it's found by Mary;
 There it sits until she calls,
 "Time for dinner, Fairy."

Glad am I that sister loves
 Fairy Dick sincerely:
 I am sure that little Dick
 Loves *her* very dearly.

Who could wrong a little bird?
 Who could use it badly?
 I have heard of naughty men
 Who have plagued them sadly.
 If *they* had a little child,
 Wonder how they'd like it
 If Dick were to shoot at it
 With a gun, and strike it?

Cousin Jack has promised me,
 When he comes, a polly—
 One that talks and whistles too;
 Oh! won't that be jolly?
 I'll be kind and good to it,
 Never plague or tease it,
 But do everything that's right—
 All I can to please it.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

A GENEROUS tar, who long had been
 In foreign prison pent,
 Released at length, returned again,
 Brimful of merriment.

A man who had some birds to sell
 Was just then passing by;
 Jack glanced at the poor fluttering
 things
 With sorrowing, pitying eye.

He paused amid the gaping throng
 Before the seller's stall:
 "Now, hark ye, friend, just name your
 price
 For birds, and cage, and all."

The price was named, the sum was
 paid;
 The sailor seized the prize,

And quickly from the opened door
A young canary flies.

"Stop!" cried the bird-seller, amazed;
"They're all escaping fast."

"That's right," said Jack, and held the
door
Till all were gone at last.

"Had you," said Jack, "been doomed,
like me,

In prison long to lie,
You'd better understand, my friend,
The sweets of liberty."

SONG.

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove
died;

And I have thought it died of griev-
ing:

Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet
were tied

With a silken thread of my own
hand's weaving;

Sweet little red feet! why should you
die—

Why would you leave me, sweet bird!
why?

You lived alone in the forest tree—

Why, pretty thing! would you not
live with me?

I kissed you oft and gave you white
peas;

Why not live sweetly, as in the green
trees?

JOHN KEATS.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine tree
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty nursery,
To please her little love.

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She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo!" said the turtle-dove,
"Coo!" said she.

"Oh, I love thee!" said the turtle-dove.
"And I love thee."

In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine tree
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery!

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in their nest,
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother
best.

"Coo!" said the little doves.
"Coo!" said she.

And they played together kindly
In the dark pine tree.

In this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest,
Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

I KNOW the song that the blue-bird is
singing
Out in the apple tree, where he is
swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be
dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so
cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from
his throat!

Hark! was there ever so merry a
note?

Listen a while, and you'll hear what
he's saying,

Up in the apple tree swinging and
swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the
snow,

You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of
cheer!

Summer is coming, and spring-time is
here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you
arise;

Bright yellow crocus, come open
your eyes;

Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and
gold;

Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you
hear?—

Summer is coming! and spring-time
is here!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his
name:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-
coat;

White are his shoulders, and white
his crest;

Hear him call in his merry note,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Look what a nice new coat is mine!

Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown
wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her hus-
band sings,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Brood, kind creature! you need not
fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;

One weak chirp is her only note;

Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,

Pouring boasts from his little throat,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Never was I afraid of man;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!

Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!

There, as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Nice good wife that never goes out,

Keeping house while I frolic about!

Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the
shell,
Six wide mouths are open for
food ;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry
brood :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with
care ;

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are
grown ;

Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,

When you can pipe that merry old
strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

THE ground was all covered with snow
one day,
And two little sisters were busy at
play,

When a snow-bird was sitting close
by, on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-
dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-
dee.

He had not been singing that tune
very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was
his song :

"Oh, sister, look out of the window!"
said she,

"Here's a dear little bird singing
chick-a-dee-dee ;

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
Here's a dear little bird singing chick-
a-dee-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stock-
ings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he
choose ;

I wish he'd come into the parlor and
see

How warm we would make him, poor
chick-a-dee-dee !

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
How warm we would make him, poor
chick-a-dee-dee !"

"There is One, my dear child, though
I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm
enough too ;
Good-morning !—Oh who are so happy
as we ?"

And away he went, singing his chick-
a-dee-dee ;

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And away he went, singing his chick-
a-dee-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.



MY WINTER FRIEND.

THE chickadee, the chickadee!
A chosen friend of mine is he.
His head and throat are glossy
black,

He wears a great-coat on his back;
His vest is light—'tis almost white,
His eyes are round and clear and
bright.

He picks the seeds from withered
weeds;

Upon my table-crumbs he feeds:
He comes and goes through falling
snows;

The freezing wind around him blows—
He heeds it not: his heart is gay
As if it were the breeze of May.

The whole day long he sings one
song,

Though dark the sky may be;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee.

The blue-bird coming in the spring,
The goldfinch with his yellow wing,
The humming-bird that feeds on
pinks

And roses, and the bobolinks,
The robins gay, the sparrows gray,—
They all delight me while they stay.

But when, ah me! they chance to see
A red leaf on the maple tree,
They all cry, "Oh, we dread the
snow!"

And spread their wings in haste to go;

And when they all have southward
flown,
The chickadee remains alone.

A bird that stays in wintry days,
A friend indeed is he;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by, when the spring-time comes,
I'll build myself a nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world we are found—
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keep-
eth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know that the Father loves me.
Have you less faith than we?

POEMS OF HOME LIFE.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

NAY, only look what I have found!
A sparrow's nest upon the ground—
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this—
Not neatly wove with tender care
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together—odds and ends
Picked up from enemies and friends;
See! bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washerwoman's gown,

And here is muslin pink and green,
And bits of calico between.

Oh, never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with dainty air,
How the pert sparrow overhead
Has robbed her gown to make its bed!

See! hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silk, and many a
feather,
Compacted cunningly together!

Well, here has hoarding been, and
hiving,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like
these!

Think, had these odds and ends been
brought
To some wise man renowned for
thought—
Some man, of men a very gem—
Pray, what could he have done with
them?

If we had said, "Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing,
Just bits and scraps, so very small
That they have scarcely size at all;
"And out of these you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five,
Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort
stored,
Where five small things may lodge
and board;"

How would the man of learning vast
Have been astonished and aghast!
And vowed that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less
seen!

Ah! man of learning, you are wrong!
Instinct is more than wisdom strong;
And He who made the sparrow taught
This skill beyond your reach of
thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,
Five little creatures have been blest;
Nor have kings known, in palaces,
Half their contentedness in this,
Poor, simple dwelling as it is!

MARY HOWITT.

THE PARROT.

A TRUE STORY.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things im-
parts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land, and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day,
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no
more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous
screech,

Dropt down, and died!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PUSS AND THE PARROT.

A PARROT that lived at a gentleman's
house

Could chatter, and sometimes lie still
as a mouse;

He was hung at the door in a cage
that was gay,

And treated with plenty; one fine
sunny day,

When the cat, through mere envy, was
thus heard to say,

"Pray, sir, do you live on these ex-
cellent things

Because you're a bird, and have feath-
ers and wings?

If a cat is in want of a dinner that's
nice,

She must hunt in the garret or cellar
for mice."

The parrot, observing the cat in a
rage,

Said, "Pray, Miss Puss, are you fond
of a cage?

Should you like to be kept in a prison
like me,

And never permitted your neighbors
to see?

Deprived of all means of assisting
yourself,

Though numberless dainties in sight
on the shelf?

Should you like to be fed at the will
of a master,

And die of neglect or some cruel dis-
aster?

You cannot believe it more happy to
be

A parrot encaged, than a cat, and quite
free?"

The cat was convinced that this rea-
soning was true,

And, ashamed of her envy, in silence
withdrew.

THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE brown owl sits in the ivy-bush,

And she looketh wondrous wise,

With a horny beak beneath her
cowl,

And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the selfsame
spray

From sunrise till sunset;

And the dim gray light it was all too
bright

For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a
merry little bird,

"They say you're wondrous wise;

But I don't think you see, though
you're looking at me

With your large, round shining
eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale
white moon

Rolled high up in the skies;

And the great brown owl flew away in
her cowl,

With her large, round shining
eyes.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

He picked up the acorn and buried it
straight

By the side of a river both deep and
great.

Where then did the raven go?

He went high and low;

Over hill, over dale, did the black
raven go.

Many autumns, many springs

Travelled he with wandering wings:

Many summers, many winters;

I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him
a she,

And the acorn was grown to a tall oak
tree;

They built them a nest in the topmost
bough,

And young ones they had, and were
happy enow.

But soon came a woodman in leathern
guise;

His brow, like a pent-house, hung over
his eyes.

He'd an axe in his hand; not a word
he spoke,

But with many a "Hem!" and a
sturdy stroke

At length he brought down the poor
raven's old oak;

His young ones were killed, for they
could not depart,

And their mother did die of a broken
heart.

The boughs from the trunk the wood-
man did sever,

And they floated it down on the course
of the river;

They sawed it in planks, and its bark
they did strip,

And with this tree and others they
made a good ship.

The ship it was launched, but in
sight of the land

Such a storm there did rise as no ship
could withstand.

It bulged on a rock, and the waves
rushed in fast:

The old raven flew round and round,
and cawed to the blast.

He heard the last shriek of the perish-
ing souls—

See! see! o'er the topmast the mad
water rolls!

Right glad was the raven, and off he
went fleet,

And Death riding home on a cloud he
did meet,

And he thanked him again and again
for this treat:

They had taken his all, and revenge
was sweet.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BOY AND LARK.

Who taught you to sing,

My sweet pretty birds?

Who tuned your beautiful throats?

You make all the woods

And the valleys to ring,

You bring the first news

Of the earliest spring,

With your loud and silvery notes.

"It was God," said a lark,

As he rose from the earth;

"He gives us the good we enjoy:

He painted our wings,

He gave us our voice,

He finds us our food,

He bids us rejoice—

Good-morning, my beautiful boy!"

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.



THE SINGING-LESSON.

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake ;
 She sang a few notes out of tune ;
 Her heart was ready to break,
 And she hid from the moon.
 She wrung her claws, poor thing !
 But was far too proud to weep ;
 She tucked her head under her wing,
 And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
 Came sauntering up to the place ;
 The nightingale felt herself blush,
 Though feathers hid her face.
 She knew they had heard her song,
 She felt them snicker and sneer ;
 She thought this life was too long,
 And wished she could skip a year.

“ Oh, Nightingale,” cooed a dove—
 “ Oh, Nightingale, what’s the use ?

You bird of beauty and love,
 Why behave like a goose ?
 Don’t skulk away from our sight,
 Like common, contemptible fowl ;
 You bird of joy and delight,
 Why behave like an owl ?

“ Only think of all you have done,
 Only think of all you can do ;
 A false note is really fun
 From such a bird as you.
 Lift up your proud little crest,
 Open your musical beak ;
 Other birds have to do their best—
 You need only to speak.”

The nightingale shyly took
 Her head from under her wing,
 And, giving the dove a look,
 Straightway began to sing.

There was never a bird could pass ;
 The night was divinely calm,
 And the people stood on the grass
 To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care ;
 She only sang to the skies ;
 Her song ascended there,
 And there she fixed her eyes.
 The people that stood below
 She knew but little about ;
 And this story's a moral, I know,
 If you'll try to find it out.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

"Good-night, Sir Rook," said a little
 Lark ;
 "The daylight fades, it will soon be
 dark ;
 I've bathed my wings in the sun's
 last ray,
 I've sung my hymn to the dying
 day ;
 So now I haste to my quiet nook
 In yon dewy meadow ; good-night,
 Sir Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his
 titled friend,
 With a haughty toss and a distant
 bend ;
 "I also go to my rest profound,
 But not to sleep on the cold damp
 ground ;
 The fittest place for a bird like me
 Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine
 tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day,
 And saw you taking your upward
 way,

Dreaming your fond romantic
 dreams—

An ugly speck in the sun's bright
 beams—

Soaring too high to be seen or heard ;
 And said to myself, What a foolish
 bird !

"I trod the park with a princely air,
 I filled my crop with the richest fare ;
 I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
 And I made more noise in the world
 than you :

The sun shone forth on my ebony
 wing ;

I looked and wondered ; good-night,
 poor thing !"

"Good-night, once more," said the
 Lark's sweet voice ;

"I see no cause to repent my choice.
 You build your nest in the lofty pine,
 But is your slumber more soft than
 mine ?

You make more noise in the world
 than I,
 But whose is the sweetest minstrelsy ?"

TO THE LARK.

In the sun's bright gold,
 O'er mountain and wold,
 Thy gladsome song doth ring,
 As thou fliest free
 Through the azure sea,
 Cooling thy airy wing.

Where the light cloud soars,
 Where the torrent pours,
 Canst thou flit o'er the mountain's
 brow ;

Then down at a bound
 From the sky to the ground—
 Oh, a glorious life hast thou !

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark.

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,

He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame Power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER.

GRADATION.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
The plumpest fly; all, all unheeded
Were struggles, cries, and agony,
As for his life the victim pleaded.
"Nay," quoth the sparrow, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A hawk surprised him at his meal,
And in a trice poor Sparrow spitted;

In vain he gasped his last appeal:

"What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed?"

"Peace!" quoth the captor; "you must die,

For you are not so strong as I."

Down swooped an eagle, who had spied

With grim delight the state of matters;

"Release me, king," the victim cried,
"You tear my very flesh to tatters."

"Nay," quoth the eagle, "you must die,

For you are not so strong as I."

A bullet whistled at the word,

And struck him ere his feast was ended;

"Ah, tyrant!" shrieked the dying bird,
"To murder him who ne'er offend-
ed!"

"Oh," quoth the sportsman, "you must die,

For you are not so strong as I."

THE CLOCKING HEN.

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?

There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Oh, thank you!" said the clocking hen,

"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs—
I cannot walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock!"

Said the clocking hen;

"My little chicks will soon be hatched;
I'll think about it then."

The clocking hen sat on her nest—

She made it in the hay—

And warm and snug beneath her
breast

A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack! went all the eggs—

Out dropt the chickens small.

"Clock!" said the clocking hen;

"Now I have you all.

Come along, my little chicks!

I'll take a walk with *you*."

"Hollo!" said the barn-door cock,

"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.



THE CHICKENS.

SEE! the chickens round the gate
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Let us open wide the door;
Throw out crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them; now how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, every one!
Eager, busy hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick;
See the hen, with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good!

With what care their steps she leads!

Them, and not herself, she feeds,

Picking here and picking there,

Where the nicest morsels are.

As she calls they flock around,

Bustling all along the ground;

When their daily labors cease,

And at night they rest in peace,

All the little tiny things

Nestle close beneath her wings;

There she keeps them safe and warm,

Free from fear and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend:

Your almighty Father, Friend,

Though unseen by mortal eye,

Watches o'er you from on high;

As the hen her chickens leads,

Shelters, cherishes, and feeds,

So by Him your feet are led,

Over you His wings are spread.

D. A. T.

KATY'S GUESS.

With twelve white eggs in a downy
nest

The old hen sits in a box in the shed,
And the children yesterday stood and
guessed

Of the hopes that hid in her speckled
breast,

Of the dreams that danced through
her red-crowned head.

"She thinks," said the labor-hating
Ned,

"Of a land where weasels are all
asleep,

Where the hawks are blind and the
dogs are dead,

Where are heaps of corn as high as
the shed,

And plenty of earth-worms for her
to eat."

"She remembers the county fair,"
says Bess,

"And the prize she took at Hamp-
ton town."

"No, no, she don't," cried James the
less—

"She dreams of her little ducks, I
guess—

She is wondering yet why they
didn't drown."

"And what say you, little Curly-
pate?

I see a thought in your merry eye."

"She fink," says the bright-haired
baby Kate,

As she lifts the latch of the garden-gate,

"Vere'll be tickens to *skatch* for by
and by."

Three cheers for the wisdom of three-
years old!

Who told you the secret, little pet,
That love is better than ease or gold,
That labor for love pays a thousand-
fold?

"Oo finked it oorself?" Well, don't
forget.



THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty
pond too;

About it white daisies and buttercups
grew,

And dark weeping-willows, that
stooped to the ground,

Dipped in their long branches and
shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would
repair,

To feast on the green water-weeds that
grew there;

Indeed, the assembly would frequent-
ly meet

To talk o'er affairs in this pleasant
retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were
wont to converse

I'm sorry I cannot include in my
verse,

For, though I've oft listened in hopes
of discerning,

I own 'tis a matter that baffles my
learning.

One day a young chicken who lived
thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pass
in and out,
Now standing tail upwards, now diving below—
She thought, of all things, she should
like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
“I’ve really a great mind to venture
in there;
My mother’s oft told me I must not
go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell
why.

“Ducks have feathers and wings, and
so have I too;
And my feet—what’s the reason that
they will not do?
Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their*
beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be
drowned?

“So why should not I swim as well
as a duck?
Suppose that I venture, and e’en try
my luck?
For,” said she, ‘spite of all that her
mother had taught her,
“I’m really remarkably fond of the
water.”

So in this poor ignorant animal
flew,
And found that her dear mother’s
cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she
turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on
the ground.

But now ’twas too late to begin to repent:
The harder she struggled the deeper
she went;
And when every effort she vainly had
tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom
and died.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly
to quack
When they saw the poor fowl floating
dead on its back,
And by their grave looks, it was very
apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not
minding a parent.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

THE white turkey was dead! the white
turkey was dead!

How the news through the barnyard
went flying!

Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys
were left,

And their case for assistance was
crying.

E’en the peacock respectfully folded
his tail

As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, “Now the
old bird is dead,

Who will tend her poor chicks on
the morrow?

And when evening around them comes
dreary and chill,

Who above them will watchfully
hover?”

“Two each night I will tuck ’neath
my wings,” said the duck,

“Though I’ve eight of my own I
must cover.”

"I have *so much* to do! For the bugs
and the worms

In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';
I have nothing to spare—for my own
I must care,"

Said the hen with one chicken.

'How I wish," said the goose, "I
could be of some use,
For my heart is with love over-
brimming!

The next morning that's fine they
shall go with my nine

Little yellow-backed goslings out
swimming."

"I will do what I can," the old Dork-
ing put in,

"And for help they may call upon
me too,

Though I've ten of my own that are
only half grown,

And a great deal of trouble to see
to.

But those poor little things, they are
all heads and wings,

And their bones through their feath-
ers are stickin'!"

"Very hard it may be, but oh don't
come to me!"

Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is
nobody knows—

I'm the most overburdened of
mothers!

They must learn, little elves, how to
scratch for themselves,

And not seek to depend upon oth-
ers."

She went by with a cluck, and the
goose to the duck

Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I
never!"

Said the duck, "I declare, those who
have the least care,

You will find, are complaining for
ever!

And when all things appear to look
threatening and drear,

And when troubles your pathway
are thick in,

For aid in your woe, oh beware how
you go

To a hen with one chicken!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

DAME DUCK'S LECTURE.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow:

Their little wings are short, their
down

Is mottled gray and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream

That runs into the moat,

Where tall green sedges spread their
leaves,

And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook

The old duck made her nest

Of straw and leaves and withered
grass,

And down from her own breast;

And there she sat for four long weeks,

In rainy days and fine,

Until the ducklings all came out—

Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped from out beneath her
wing,

One scrambled on her back;

"That's very rude," said old Dame
Duck:

"Get off! quack, quack, quack,
quack!"

"Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving
 out
 The egg-shells with her bill;
 "Besides, it never suits young ducks
 To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
 "Now, children, look at me:
 A well-bred duck should waddle so,
 From side to side—d'ye see?"
 "Yes," said the little ones. And then
 She went on to explain:
 "A well-bred duck turns in its toes
 As I do: try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling
 on.
 "That's better," said their mother;
 "But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
 Straight—one behind another."
 "Yes," said the little ducks again,
 All waddling in a row.
 "Now to the pond!" said old Dame
 Duck.
 Splash! splash! and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame
 Duck;
 "To this side, now to that;
 There, snap at those great brown-
 winged flies:
 They make young ducklings fat.
 Now, when you reach the poultry-
 yard,
 The hen-wife, Molly Head,
 Will feed you, with the other fowls,
 On bran and mashed-up bread;

"The hens will peck and fight, but
 mind,
 I hope that all of you
 Will gobble up the food as fast
 As well-bred ducks should do.

You'd better get into the dish,
 Unless it is too small;
 In that case I should use my foot,
 And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
 And found the plan so good
 That from that day the other fowls
 Got hardly any food.
 Thus old Dame Duck brought up her
 brood
 In such a genteel way
 That every little waddler kept
 Improving every day.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.



OVER IN THE MEADOW.

OVER in the meadow,
 In the sand, in the sun,
 Lived an old mother-toad
 And her little toadie one.
 "Wink!" said the mother;
 "I wink," said the one:
 So she winked and she blinked
 In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
 Where the stream runs blue,
 Lived an old mother-fish
 And her little fishes two.
 "Swim!" said the mother;
 "We swim," said the two:
 So they swam and they leaped
 Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
 In a hole in a tree,
 Lived a mother blue-bird
 And her little birdies three.
 "Sing!" said the mother;
 "We sing," said the three:
 So they sang and were glad
 In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
 In the reeds on the shore,
 Lived a mother-muskrat
 And her little ratties four.
 "Dive!" said the mother;
 "We dive," said the four:
 So they dived and they burrowed
 In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
 In a snug beehive,
 Lived a mother honey-bee
 And her little honeys five.
 "Buzz!" said the mother;
 "We buzz," said the five:
 So they buzzed and they hummed
 In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
 In a nest built of sticks,
 Lived a black mother-crow
 And her little crows six.
 "Caw!" said the mother;
 "We caw," said the six:
 So they cawed and they called
 In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
 Where the grass is so even,
 Lived a gay mother-cricket
 And her little crickets seven.
 "Chirp!" said the mother;
 "We chirp," said the seven:
 So they chirped cheery notes
 In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
 By the old mossy gate,
 Lived a brown mother-lizard
 And her little lizards eight.
 "Bask!" said the mother;
 "We bask," said the eight:
 So they basked in the sun
 On the old mossy gate,

Over in the meadow,
 Where the clear pools shine,
 Lived a green mother-frog
 And her little froggies nine.
 "Croak!" said the mother;
 "We croak," said the nine:
 So they croaked and they plashed
 Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
 In a sly little den,
 Lived a gray mother-spider
 And her little spiders ten.
 "Spin!" said the mother;
 "We spin," said the ten:
 So they spun lace webs
 In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
 In the soft summer even,
 Lived a mother-firefly
 And her little flies eleven.
 "Shine!" said the mother;
 "We shine," said the eleven:
 So they shone like stars
 In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
 Where the men dig and delve,
 Lived a wise mother-ant
 And her little anties twelve.
 "Toil!" said the mother;
 "We toil," said the twelve:
 So they toiled, and were wise,
 Where the men dig and delve.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

THE TOAD'S GOOD-BYE TO THE CHILDREN.

GOOD-BYE, little children, I'm going
 away,
 In my snug little home all winter to
 stay;

I seldom get up, once I'm tucked in
my bed,
And as it grows colder I cover my
head.

I sleep very quietly all winter
through,
And really enjoy it; there's nothing
to do;
The flies are all gone, so there's nothing
to eat,
And I take this time to enjoy a good
sleep.

My bed is a nice little hole in the
ground,
Where, snug as a bug, in the winter
I'm found;
You might think long fasting would
make me grow thin,
But no! I stay plump as when I go in.

And, now, little children, good-bye,
one and all;
Some warm day, next spring, I shall
give you a call:
I'm quite sure to know when to get
out of bed—
When I feel the warm sun shining
down on my head.



A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A FROG he would a-woosing go—
Sing, heigh-ho! says Rowley—
Whether his mother would let him or
no;
With a rowley, powley, gammon
and spinach;
Heigh-ho! says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched with his opera-
hat,
And on the way he met with a rat.

And when they came to the mouse's
hall,
They gave a loud knock, and they
gave a loud call:

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes, kind sir; I am sitting to
spin."

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us
some beer,
For Froggy and I are fond of good
cheer?"

Now, while they were all a-merrymak-
ing,
The cat and her kittens came tumb-
ling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the
crown;
The kittens they pulled the little mouse
down.

This put poor Frog in a terrible
fright,
So he took up his hat, and he wished
them good-night.

But as Froggy was crossing over a
brook,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled
him up.

So there was an end of one, two, and
three—
Heigh-ho! says Rowley—
The rat, the mouse, and the little
Froggee!
With a rowley, powley, gammon
and spinach;
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

TWENTY froggies went to school
 Down beside a rushy pool :
 Twenty little coats of green,
 Twenty vests all white and clean.
 "We must be in time," said they ;
 "First we study, then we play ;
 That is how we keep the rule
 When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
 Called the classes in their turn ;
 Taught them how to nobly strive,
 Likewise how to leap and dive ;
 From his seat upon the log,
 Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
 Also how to dodge a blow
 From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast ;
 Bullfrogs they became at last ;
 Not one dunce among the lot,
 Not one lesson they forgot ;
 Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be,
 Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER.

 THE FLY.

BABY BYE,
 Here's a fly ;
 Let us watch him, you and I.
 How he crawls
 Up the walls !
 Yet he never falls.
 I believe, with six such legs,
 You and I could walk on eggs !
 There he goes
 On his toes,
 Tickling baby's nose !

Spots of red
 Dot his head,
 Rainbows on his back are spread !
 That small speck
 Is his neck :
 See him nod and beck.
 I can show you, if you choose,
 Where to look to find his shoes—
 Three small pairs,
 Made of hairs ;
 These he always wears !

Black and brown
 Is his gown ;
 He can wear it upside down.
 It is laced
 Round his waist :
 I admire his taste.
 Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
 He will lose them, I'm afraid,
 If to-night
 He gets a sight
 Of the candle-light.

In the sun
 Webs are spun :
 What if he gets into one?
 When it rains,
 He complains
 On the window-panes.
 Tongues to talk have you and I ;
 God has given the little fly
 No such things ;
 So he sings
 With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
 Bread and meat :
 There's a mouth between his feet !
 On his back
 Is a sack
 Like a peddler's pack.

Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb;
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so.
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk.
Fie! oh fie!
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb;
So they fly bareheaded home:
But the gnat
Wears a hat:
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we;
So, how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell:
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay;
Little fly, good-day!

THEODORE TILTON.

THE FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light,
Dazzling, captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true—
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame—vain thing, beware!—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round;
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morn; at daybreak rise;
Danger then you may despise,
Enjoying in the sunny air
The life your caution now may spare.

Lo! my counsel naught avails;
Round and round and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern;
Prithee, trifter, *canst* thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart;
Why persist? I plead in vain—
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this—deny who can—
Is not this a type of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let all apply;
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

BRUCK

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
 How neat she spreads the wax!
 And labors hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
 I would be busy too,

For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
 Said the spider to the fly;
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor
 That ever you did spy.
 The way into my parlor
 Is up a winding stair,
 And I have many curious things
 To show when you are there."
 "Oh no, no," said the little fly;
 "To ask me is in vain,
 For who goes up your winding stair
 Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
 With soaring up so high;
 Will you rest upon my little bed?"
 Said the spider to the fly.
 "There are pretty curtains drawn
 around,
 The sheets are fine and thin,
 And if you like to rest a while,
 I'll snugly tuck you in."
 "Oh no, no," said the little fly,
 "For I've often heard it said
 They never, never wake again
 Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
 "Dear friend, what shall I do
 To prove the warm affection
 I've always felt for you?
 I have within my pantry
 Good store of all that's nice;
 I'm sure you're very welcome—
 Will you please to take a slice?"
 "Oh no, no," said the little fly;
 "Kind sir, that cannot be;
 I've heard what's in your pantry,
 And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
 "You're witty and you're wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings!
 How brilliant are your eyes!
 I have a little looking-glass
 Upon my parlor-shelf;
 If you'll step in one moment, dear,
 You shall behold yourself."
 "I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
 "For what you're pleased to say;
 And, bidding you good-morning now,
 I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
 And went into his den,
 For well he knew the silly fly
 Would soon come back again:
 So he wove a subtle web
 In a little corner sly,
 And set his table ready
 To dine upon the fly.
 Then he came out to his door again,
 And merrily did sing:
 "Come hither, hither, pretty fly
 With the pearl and silver wing;
 Your robes are green and purple,
 There's a crest upon your head;
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
 But mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon
 This silly little fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words,
 Came slowly flitting by!
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
 Then near and nearer drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
 And her green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—
 Poor, foolish thing!—At last,
 Up jumped the cunning spider,
 And fiercely held her fast.
 He dragged her up his winding stair,
 Into his dismal den,
 Within his little parlor—
 But she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children,
 Who may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words,
 I pray you, ne'er give heed!
 Unto an evil counsellor
 Close heart and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale
 Of the spider and the fly.

MARY HOWITT.

A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A HUNGRY spider made a web
 Of thread so very fine,
 Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
 The little slender line.
 Round about and round about,
 And round about it spun,
 Straight across, and back again,
 Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty, shining web
 It was when it was done!
 The little flies all came to see
 It hanging in the sun.

Round about and round about,
And round about they danced,
Across the web, and back again,
They darted and they glanced.

The hungry spider sat and watched
The happy little flies;
It saw all round about its head,
It had so many eyes.

Round about and round about,
And round about they go,
Across the web, and back again,
Now high—now low.

“I’m hungry, very hungry,”
Said the spider to a fly.
“If you were caught within the web
You very soon should die.”

But round about and round about,
And round about once more,
Across the web, and back again,
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
To venture near the spider;
They flapped their little wings, and
flew

In circles rather wider.

Round about and round about,
And round about went they,
Across the web, and back again,
And then they flew away.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.

I AM a honey-bee,
Buzzing away
Over the blossoms
The long summer day,
Now in the lily's cup
Drinking my fill,

Now where the roses bloom
Under the hill.
Gayly we fly,
My fellows and I,
Seeking the honey our hives to supply.

Up in the morning—
No laggards are we—
Skimming the clover-tops
Ripe for the bee,
Waking the flowers
At dawning of day,
Ere the bright sun
Kiss the dewdrops away.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging

Back to the hive with the store we are
bringing.

No idle moments
Have we through the day,
No time to squander
In sleep or in play.
Summer is flying,
And we must be sure
Food for the winter
At once to secure.
Bees in a hive
Are up and alive—

Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive.

Awake, little mortals!
No harvest for those
Who waste their best hours
In slothful repose.
Come out;—to the morning
All bright things belong—
And listen a while
To the honey-bee's song.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging,
Industry ever its own reward bring
ing.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
 This is the song of the bee;
 His legs are of yellow,
 A jolly good fellow,
 And yet a great worker, is he.

In days that are sunny
 He's getting his honey;
 In days that are cloudy
 He's making his wax;
 On pinks and on lilies,
 And gay daffodillies,
 And columbine blossoms
 He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
 The sweet-smelling clover
 He, humming, hangs over;
 The scent of the roses
 Makes fragrant his wings;
 He never gets lazy:
 From thistle and daisy,
 And weeds of the meadow,
 Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
 From morning's first gray light,
 Till fading of daylight,
 He's singing and toiling
 The summer day through.
 Oh! we may get weary,
 And think work is dreary;
 'Tis harder by far
 To have nothing to do!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE LADY-BIRD AND THE ANT.

THE lady-bird sat in the rose's heart,
 And smiled with pride and scorn
 As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by
 With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew the curtains of damask
 round,
 And adjusted her silken vest,
 Making her glass of a drop of dew
 That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant
 looked up,
 And, seeing her haughty face,
 Took no more notice, but travelled on
 At the same industrious pace.
 But a sudden blast of autumn came,
 And rudely swept the ground,
 And down the rose with the lady-bird
 bent
 And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much
 amazed,
 For she knew not where to go,
 And hoarse November's early blast
 Had brought with it rain and snow.
 Her wings were chilled and her feet
 were cold,
 And she wished for the ant's warm
 cell;
 And what she did in the wintry storm
 I am sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
 With her little ones by her side;
 She taught them all like herself to
 toil,
 Nor mind the sneer of pride;
 And I thought, as I sat at the close of
 day,
 Eating my bread and milk,
 It was wiser to work and improve my
 time
 Than be idle and dress in silk.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.



**BUTTERFLY BLUE AND GRASSHOPPER
YELLOW.**

BUTTERFLY BLUE and Grasshopper
Yellow,

A gay little fop and a spruce little fel-
low!

A sauntering pair

In the soft summer air,

With nothing to do, either ancient or
new,

But to bask in the sunshine or pleas-
ure pursue,

Or fatten on honey, or tippie on dew;

And constantly, when

They're through with it, then

To bask and to eat and to tippie again!

Butterfly Blue and Grasshopper Yel-
low,

The gay young sprig and the jaunty
young fellow!

They're always arrayed in the top of
the fashion,

For **Butterfly Blue** for dress has a pas-
sion!

And Grasshopper Yellow,

The fast little fellow,

His very long whiskers and legs cuts a
dash on!

And so, as they go,

They make a fine show,

And each thinks himself a most ex-
quisite beau!

Is there any one here like **Butterfly
Blue**?

Not you, little Laura, nor you, little
Sue!

Is there any one here like Grasshop-
per Yellow?

It couldn't be Jack, the nice little fel-
low!

And yet I have heard—
 I give you my word—
 That *somewhere* are little folks quite as
 absurd,
 Who gaze at their clothes with admir-
 ing eyes,
 And would rather be showy than use-
 ful and wise;
 Who love to be idle, and never will
 think
 Of anything else but to eat and to
 drink!

Not you, dears; oh no!
 It couldn't be so;
 This moral to some other country must
 go,
 For all of *our* children are splendid,
 we know.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was buzzing
 by,
 And he said, "Little cousin, can you
 tell me why
 You are loved so much better by peo-
 ple than I?"

"My back shines as bright and yellow
 as gold,
 And my shape is most elegant, too, to
 behold;
 Yet nobody likes me for that, I am
 told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all
 very true;
 But if I had half as much mischief to
 do,
 Indeed they would love me no better
 than you.

"You have a fine shape and a deli-
 cate wing;
 They own you are handsome; but
 then there's one thing
 They cannot put up with, and that is
 your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain,
 as you see,
 Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
 Because I'm a humble and innocent
 bee."

From this little story let people be-
 ware,
 Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured
 they are,
 They will never be loved if they're
 ever so fair.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away
 let us haste
 To the Butterfly's ball and the Grass-
 hopper's feast;
 The trumpeter Gad-fly has summoned
 the crew,
 And the revels are now only waiting
 for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the
 side of a wood,
 Beneath a broad oak which for ages
 had stood,
 See the children of earth and the
 tenants of air
 For an evening's amusement together
 repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind
 and so black,
 Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on
 his back;

And there came the Gnat, and the
Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange,
and blue.

And there came the Moth in his
plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow
and brown,
Who with him the Wasp his compan-
ion did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay
by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out
of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother,
the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping
out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length
of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was
laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth
made;
The viands were various, to each of
their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to
sweeten the feast.

There, close on his haunches, so sol-
emn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to
the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such
diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a
tree.

Then out came a Spider, with fingers
so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight
line:

From one branch to another his cob-
web he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted
along.

But just in the middle, oh, shocking
to tell!

From his rope in an instant poor
Harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but,
with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of
a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk
and a spring;
Very long was his leg, though but short
was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon
out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest
of the night.

With steps quite majestic the Snail did
advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to
dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he
pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to
bed.

Then, as evening gave way to the shad-
ows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came
out with his light;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we
can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you
and for me.

THE BEES.

OH, mother dear, pray tell me where
 The bees in winter stay?
 The flowers are gone they feed upon,
 So sweet in summer's day.

My child, they live within the hive,
 And have enough to eat;
 Amid the storm they're clean and
 warm,
 Their food is honey sweet.

Say, mother dear, how came it there?
 Did father feed them so?
 I see no way in winter's day
 That honey has to grow.

No, no, my child; in summer mild
 The bees laid up their store
 Of honey-drops in little cups,
 Till they would want no more.

In cups, you said—how are they
 made?
 Are they as large as ours?
 Oh no; they're all made nice and small,
 Of wax found in the flowers.

Our summer's day, to work and play,
 Is now in mercy given,
 And we must strive, long as we live,
 To lay up stores in heaven.

HASTINGS' NURSERY SONGS.

TO THE LADY-BIRD.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird! fly away home!
 The field-mouse has gone to her
 nest,
 The daisies have shut up their sleepy
 red eyes,
 And the bees and the birds are at
 rest,

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
 The glow-worm is lighting her
 lamp,
 The dew's falling fast, and your fine
 speckled wings
 Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
 Good luck if you reach it at last!
 The owl's come abroad, and the bat's
 on the roam,
 Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
 The fairy bells tinkle afar!
 Make haste, or they'll catch you, and
 harness you fast
 With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
 To your house in the old willow
 tree,
 Where your children so dear have in-
 vited the ant
 And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
 And if not gobbled up by the way,
 Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's
 car,
 You're in luck!—and that's all I've
 to say.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

A GRASSHOPPER having sung
 The summer long,
 When the wintry wind blew
 Found her comforts few—
 No house from the snow and sleet
 To guard her;
 Not a single bit to eat
 In her larder.

Neither worm-chop nor fly-leg;
 The dainty dame must starve or beg.
 Hungry, she goes to her neighbor ant
 With her sad tale of want:
 "Pray lend me from your store,
 Till the winter is o'er:
 On my faith, I will pay
 Round interest, besides the loan."

The ant—bad lender, I must own—
 Doubting much of the pay-day,
 Asks of the borrowing lady,
 "What did you do last summer?"

"Night and day to every comer
 I sang, if you please."

"Sang!—do you say?
 Then finish out your play—
Dance now at your ease."

THE SILKWORM.

SILKWORM on the mulberry tree,
 Spin a silken robe for me;
 Draw the threads out fine and strong,
 Longer yet—and very long;
 Longer yet—'twill not be done
 Till a thousand more are spun.
 Silkworm, turn this mulberry tree
 Into silken threads for me!

All day long, and many a day,
 Busy silkworms spin away;
 Some are ending, some beginning;
 Nothing thinking of but spinning!
 Well for them! Like silver light,
 All the threads are smooth and bright;
 Pure as day the silk must be,
 Woven from the mulberry tree!

Ye are spinning well and fast;
 'Twill be finished all at last.

Twenty thousand threads are drawn,
 Finer than the finest lawn;
 And as long this silken twine,
 As the equinoctial line!
 What a change! The mulberry tree
 Turneth into silk for me!

Spinning ever! now 'tis done,
 Silken threads enough are spun!
 Spinning, they will spin no more—
 All their little lives are o'er!
 Pile them up—a costly heap!—
 Each in his coffin gone to sleep!
 Silkworm on the mulberry tree,
 Thou hast spun and died for me!

MARY HOWITT.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

With wings like crystal air,
 Dyed with the rainbow's dye,
 Fluttering here and there,
 Prythee tell me, Dragon-fly,
 Whence thou comest,
 Where thou roamest,
 Art thou of the earth or sky?

'Mongst plumes of meadow-sweet
 I see thee glance and play,
 Or light with airy feet
 Upon a nodding spray,
 Or, sailing slow,
 I see thee go
 In sunshine far away.

Tell me, prythee, Dragon-fly,
 What and whence thou art?
 Whether of the earth or sky,
 Or of flowers a part?
 And who together,
 This fine weather,
 Put thee, glorious as thou art?

He maketh no reply,
 But all things answer loud,
 "Who formed the Dragon-fly
 Formed sun, and sea, and cloud—
 Formed flower and tree,
 Formed me and thee,
 With nobler gifts endowed."
 Save for the Eternal Thought,
 Bright shape, thou hadst not been;
 He from dull matter wrought
 Thy purple and thy green,
 And made thee take,
 E'en for my sake,
 Thy beauty and thy sheen.

—♦—
 MARY HOWITT.

THE LITTLE FISH.

"DEAR MOTHER," said a little fish,
 "Pray, is not that a fly?
 I'm very hungry, and I wish
 You'd let me go and try."
 "Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
 And started from her nook,
 "That horrid fly is put to hide
 The sharpness of the hook."
 Now, as I've heard, this little trout
 Was young and foolish too,
 And so he thought he'd venture out
 To see if it were true.
 And round about the hook he played
 With many a longing look,
 And, "Dear me!" to himself he said,
 "I'm sure that's not a *hook*.
 "I can but give one little pluck:
 Let's see, and so I will."
 So on he went, and lo! it stuck
 Quite through his little gill.
 And as he faint and fainter grew,
 With hollow voice he cried,
 "Dear mother, had I minded you
 I need not now have died."

ROY'S WISH.

"I WISH I was a little dog,"
 Roy, pouting, said one day
 To mamma, who'd refused him leave
 Out in the rain to play,—
 "'Cause little dogs don't have to ask
 Their mammas if they may,
 But go just where they want to go,
 And always have their way!"
 And then he pouted all the more,
 Stamped loud, and kicked against the
 door.

Mamma looked grieved, yet no reply
 Her naughty boy she made;
 But when 'twas supper-time Roy's
 plate

At table was not laid;
 Yet on the hearth he saw it placed,
 With scraps of meat and bread,
 His pretty silver cup, with milk
 Close by, where Jip was fed.

A moment more, two chubby arms
 Round mamma's neck were
 pressed,—

A little boy with golden hair
 Was sobbing on her breast.
 "I—don't—don't—want—to—be—to
 —be

A—dog—gie—any—more!"
 Sobbed little Roy, as though his heart
 Were smitten to the core.

Then mamma said, "I'm glad to find
 My little boy has changed his mind!"
 And gently kissed the tears away,
 While Roy was soon absorbed in play.

A. GIDDINGS PARK.

THE WREN AND THE HEN.

SAID a very small wren
 To a very large hen,
 "Pray, why do you make such a
 clatter?"

I never could guess
Why an egg more or less
Should be thought so important a
matter."

Then answered the hen
To the very small wren,
"If I laid such small eggs as you,
madam,
I would not cluck so loud,
Nor would I feel proud,
Look at these! How you'd crow if
you had 'em!"

WHAT SHE LACKED.

MISS PUSSY sat on the lowest bough
Of a waving hickory tree,
Whispering softly, "I'll have you now,
You gay little robin, you'll see!
The old hen watches her chicks thir-
teen,
And has such a fearful way
Of flying at one, that I haven't seen
A bit of fresh meat to-day."

But Master Robin twitters away,
As she stealthily creeps along,
Joining in as the thrush and jay
Chirrup a morning song.
Glancing sidewise once and again
Out of his saucy eye,
As if to say: "You'll catch me then?
Well, madam, suppose you try."

"I have four legs," said Pussy-cat,
"And you, sir, have only two;
I have sharp claws—depend upon
that—
And they'll get the better of you;
I'm stronger, too, than a dozen birds—
Look, now!" and she quickly springs.
But the robin laughed as he soared
away:

"Ha! ha! but you have no wings."

GOD TEACHES THE BIRDS.

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers;
And lay her store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore;
And through the pleasant summer
day
To gather up her store?

'Twas God who taught them all the
way,
And gave their little skill;
He teaches children how to pray,
And do His holy will.

BOB WHITE.

THERE'S a plump little chap, in a
speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing
noon,

When the buckwheat is ripe, and
stacked the corn:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob
White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe
as he?

Now I wonder where Robert White
can be?

O'er the billows of gold and amber grain

There is no one in sight; but, hark
again!

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob
White!"

Ah! I see why he calls: in the stub-
ble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies
fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of
the same,
That he wants all the world to know
his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob
White!"

— — —

THE BUTTERFLIES' FAD.

I happened one night in my travels
To stray into Butterfly Vale,
Where my wondering eyes beheld
butterflies
With wings that were wide as a sail.
They lived in such houses of grand-
eur,
Their days were successions of
joys,
And the very last fad these butterflies
had
Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages
Pinned up on their walls. When I
said
"Twas a terrible sight to see boys in
that plight

I was answered: "Oh, well, they
are dead.

We catch them alive, but we kill them
With ether—a very nice way.
Just look at this fellow—his hair is so
yellow,
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then there is a droll little darky
As black as the clay at our feet,
He sets off that blond that is pinned
just beyond

In a way most artistic and neat.
And now let me show you the latest,—
A specimen really select,
A boy with a head that is carrotty red
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place
him,
Those spots bar him out of each
class.

We think him a treasure to study at
leisure,
And analyze under a glass."

I seemed to grow cold as I listened
To the words that these butterflies
spoke.

With fear overcome, I was speechless
and dumb,
And then with a start—I awoke!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



TREES AND FLOWERS.

TREES AND FLOWERS.



ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky ;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips, that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who hath made all things well.

JOHN KEELE.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,
 You could not do without me ;
 O little birds that come and go,
 You sing sweet songs about me ;
 O little moss, observed by few,
 That round the tree is creeping,
 You like my head to rest on you
 When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river-side,
 You bow when I come near you ;
 O fish, you leap about with pride,
 Because you think I hear you ;
 O river, you shine clear and bright
 To tempt me to look in you ;
 O water-lilies, pure and white,
 You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
 I see I must not leave you ;
 You'd find it very dull, I know—
 I should not like to grieve you.
 Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss ;
 My flowers, you need not shiver ;
 My little buds, don't look so cross ;
 Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm *telling* you I will not go—
 It's foolish to feel slighted ;
 It's rude to interrupt me so—
 You ought to be delighted.
 Ah ! now you're growing good, I see,
 Though anger is beguiling :
 The pretty blossoms nod at me,
 I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
 That will content you, maybe :
 I'll love you through the happy years
 Till I'm a nice old lady.
 True love, like yours and mine, they
 say,

Can never think of ceasing,
 But year by year, and day by day,
 Keep steadily increasing.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring
 forth

Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.
 We might have had enough, enough,
 For every want of ours,
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they
 made,
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night—
 Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness
 Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
 Then wherefore had they birth ?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth ;
 To comfort man—to whisper hope
 Whene'er his faith is dim,
 For Who so careth for the flowers
 Will care much more for him !

MARY HOWITT.



THE WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful
World,
With the wonderful water around you
curled,
And the wonderful grass on your
breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking
the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the
mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the
hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you
go
With the wheat-fields that nod and
the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs,
and isles,
And people upon you for thousands
of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so
small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at
all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-
day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
“You are more than the Earth, though
you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth
cannot!”

LILLIPUT LECTURES.



THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

“Which is the queen of the roses?
Gardener, can you tell?”
“Oh, the queen of the roses to me,
sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.
“She waters the flowers for me, sir,
She carries them out to sell;
Not one is so bright to me, sir,
As my own little grandchild Nell.”

"She works in my garden too, sir;
 She weeds in the shady dell,
 Where the violets and the lilies
 Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended
 More years than I can tell;
 Geranium, Sweet Pea, Fuchsia,
 Jessamine, Gentianelle,

"Salvia and China Aster,
 Heliotrope, Heather-Bell;
 My flowers have been my treasures,
 Next to my grandchild Nell.

"But the Rose is the queen of the
 flowers,
 As every one can tell;
 And *she* is the queen of the roses,
 My own granddaughter Nell."

MRS. HAWTREY.



OUR FLOWERS.

OH, Maggie loves the lily fair!
 And Annie loves the rose;
 But John and I, and Willie too,
 Love every flower that blows.

We love the golden buttercup,
 We love the daisy white;
 The violet blooming in the shade,
 And the roses in the light;

The wall-flower and the marigold,
 And the pretty London-bridge;
 And the blue-bell hanging down its
 head,
 Its laughing eye to hide;

And the hollyhock that turns about
 Its head to seek the sun;
 Oh, dearly do we love the flowers,
 And we love them every one.

Far better than our painted toys,
Though gilded bright and gay,
We love the gentle flowers that bloom
In the sunny summer day.

For it is God who made the flowers,
And careth for them all;
And for our heavenly Father's love
There is not one too small.

He fans them with the gentle wind,
He feeds them with the dew;
And the God who loves the little
flowers
Loves little children too.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

NEW DRESSES.

New dresses? Ay, this is the season!
For *opening day* is close by:
Already I know the "Spring fashions"—
Can tell you, I think, if I try.

Of colors, the first thing to mention,
There's a great variety seen;
But that which obtains the most favor
Is surely a very bright green.

True, the elderly portion are plainer,
And choose, both in country and
town,
To appear in the shades which are
sombre,
And keep on the garments of brown.

Miss *Snow-drop*, the first of the season,
Comes out in such very good taste—
Pure white, with her pretty green
trimmings;
How charming she is! and how
chaste!

Miss *Crocus*, too, shows very early
Her greetings of love for the sun,

And comes in her white, blue, or yellow;
All dresses of hers are home-spun.

And who is this handsome young
master,
A friend to Miss *Crocus* so true?
He comes dressed in purple or yellow,
And sometimes in pink, white, and
blue.

In form he is tall and majestic;
Ah! the Spring has just whispered
his name:
"Hyacinthus," the beau of the season,
And sweet and widespread is his
fame.

Madame *Tulip*, a dashing gay lady,
Appears in a splendid brocade;
She courts the bright sunbeams, which
give her
All colors, of every shade.

She came to us o'er the wide ocean,
Away from her own native air,
But if she can dress as she chooses,
She can be quite at home anywhere.

Narcissus, a very vain fellow,
Has a place in the Spring fashions
too—
Appears in his green, white, and yellow;
In his style, though, there's nothing
that's new.

Miss *Daisy* wears white, with fine flut-
ing;
A sweet little creature is she,
But she loves the broad fields and
green meadows,
And cares not town fashions to see.

Another style, pretty and tasteful—
 Green, dotted with purple or blue—
 Is worn by Miss *Myrtle*, whose beauty
 In shade and retirement grew.

I've borrowed these styles from Dame
 Nature,
 Whose children are always well
 dressed :
 In contrast and blending of colors
 She always knows what is the best.

Already her hand is arranging
 More elaborate trimmings for May ;
 In silence unseen it is working,
 Accomplishing much every day.

Her "full dress" and festive occasion
 Will take place quite early in June,
 Ushered in by low notes of sweet music,
 Which her song-birds alone can at-
 tune.

S. H. BAKER.

THE FÊTE-DAY OF THE FLOWERS.

'Twas whispered all about the garden,
 One bright summer afternoon,
 That Moss Rose would have a fête-day
 In the lovely month of June.
 Soon came round the invitations,
 Brought by zephyrs to each flower ;
 What commotion and what talking
 In each corner, bed, and bower !
 Moss Rose looked the Queen of Beauty,
 Two sweet daughters by her side,
 And her cousin, Rose of Provence,
 Dressed in white, a blushing bride.
 Proud Lilies came, by Pinks escorted,
 Larkspurs flirted with Sweet Peas,
 Mignonette and gentle Daisies,
 Whom old Monkshood loves to
 tease ;

Coreopsis, gay and cheerful,
 Chatted with the Mourning Bride,
 And the dismal Love-lies-bleeding
 Danced with dashing London Pride.

Sweet Williams watched the pensive
 Lupines ;
 Lovely Violets, dressed in blue,
 Came with the Lilies-of-the-Valley,
 Guarded by sober Sage and Rue.
 Asters from China grew quite social,
 Dancing with Canterbury Bells ;
 Indian Pinks and Mountain Laurels
 Petted the Gentians from the dells ;
 In his scarlet hat quite gorgeous
 Came the Cardinal Lobelia ;
 Cross Snap-Dragon saw him whisper
 More than once to fair Camellia.
 Every Rose that graced the garden—
 Wild country ones, and Brier sweet,
 From distant lands and over oceans—
 Came their lovely queen to greet.
 Glorious shone the sun above them,
 Winged with pleasure flew the hours ;
 Edith saw and tells the story
 Of the fête-day of the flowers.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE white Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
 Little White Lily
 Sunshine has fed ;
 Little white Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
 Said, "It is good ;"
 Little white Lily's
 Clothing and food."

Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,

When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.



FLOWERS.

WITH what a lavish hand
God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
Up in the silent hills,

The glen, the bower, the shady
nook,
Their breath with fragrance fills.

They creep along the hedge,
They climb the rugged height,
And, leaning o'er the water's edge,
Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk,
 They pour into my ear,
 Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
 A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,
 No choice of regal bower;
 The humblest, lowliest spot on earth
 May claim the fairest flower.

LILY'S BALL.

LILY gave a party,
 And her little playmates all,
 Gayly drest, came in their best,
 To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
 Sat and never stirred,
 And, except in whispers,
 Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
 Shone in silk and satin;
 Learned old Convolvulus
 Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
 Because the room was hot,
 And went away before the rest
 With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
 Rose with Violet;
 Silly Daisy fell in love
 With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-
 dance,
 One could scarcely tell
 Which of these two danced it best—
 Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all
 Were seated in their places,

I thought I'd never seen before
 So many pretty faces.

But, of all the pretty maidens
 I saw at Lily's ball,
 Darling Lily was to me
 The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
 They went down stairs to sup,
 And each had a taste of honey-cake,
 With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
 Before the set of sun;
 And Lily said "Good-bye," and gave
 A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
 Was shining overhead,
 Lily and all her little friends
 Were fast asleep in bed.

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

THERE'S a little flow'ret,
 White and pure as snow,
 Hides within the woodland,
 White, snow-white, bending low;
 Modestly it hideth
 In the shady dell,
 But its habitation
 Soon each child can tell;
 For around its dwelling
 There's a fragrance shed,
 So that we can find it,
 Though it hides its head.
 Thus good deeds in secret,
 Acts of quiet worth,
 Though no praise awarded,
 Show their merit forth—
 Like the little flow'ret
 Shed a fragrance round,

Whereby, soon or later,
 They are surely found.
 Lilies in the valley,
 Growing pure and bright,
 Fragrant, fresh, and lowly,
 Clad in modest white;

Of that good, an emblem
 Ye to me afford,
 Which still grows in secret,
 Seeking no reward.

RHYME AND REASON.



BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies—

Oh, the pretty flowers!
 Coming ere the spring-time,
 To tell of sunny hours.
 While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare,
 Buttercups and Daisies
 Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
 Ere the crocus bold,
 Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold,
 Somewhere on a sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright,
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,

Like to children poor,
 Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door;
 Purple with the north wind,
 Yet alert and bold,
 Fearing not, and caring not,
 Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?

What are stormy showers?
 Buttercups and Daisies
 Are these human flowers!
 He who gave them hardship
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength,
 And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups,
 Welcome, Daisies white!
 Ye are in my spirit
 Visioned, a delight!
 Coming ere the spring-time
 Of sunny hours to tell,
 Speaking to our hearts of Him
 Who doeth all things well.

MARY HOWITT.

LITTLE DANDELION.

LITTLE bud Dandelion
 Hears from her nest,
 "Merry heart, starry eye,
 Wake from your rest!"
 Wide ope the emerald lids;
 Robin's above;
 Wise little Dandelion
 Smiles at his love.

Cold lie the daisy-banks,
 Clad but in green,
 Where in the Mays ago
 Bright hues were seen.
 Wild pinks are slumbering,
 Violets delay—
 True little Dandelion
 Greeteth the May.

Meek little Dandelion
 Groweth more fair,
 Till dries the amber dew
 Out from her hair.
 High rides the thirsty sun,
 Fiercely and high,—
 Faint little Dandelion
 Closeth her eye.

Dead little Dandelion,
 In her white shroud,
 Heareth the angel-breeze
 Call from the cloud.

Tiny plumes fluttering
 Make no delay,
 Little winged Dandelion
 Soareth away.

HELEN LOUISA BOSTWICK.

READY FOR DUTY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the
 cold,
 Through the brown mould,
 Although the March breezes blew
 keen on her face,
 Although the white snow lay on many
 a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under
 ground
 The sweet rushing sound
 Of the streams as they burst off their
 white winter chains,
 Of the whistling spring winds and the
 pattering rains.

"Now, then," thought Daffy, deep
 down in her heart,
 "It's time I should start."
 So she pushed her soft leaves through
 the hard-frozen ground
 Quite up to the surface, and then she
 looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray
 clouds overhead,
 The trees all looked dead:
 Then how do you think Daffy-down-
 dilly felt,
 When the sun would not shine and
 the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still
 working away;
 "The earth's hard to-day.

There's but a half inch of my leaves
to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow
than green.

"I can't do much yet, but I'll do what
I can.

It's well I began,
For unless I can manage to lift up my
head,
The people will think Spring herself's
dead."

So, little by little, she brought her
leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to
unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring
green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so
true!

I wish all were like you,
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty
together.

MISS WARNER.

THE VIOLET.

Down in the green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spreads its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.



Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

LITTLE SWEET PEA.

OF all the flowers the summer brings,
Little Sweet Pea with unfolded wings,
And a delicate fragrance that from
them springs,
Is sweetest and best to me.

Her sober brown seeds in the ground
I place,
Then wait for the sight of her cheery
face
And little tendrils with clinging grace,
A pleasant sight to see.

Little Sweet Pea is brave and bold:
Early she lifts her head from the
mould;
And, though the winds are searching
and cold,
Never a fear has she.

Though April laughs and cries like a
child,
And even May can be rude and wild,
She knows that June will be friendly
and mild,
So she toils on patiently.

Her neighbors all are at her com-
mand,
Glad to offer a helping hand ;
"You are young," they whisper, "alone
to stand :
"Lean upon me," "And me."

She clasps their fingers upon her way,
And so climbs upward, day by day,
Till June, with a steady, comforting
ray,
Cheers the heart of Sweet Pea ;

And makes it so glad and happy and
light
That she breaks into blossoms fragrant
and bright,
Like rosy butterflies ready for flight,
A joy to all who see.

Constant and true is Sweet Pea, and
though
Early to come, she is late to go.
She stays till the clouds are heavy
with snow,
And all alone is she.

She shivers with cold in the autumn
gale,
Her wings are turning purple and
pale,
The strength departs from her fingers
frail ;
"It is time to go," says she.

The loving friends that helped her to
rise—
Look in her face with sorrowful eyes.
"I will come back again," she cries ;
"Good-bye," says little Sweet Pea.

R. P. UTTER.

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the
ground ;
She put out her thorns, and scratched
everything 'round.

"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be ;
At pricking and scratching, there's
few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and
bright,
Her leaves were dark green, and her
flowers were pure white ;
But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her
They'd go out of their way to keep
clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the violet, over the
way ;
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to
see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and
thus answered he :
"Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty, with even Miss Violet
there ;

"But Violet is always so pleasant and
kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in
mind,
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill-treat,
And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly al-
ways is sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the
pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught
hold of her gown;

"Oh dear! what a tear!

My gown's spoiled, I declare.

That troublesome Brier!—it has no
business there;

Here, John, grub it up, throw it into
the fire;"

And that was the end of the ill-
natured Brier.

ANNA BACHE.



THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

By the dusty roadside,

On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling every-
where;

All round the open door,

Where sit the aged poor;

Here where the children play,

In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

In the noisy city street

My pleasant face you'll meet,

Cheering the sick at heart

Toiling his busy part—

Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

You cannot see me coming,

Nor hear my low sweet humming;

For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where,

More welcome than the flowers

In summer's pleasant hours;

The gentle cow is glad,

And the merry bird not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

When you're numbered with the dead

In your still and narrow bed,

In the happy spring I'll come

And deck your silent home—

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;

My humble song of praise

Most joyfully I raise

To Him at whose command

I beautify the land,

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.



CORN.

THERE is a plant you often see

In gardens and in fields;

Its stalk is straight, its leaves are
long,

And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit when young is soft and
white,

And closely wrapped in green,

And tassels hang from every ear,

Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away,
 The fruit is ripe and old ;
 It peeps from out the wrapping dry
 Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit when young we boil and
 roast,
 When old, we grind it well.
 Now think of all the plants you
 know,
 And try its name to tell.



THE TREE.

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were burst-
 ing their brown :

"Shall I take them away?" said the
 Frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown."

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled
 from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all
 the birds sung :

'Shall I take them away?" said the
 Wind as he swung.

"No, leave them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"
 Said the Tree, while his leaflets quiv-
 ering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-
 summer glow :

Said the girl, "May I gather thy ber-
 ries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see :

Take them : all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his
 laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSÖK.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea--

And wouldst thou hew it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!

Cut not its earth-bound ties;

Oh, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy

I sought its grateful shade;

In all their gushing joy

Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here,

My father pressed my hand--

Forgive this foolish tear,

But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

I'm fond of the good apple tree;
 A very good-natured friend is he,
 For, knock at his door whene'er you
 may,
 He's always something to give away.

Shake him in winter: on all below
 He'll send down a shower of feathery
 snow;
 And when the spring sun is shining
 bright,
 He'll fling down blossoms pink and
 white.

And when the summer comes so warm;
 He shelters the little birds safe from
 harm;
 And shake him in autumn, he will
 not fail
 To send you down apples thick as
 hail.

Therefore, it cannot a wonder be
 That we sing hurrah for the apple
 tree!

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

CHERRIES are ripe,
 Cherries are ripe,
 Oh give the baby one;
 Cherries are ripe,
 Cherries are ripe,
 But baby shall have none;

Babies are too young to choose,
 Cherries are too sour to use;

But by and by,
 Made in a pie,
 No one will them refuse.

Up in the tree
 Robin I see,
 Picking one by one;
 Shaking his bill,
 Getting his fill,
 Down his throat they run:

Robins want no cherry pie;
 Quick they eat, and off they fly;
 My little child,
 Patient and mild,
 Surely will not cry.

Cherries are ripe,
 Cherries are ripe,
 But we will let them fall;
 Cherries are ripe,
 Cherries are ripe,
 But bad for babies small;
 Gladly follow mother's will,
 Be obedient, kind, and still;
 Waiting a while,
 Delighted you'll smile,
 And joyful eat your fill.

HASTINGS' NURSERY SONGS.

THE DISCONTENTED YEW TREE.

A DARK-GREEN prickly yew one night
 Peeped round on the trees of the
 forest,
 And said, "*Their* leaves are smooth
 and bright—
 My lot is the worst and poorest.

"I wish I had golden leaves," said the
 yew;
 And lo! when the morning came,
 He found his wish had come sudden-
 ly true,
 For his branches were all aflame.

Now, by came a Jew, with a bag on
his back,
Who cried, "I'll be rich to-day!"
He stripped the boughs, and, filling
his sack
With the yellow leaves, walked
away.

The yew was as vexed as a tree could
be,
And grieved, as a yew tree grieves,
And sighed, "If Heaven would but
pity me,
And grant me crystal leaves!"

Then crystal leaves crept over the
boughs;
Said the yew, "Now am I not gay?"
But a hailstorm hurricane soon arose
And broke every leaf away.

So he mended his wish yet once
again:

"Of my pride I do now repent;
Give me fresh, green leaves, quite
smooth and plain,
And I will be content."

In the morning he woke in smooth
green leaf,
Saying, "This is a sensible plan;
The storm will not bring my beauty
to grief,
Or the greediness of man."

But the world has goats as well as
men,
And one came snuffing past.
Which ate of the green leaves a mil-
lion and ten,
Not having broken his fast.

Oh then the yew tree groaned aloud:
"What folly was mine, alack!
I was discontented, and I was proud—
Oh give me my old leaves back!"

So when daylight broke he was dark,
dark green,
And prickly as before.
The other trees mocked: "Such a
sight to be seen!
To be near him makes one sore."

The south wind whispered his leaves
between,
"Be thankful, and change no more.
The thing you are is always the thing
That you had better be."
But the north wind said, with a gal-
lant fling,
"The foolish, weak yew tree!"

"What if he blundered twice or
thrice?
There's a turn to the longest lane;
And everything must have its price—
Poor faulterer, try again!"

LILLIPUT LEEVEE.

NATURE.

NATURE.



THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow ;
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again ;
March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil ;
April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet ;
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams ;
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies ;
Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gilliflowers ;
August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne ;
Warm September brings the fruit,—
Sportsmen then begin to shoot ;

Fresh October brings the pheasant,—
Then to gather nuts is pleasant ;
Dull November brings the blast,—
Then the leaves are whirling fast ;
Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

SPRING day ! happy day !
God hath made the earth so gay !
Every little flower He waketh,
Every herb to grow He maketh.
When the pretty lambs are springing,
When the little birds are singing,
Child, forget not God to praise,
Who hath sent such happy days.

SUMMER.

Summer day ! sultry day !
Hotly burns the noontide ray ;
Gentle drops of summer showers
Fall on thirsty trees and flowers ;
On the cornfield rain doth pour,
Ripening grain for winter store.
Child, to God thy thanks should be,
Who in summer thinks of thee.

AUTUMN.

Autumn day ! fruitful day !
See what God hath given away !

Orchard trees with fruit are bending,
 Harvest wains are homeward wending,
 And the Lord all o'er the land
 Opens wide His bounteous hand.
 Children, gathering fruits that fall,
 Think of God, who gives them all.



WINTER.

Winter day! frosty day!
 God a cloak on all doth lay;

On the earth the snow He shed-
 deth,
 O'er the lamb a fleece He spreadeth,
 Gives the bird a coat of feather
 To protect it from the weather,
 Gives the children home and food—
 Let us praise Him—God is good!

THE SEASONS.

How sweet is a morning in spring,
 When the earth has been watered
 with showers,
 And the air all around is perfumed
 With the fragrance of opening flow-
 ers!

How sweet is the merry lark's song
 Which he cheerily warbles on high,
 As he mounts o'er the trees on the hill,
 And presses his wing on the sky!

How sweet are the bright summer
 months,
 When the garden with herbage is
 filled,
 And the fields are all covered with corn,
 Which the ploughman so lately had
 tilled!

At noon, when the flocks and the
 herds,
 All languid and panting with heat,
 Creep under the wide spreading boughs
 To enjoy a cool mid-day retreat,

How sweet on a bank to recline
 In the shade of a green willow tree,
 And list to the musical stream
 As it ripples away to the sea!

When autumn has spread her rich store
 How sweet in the orchard to walk,
 And catch the ripe fruit as it falls,
 So mellow and plump, from the
 stalk!

When winter has stripped all the trees,
 And fettered the rivulets' flow,
 How sweetly he covers them all
 With a garment of delicate snow !

When the winds to soft silence are
 hushed,
 So gently descends the white shower
 That it bends not the tenderest vine
 Which lifts its young arms to the
 bower.

At night, when the bright beaming stars
 Shed their clustering glories around,
 And the moon, as she sails o'er the
 earth,
 Casts her silvery beams on the ground,

How pleasant to gaze on the sky,
 To such a vast distance outspread,
 And think that a million of worlds
 In splendor roll over my head !

When I look on this beautiful earth,
 When my eyes to the heavens I raise,
 How can I forbear to exclaim
 In the rapturous language of praise,

"How mighty, how kind is our God !
 How great are His goodness and
 power !
 So delightful a dwelling to build
 For creatures who love Him no more !

"O Father of heaven and earth,
 Let every fair object I see
 Fill my bosom with wonder and love,
 And bind my affections to Thee.

"From Thy bountiful hand I received
 Every member and power that is
 mine ;
 Be my childhood, my youth, my old
 age,
 And my life, to eternity, Thine !" **THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**



I LOVE THEM ALL.

THE Spring has many charms for me,
 And many pleasant hours
 To ramble, unrestrained and free,
 Among her blooming flowers.

And Summer, when she visits earth,
 In leafy garb arrayed,
 I bless her for her cooling showers,
 Her sunshine and her shade.

And Autumn, laden with the fruits
 Of diligence and toil,
 Is welcome as the sky that glows
 Above the sunny soil.

The Winter, too, has many joys
 The cheerful only know,
 For love and hope and happiness
 May bloom amid the snow.

I love the seasons as they pass,
 God's blessings as they fall,
 The joys that sparkle in life's glass—
 I love, I love them all.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

BIRDS are in the woodland, by
 on the tree,
 Merry spring is coming,
 and see.



Then come sportive breezes, fields with
flowers are gay,
In the woods we're singing through
the summer day.

Fruits are ripe in autumn, leaves are
sere and red,
Then we glean the cornfield, thanking
God for bread.

Then at last comes winter; fields are
cold and lorn,
But there's happy Christmas, when
our Lord was born.

Thus as years roll onward merrily we
sing,
Thankful for the blessings all the sea-
sons bring.

WHAT WAY DOES THE WIND COME?

WHAT way does the wind come? what
way does he go?

He rides over the water and over the
snow,

Through wood and through vale, and
o'er rocky height,

Which the goat cannot climb, takes
his sounding flight,

He tosses about in every fair tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither
he goes,

There's never a scholar in England
knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp 'larum; but if you
should look,



There's nothing to see but a cushion
of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered
with silk.

Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a
rock,

Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard
cock;

Yet seek him, and what shall you find
in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves
That he's left for a bed to beggars or
thieves.

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow with
me

You shall go to the orchard, and then
you will see

That he has been there and made a
great rout,

And cracked the branches, and strewn
them about.

Heaven grant that he spare but that
one upright twig

That looked up at the sky so proud
and big

All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful
show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a
pause,

And growls as if he would fix his
claws

Right in the slates, and with a huge
rattle

Drive them down, like men in a bat-
tle;

But let him range round: he does us
no harm;

We build up the fire, we're snug and
warm;

Untouched by his breath see the can-
dle shines bright,

And burns with a clear and steady
light.

Books have we to read—but that half-
stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'-
clock bell.
Come now, we'll to bed; and when we
are there
He may work his own will, and what
shall we care?
He may knock at the door—we'll not
let him in;
May drive at the windows—we'll laugh
at his din;
Let him seek his own home, wherever
it be—
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward
and me.

By a Sister of
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHIMNEY-TOPS.

"All! the morning is gray;
And what kind of a day
Is it likely to be?"
"You must look up and see
What the chimney-pots say.
"If the smoke from the mouth
Of the chimney goes south,
'Tis the north wind, that blows
From the country of snows:
Look out for rough weather;
The cold and the north wind
Are always together.
"When the smoke pouring forth
From the chimney goes north,
A mild day it will be,
A warm time we shall see:
The south wind is blowing
From the land where the orange
And fig trees are growing.
"But if west goes the smoke,
Get your waterproof cloak

And umbrella about:
'Tis the east wind that's out.
A wet day you will find it:
The east wind has always
A storm close behind it.

"It is east the smoke flies!
We may look for blue skies!
Soon the clouds will take flight,
'Twill be sunny and bright;
The sweetest and best wind
Is, surely, that fair-weather
Bringer, the west wind."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

ROBINS in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch,
Don't you think May time's
Pleasanter than March?
Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one,
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Beams of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think Summer's
Pleasanter than May?



Roger in the corn-patch
 Whistling negro-songs,
 Pussy by the hearthside
 Romping with the tongs;
 Chestnuts in the ashes,
 Bursting through the rind;

Red leaf and gold leaf
 Rustling down the wind;



Mother "doing peaches"
 All the afternoon—
 Don't you think Autumn's
 Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
 Dancing in the flue;
 Old Mr. Santa Claus,
 What is keeping you?
 Twilight and firelight
 Shadows come and go,
 Merry chime of sleigh-bells
 Tinkling through the snow;
 Mother knitting stockings
 (Pussy's got the ball!)—
 Don't you think Winter's
 Pleasantest of all?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

— ♦ —
 WRITTEN IN MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,



The green field sleeps in the sun ;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest ;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising ;
 There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated,
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill ;
 The plough-boy is whooping anon,
 anon.
 There's joy in the mountains,
 There's life in the fountains !
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing ;
 The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one
 day—
 "Come o'er the meadows with me and
 play ;
 Put on your dresses of red and gold—
 Summer is gone, and the days grow
 cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's
 loud call,
 Down they came fluttering, one and all ;
 Over the brown fields they danced and
 flew,
 Singing the soft little songs that they
 knew.

"Cricket, good-bye ; we've been friends
 so long !
 Little brook, sing us your farewell song ;
 Say you are sorry to see us go ;
 Ah ! you will miss us, right well we
 know :

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
 Mother will keep you from harm and
 cold ;
 Fondly we've watched you in vale and
 glade ;
 Say, will you dream of our loving
 shade ?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves
 went :
 Winter had called them, and they
 were content.
 Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
 The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THERE'S an ugly Old Man in the
Moon to-night,
He scowls and he frowns till he fright-
ens me quite;
I know why he looks in that terrible
way,—
It's because I have been so naughty
to-day.

I've broken my drum, and put burrs
on the cat;
Went down to the brook and lost my
new hat;
I felt pretty mean when my ma fished
it out,—
And a lot more things I'll not tell you
about.

I did not intend so naughty to be,
But the mischief was all in my head,
you see;
To-morrow I'll try to do something
quite right,
And the Man in the Moon can but
smile at night.

There's a jolly Old Man in the Moon
to-night,
With a merry face and a smile so bright;
He looks down on me in a comical way—
Don't you think he knows that I've
been good to-day?

MRS. A. D. BELL.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

ONE, two, three!
A bonny boat I see;
A silver boat, and all afloat
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three!
The riddle tell to me.
The moon afloat is the bonny boat,
The sunset is the sea.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

CHILD.

O MOTHER! see, *the crumbs* are flying
Fast and thickly through the air!
On the branches they are lying,
On the walks, and everywhere;
Oh! how glad the birds will be,
When so many crumbs they see!

MOTHER'S ANSWER.

No, my little girl, 'tis *snowing*,
Nothing for the birds is here:
Very cold the air is growing,
'Tis the winter of the year:—
Frost will nip the robin's food,
'Twill no more be sweet and good.
See the clouds the skies that cover,
'Tis from them the snow-flakes fall;
Whitening hills and fields all over,
Hanging from the fir trees tall;
Were it warm, 'twould rain, but lo!
Frost has changed the rain to snow.

CHILD.

If the robins food are needing,
Oh! I hope to me they'll come;
I should like to see them feeding
At the window of my room;
I'll divide with them my store,
Much I wish I could do more.

A NOISELESS SPINNING WHEEL.

"TELL me, mamma, what is this,
Like web of finest lace?
It swings across the window,
Just here beside my face.

"You say a spider spun it;
Where did she get the floss?
How many others helped her
To carry it across?

"It wasn't here when I got up—
It hardly can be real;
She must have spun for hours,
And I never heard her wheel."

FRANK H. STAUFFER

THE MOON.

THE moon has a face like the clock in
the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden
wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the
trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking
mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the
house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All long to be out by the light of the
moon.

But all of the things that belong to
the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of the way.
And flowers and children close their
eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall
rise.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

JACK FROST.

Who hath killed the pretty flowers,
Born and bred in summer bowers?
Who hath taken all their bloom?
Who hath swept them to the tomb?
Jack Frost.

Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and linnet, all away?
Who hath hushed their joyous breath,
And made the woodlands still as death?
Jack Frost.

Who hath chilled the laughing river?
Who doth make the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?
Jack Frost.

Who doth prowl at midnight hour,
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creep-
ing,
Through the very key-hole peeping. }
Jack Frost.

Who doth pinch the traveller's toes?
Who doth wring the schoolboy's nose?
Who doth make your fingers tingle?
Who doth make the sleigh-bells
jingle?

Jack Frost.

NOVEMBER'S PARTY.

November gave a party,
The leaves by hundreds came,—
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson drest;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.
All balanced to their partners,
And gaily fluttered by:
The sight was like a rainbow,
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rusty hollows,
At hide-and-seek they played:
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground,
And there the party ended
In "hands across, all round."



THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up
from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a
leap!

Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through
a great town,

Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless
squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread
stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier
shout

As the apples and oranges trundled
about;

And the urchins that stand with their
thievish eyes

For ever on watch ran off each with
a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blus-
tering and humming,

And the cattle all wondered whatever
was coming;

It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
 And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows ;
 Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
 They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
 Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
 Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
 Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
 Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags ;

'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
 With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, " Now,
 You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow !"

And it made them bow without more ado,

Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,

Striking their dwellings with sudden alarm ;

And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm :

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;

The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd ;

There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on

Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane

With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain ;

For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood

With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,

And now it was far on the billowy sea,
 And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,

And the little boats darted to and fro.
 But lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest
 On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,

Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
 How little of mischief it had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE RAIN, WIND, AND SNOW.

RAIN ! rain ! April rain !

Bring the flowers back again ;
 Yellow cowslip and violet blue,
 Buttercups and daisies too.

Rain ! rain ! April rain !
 Bring the flowers back again.

Wind ! wind ! autumn wind !

He the leafless trees has thinned ;
 Loudly doth he roar and shout ;
 Bar the door and keep him out.

Wind ! wind ! autumn wind !
 He the leafless trees has thinned.



Snow! snow! pure white snow!
 O'er the fields thy covering strow;
 Cover up the seed so warm,
 Through the winter safe from harm.
 Snow! snow! pure white snow!
 O'er the fields thy covering strow.

Rain! wind! snow! all three,
 Each in turn, shall welcome be:
 Each and all in turn are sent
 On the earth with good intent.
 Rain, wind, snow, all three,
 Each in turn shall welcome be.

RHYME AND REASON.

WHAT THE TINY DROP SAID.

As a little raindrop clung
 To the bosom of a cloud,
 Much it trembled ere it fell,
 And it sobbed and wept aloud.

"Such a tiny drop as I!
 Prithee do not let me go;
 My humble work were nothing
 On the great round world below.

"If the tender blades are parched,
 Or the corn is very dry,
 There is nothing I can do—
 Such a tiny thing as I.

"I cannot swell a river,
 Or e'en fill a lily's bell,
 And should be lost for ever
 In the forest if I fell.

"I pray thee let me tarry
 In the blue and sunny sky,
 Disporting in the sunbeams—
 Such a tiny drop as I!"

"I know you are a little drop,"
 The cloud it whispered low;
 "And yet how sad a thing 'twould be
 If every drop said so!

"Alone you cannot clothe the mead
 With fresh and living green,
 But each its little work must do
 The little blades between.

"You cannot form the smallest rill,
 Much less the foaming tide,
 But you may join and form a sea
 With others by your side.

"In all the great and glorious works
 The mighty Lord has done,
 There is a post of duty fixed
 For every little one.

"Each has its humble sphere to fill,
 Each has its lot assigned;
 Each must its little burden bear
 With firm and willing mind."

WHAT THE TINY DROP DID.

THE cloud then gently disengaged
 Its child, and let it go,
 And bade it do its duty well
 In the great world below.

And as it floated gently down
 Through boundless fields of air,
 Lo! all at once it saw around
 Millions of raindrops there.

Each one of all that myriad throng
 Had left its mother's breast,
 Resolved, whatever might befall,
 To try to do his best.

All fear was banished, hope prevailed,
 Joy glanced from every eye,
 And all these diamond glistenings
 made
 A rainbow in the sky.

Down, down, they float incessantly
 On forest, field, and flower,
 Till not a leaf or blade is seen
 Unfreshened by the shower.

Still down, and down, from out the air,
 On hill and dale and moor,
 On garden, waste, and wilderness,
 Incessantly they pour.

The verdure lifts its drooping head,
 The flowers in rapture glow,
 The babbling brooks and rivulets
 With leaping waters flow.

These swell the mighty river's tide,
 Which rolls in majesty,
 Until our tiny drop becomes
 Part of the wide, wide sea.

There, while it joined the anthem deep
 Of Ocean's surges loud,
 A sunbeam raised it up to be
 Part of a golden cloud.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

WHAT if a drop of rain should plead,
 "So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
 I'll tarry in the sky"?

What if the shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day?

Does not each raindrop help to form
 The cool, refreshing shower?
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?

 APRIL'S TRICK.

WHEN April still was young,
 And full of her tricks and wiles,
 Sometimes frowning and sad,
 Again all grace and smiles,
 One day young April said,
 "I will feign that I am dead.

"The sun and the wind will mourn,
 For they love me well, I know:
 I will hear what they say of me
 In my drapery of snow."
 So, silently, in the night,
 She clothed herself in white.

The sun rose up in the morn,
 And looked from east to west,
 And April lay still and white;
 Then he called the wind from his
 rest.

"Sigh and lament," he said,
 "Sweet April, the child, is dead.

"She that was always fair,
 Behold how white she lies!
 Cover the golden hair,
 Close down the beaming eyes.

One last time let us kiss thee,
Sweet April; we shall miss thee!"

The sun touched his lips to her
cheeks,

And the color returned in a glow;
The wind laid his hand on her hair,

And it glistened under the snow,
As, laughing aloud in glee,
Sweet April shook herself free.

R. P. UTTER.

THE RAIN.

"OPEN the window and let me in,"
Sputters the petulant rain;

"I want to splash down on the carpet,
dear,
And I can't get through the pane.

"Here I've been tapping outside to
you;
Why don't you come, if you're
there?

The scuttles are shut, or I'd dash
right in
And stream down the attic stair.

"I've washed the windows, I've spat-
tered the blinds;
And that is not half I've done:
I bounced on the steps and the side-
walks too,
Till I made the good people run.

"I've sprinkled your plant on the win-
dow-sill,
So drooping and wan that looks,
And dusty gutters, I've filled them up
Till they flow like running brooks.

"I have been out in the country too,
For there in glory am I;
The meadows I've swelled, and wa-
tered the corn,
And floated the fields of rye.

"Out from the earth sweet odors I
bring,
I fill up the tubs at the spout;
While, eager to dance in the puddles
I make,
The bare-headed child runs out.

"The puddles are sweet to his naked
feet

When the ground is heated through;
If only you'll open the window, dear,
I'll make such a puddle for you."

MRS. WELLS.

THE RAIN.

UP in the ancient roof-tree,
Hiding among the leaves,
Toying with swaying branches,
Dancing in mossy caves—
Making the softest music,
Kissing the window-pane,—
These are some of the frolics
Of the gently-falling rain.

Rushing down in a torrent,
Wetting the farmer's hay
Just as the boys are trying
To save and stow it away;
Tearing to earth the vinelets
Climbing the cottage wall,—
These are some of the mischiefs
When the heavy raindrops fall.

Filling up the cisterns,
Making the rivers flow,
Blessing the drooping corn-field,
And the patch where the melons
grow;

Waking a bud of beauty
Where a withered leaf had been,—
Doing each little duty
With no thought of murmuring;
Raindrops, blessed raindrops!
Come ye fast or slow,

Bringing to our vision
 Oft the promised bow,
 Gift of the great All-Father,
 Sent the world to cheer,
 Hearts were sad without you,
 Earth were dry and sere.

MRS. E. A. HARRIMAN.

THE RAIN.

LIKE a gentle joy descending,
 To the earth a glory lending,
 Comes the pleasant rain ;
 Fairer now the flowers are growing,
 Fresher now the winds are blowing,
 Swifter now the streams are flowing,
 Gladder waves the grain ;
 Grove and forest, field and mountain,
 Bathing in the crystal fountain,
 Drinking in the inspiration,
 Offer up a glad oblation ;
 All around, about, above us,
 Things we love and things that love
 us
 Bless the gentle rain.

Children's voices now are ringing,
 Some are shouting, some are singing,
 On the way to school ;
 And the beaming eye shines brighter,
 And the bounding pulse beats lighter,
 As the little feet grow whiter,
 Paddling in the pool ;
 Oh the rain ! it is a blessing,
 Sweeter than the sun's caressing,
 Softer, gentler—yea, in seeming,
 Gladder than the sunlight gleaming,
 To the children shouting, singing,
 With the voices clear and ringing,
 Going to the school.

Beautiful and still and holy,
 Like the spirit of the lowly,

Comes the quiet rain ;
 'Tis a fount of joy, distilling,
 And the lyre of earth is trilling
 With a music low and thrilling,
 Swelling to a strain ;
 Nature opens wide her bosom,
 Bursting buds begin to blossom ;
 To her very soul 'tis stealing,
 All the springs of life unsealing ;
 Singing stream and rushing river
 Drink it in, and praise the Giver
 Of the blessed rain.

Lo ! the clouds are slowly parting,
 Sudden gleams of light are darting
 Through the falling rain ;
 Bluer now the sky is beaming,
 Softer now the light is streaming,
 With its shining fingers gleaming
 'Mid the golden grain ;
 Greener now the grass is springing,
 Sweeter now the birds are singing,
 Clearer now the shout is ringing ;
 Earth, the purified, rejoices
 With her silver-sounding voices,
 Sparkling, flashing like a prism,
 In the beautiful baptism
 Of the blessed rain.

LURA ANNA BOIES.

THE RAIN-SONG.

WHEN woods were still and smoky,
 And roads with dust were white,
 And daily the red sun came up,
 With never a cloud in sight,
 And the hillside brook had hardly
 strength
 To journey down to the plain,
 A welcome sound it was to hear
 The robins' song of rain.

"Lily, Fuchsia, Pansy,"
 The robins sang in the town

To the thirsty garden flowers, that
stood

With delicate heads bowed down,
"Listen, we bring you a message :
Your doubts and fears are vain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain.

"Golden-rod, Aster, Gentian,"
They sang in field and wood,
"We whose homes are near to the sky
Have brought you tidings good.
Lift up your heads and listen,
Forget your thirst and pain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain."

Far and wide they sang it,
Till grove and garden knew ;
The green trees stirred at the joyful
word,
Till the sunset clouds looked through.
Each told the news to his neighbor,
Each neighbor passed it along,
Till the lowliest flower in the quiet
wood
Had heard of the robins' song.

Dear little feathered prophets !
Your message was not in vain,
For in the silence of the night
Came the footsteps of the rain.

R. P. UTTER.



LITTLE NED AND THE SHOWER.

DEAR me ! it never rains so hard
As when I want to play ;
There are my playthings in the yard,
And there they'll have to stay.

"It is too bad, I do declare !"
Said angry little Ned ;

"We'd such a lot of nice things
there,
All piled up in the shed !

"And now this hateful rain comes
down
To spoil our splendid fun !"
And Ned's bright face put on a frown—
Oh, what an ugly one !

"My boy, what did you say just then
About the hateful rain?
You surely have forgotten when
We longed for showers again.

"Twas yesterday, I think, you said
The brook had run away,
And when your rosebush hung its
head,
You wished for rain to-day.

"It grieves me much, my child, to see
Such temper as you show;
Come here and take this seat by me,
And let your playthings go.

"Remember, He who sends the rain
To bless the fading flowers,
Sees every naughty look with pain,
And hears each word of ours.

"And when his angel in the book
Writes down the words you say,
I fear 'twill be with saddened look
He'll think of those to-day.

"Then always try to guard your
tongue
From such impatience wild,
And when you're tempted to do wrong,
Just stop and think, my child,

"And ask your heavenly Father kind
To keep you in His way;
Whene'er to stray you feel inclined
Ask pardon—watch—and pray."

LITTLE RAINDROPS.

Oh, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings,
Because I broke them all;
And then they locked up all my
bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak;
But "pitter-patter pat"
Means, "We can play on *this* side;
Why can't you play on *that*?"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

A FEW STRAY SUNBEAMS.

LITTLE dainty sunbeams!
Listen when you please,
You'll not hear their tiny feet
Dancing in the trees:
All so light and delicate
Is their golden thread,
Not a single flower-leaf
Such a step may dread.

Merry, laughing sunbeams,
Playing here and there,
Passing through the rose-leaves,
Flashing everywhere;

Through the cottage window,
In the cottage door,
Past the green, entangled vines,
On the cottage floor.

Lovely little sunbeams,
Laughing as they played
Through the flying ringlets
Of the cottage maid;
Staying but to flush her cheek,
Darting in their glee
Down the darkened forest-path,
O'er the open lea,
Through the castle window
Where, in curtained gloom,
Sat its lovely mistress
In her splendid bloom.

Oh, ye saucy sunbeams!
Could ye dare to spy
Time's annoying footmarks
Near a lady's eye?
Dare ye flash around her,
Every line to see,
Lighting each stray wrinkle up
In your cruel glee?

See! the witching sunbeams,
With the wand they hold,
Turn the earth to emerald
And the skies to gold;
All the streams are silver
'Neath their magic rare,
All the black tears Night hath shed
Gems for kings to wear.

Beautiful is moonlight,
Like to Nature's mind,
Purely white and brilliant,
Coldly, calmly kind:
Beautiful thy burning stars,
Like to Nature's soul,
Rapturous that ever gaze
Heavenward as they roll.

But oh, the human sunlight,
Flooding earth in glee,
Nature's living, laughing, loving,
Gladsome heart for me!

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

TO A SUNBEAM.

Thou ling'rest not in the monarch's
hall;
Thou hast beams of gladness for one
and all;
Thou art full as bright in the peasant's
cot
As when shining upon earth's loveliest
spot.

Thou art glancing down in thy beauty
fair,
Through the soft green leaves on the
waters clear,
Changing the lake, so blue and cold,
Into molten glass and burnished
gold.

Thou hast shone in love on the youth-
ful head;
Thou hast touched with beauty the
shrouded dead;
Thou hast brightened those shining
silken curls,
And over that form strewed fairy
pearls.

Thou hast gilded the mountains and
slept on the waves;
Thou hast rested like peace on lonely
graves;
Thou art of that faith an emblem
given
That toucheth all things with hues of
heaven.

SPRING VOICES.

"Caw! caw!" says the Crow,
 "Spring has come again I know;
 For, as sure as I am born,
 There's a farmer planting corn:
 I shall breakfast there, I trow,
 Long before his corn can grow."

"Quack, quack!" says the Duck,
 "Was there ever such good luck!
 Spring has cleared the pond of ice,
 And the day is warm and nice,
 Just as I and Goodman Drake
 Thought we'd like a swim to take."

"Croak, croak!" says the Frog,
 As he leaps out from the bog;
 "Spring is near, I do declare,
 For the earth is warm and fair:
 Croak! croak! croak! I love the
 spring,
 When the little birdies sing."

COMMON THINGS.

THE sunshine is a glorious thing,
 That comes alike to all,
 Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
 The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing;
 It through the window gleams
 Upon the snowy pillow where
 The happy infant dreams:

It shines upon the fisher's boat
 Out on the lonely sea,
 Or where the little lambskins lie
 Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn
 Sparkle upon the grass;

The village children brush them off
 That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
 More beautiful than they;
 And yet we scarcely notice them,
 But tread them off in play.

IN THE CORN-FIELD.

WE'VE ploughed our land, and with
 even hand

The seed o'er the field we've strown;
 But sunshine and rain, to ripen the
 grain,
 Can be given by God alone.

The seed that springs, and the bird
 that sings,
 And the shining summer sun,
 The tiny bee and the mighty sea,—
 God made them every one.

Then thankful we'll be, for shall not
 He
 Who gives to each bird a nest,
 To each bee a flower for its little hour,
 Give His children food and rest?

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

FROM out his hive there came a bee:
 "Has spring-time come or not?" said
 he.

Alone within a garden-bed
 A small, pale snowdrop raised its
 head:

"'Tis March, this tells me," said the
 bee;

"The hive is still the place for me.
 The day is chill, although 'tis sunny,
 And icy cold this snowdrop's honey"

Again came humming forth the bee:
 "What month is with us now?" said
 he.

Gray crocus-blossoms, blue and white
 And yellow, opened to the light.
 "It must be April," said the bee,
 "And April's scarce the month for
 me.
 I'll taste these flowers (the day is
 sunny),
 But wait before I gather honey."

Once more came out the waiting bee:
 "Tis come: I smell the spring!" said
 he.

The violets were all in bloom,
 The lilac tossed a purple plume,
 The daff'dil wore a yellow crown,
 The cherry tree a snow-white gown,
 And by the brookside, wet with dew,
 The early wild wake-robins grew.
 "It is the May-time!" said the bee,
 "The queen of all the months for me.
 The flowers are here, the sky is sunny:
 'Tis now my time to gather honey."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

SPRING AND THE FLOWERS.

In the snowing and the blowing,
 In the cruel sleet,
 Little flowers begin their growing
 Far beneath our feet.
 Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly:
 "Darlings, are you here?"
 Till they answer, "We are nearly,
 Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
 Tell us, Spring," they say.
 Then she answers, "He is going,
 Going on his way."

Poor old Winter does not love you,
 But his time is past;
 Soon my birds shall sing above you—
 Set you free at last."

SPRING.

THE bleak winds of winter are past,
 The frost and the snow are both
 gone,
 And the trees are beginning at last
 To put their green liveries on.

And now if you look in the lane,
 And along the warm bank, may be
 found

The violet in blossom again,
 And shedding her perfume around.

The primrose and cowslip are out,
 And the fields are with daisies all
 gay,
 While butterflies, flitting about,
 Are glad in the sunshine to play.

The goldfinch, and blackbird, and
 thrush,
 Are brimful of music and glee;
 They have each got a nest in some
 bush,
 And the rook has built his on a tree.

The lark's home is hid in the corn,
 But he springs from it often on high,
 And warbles his welcome to morn,
 Till he looks like a speck in the sky.

Oh, who would be sleeping in bed
 When the skies with such melody
 ring,
 And the bright earth beneath him is
 spread
 With the beauty and fragrance of
 spring?

BERNARD BARTON.



THE SPRING WALK.

We had a pleasant walk to-day
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the wood-side, and up the hill ;
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so
sly,

We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer
sky.

An elder-branch dipped in the brook ;
We wondered why it moved, and
found
A silken-haired smooth water-rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and
round.

Where daisies opened to the sun
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
 And the blue violets of spring,
 We found while listening by a hedge
 To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turned
 up
 There came a sweet refreshing smell,
 Such as the lily of the vale
 Sends forth from many a woodland
 dell.

We saw the yellow wall-flower wave
 Upon a mouldering castle-wall,
 And then we watched the busy rooks
 Among the ancient elm trees tall.

And, leaning from the old stone bridge,
 Below we saw our shadows lie,
 And through the gloomy arches
 watched
 The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
 As it sang somewhere out of sight,
 And tried to find it, but the sky
 Was filled with clouds of dazzling
 light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
 And heard a pheasant's wings go
 "whir;"
 And then we saw a squirrel leap
 From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
 A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
 For all behind the houses lay
 The orchards red and white with
 blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
 I'm sure that it would take me
 hours;

For the whole landscape was alive
 With bees, and birds, and buds, and
 flowers.

THOMAS MILLER.



A WALK IN SPRING.

I'm very glad the spring is come—the
 sun shines out so bright,
 The little birds upon the trees are
 singing for delight.

The young grass looks so fresh and
 green, the lambkins sport and
 play,

And I can skip and run about as
 merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the butter-
 cups once more,

The primrose and the cowslip too, and
 every pretty flower;

I like to see the butterfly fluttering
 her painted wing,

And all things seem just like myself,
 so pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jump-
 ing up on high,

The lark is singing sweetly as she
 mounts into the sky;

The rooks are building up their nests
 upon the great tall tree,

And everything's as busy and as happy
 as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky,
 there's nothing dark or sad;

I jump and scarce know what to do, I
 feel so very glad.

God must be very good indeed, who
 made each pretty thing:

I'm sure we ought to love Him much
 for bringing back the spring.

M. A. STODART.

BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the
sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know : I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea ;
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

EARLY RISING.

GET up, little sister : the morning is
bright,
And the birds are all singing to wel-
come the light ;
The buds are all opening ; the dew's
on the flower :
If you shake but a branch, see, there
falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look,
under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping
about as they please ;

And by all those rings on the water I
know
The fishes are merrily swimming be-
low.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on
the wing
To get honey from every flower of
spring ;
For the bee never idles, but labors all
day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work
better than play.

The lark's singing gayly ; it loves the
bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring
is begun ;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think
'twould be wrong
If we do not feel happy to hear the
lark's song.

Get up ; for when all things are merry
and glad
Good children should never be lazy
and sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister,
that we
May rejoice like the lark and may
work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT,
WHO WOULDN'T COME HOME.

WHEN are you coming? the flowers
have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum ;
In the dim woods, where the cool
mosses are,
Gleams the anemone's little, light
star ;

Tenderly, timidly down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the
harebell:

Soft in the wavy grass lightens the
dew;

Spring keeps her promises—why do
not *you*?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at
play—

You are more graceful and lovely than
they;

Birds in the branches sing all the day
long—

When are you coming to join in their
song?

Fairer than flowers and fresher than
dew,

Other sweet things are here—why are
not *you*?

Why don't you come? We've wel-
comed the rose;

Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,
Whispers of *other* flowers met on its
way;

Why has it nothing of *you*, love, to
say?

Why does it tell us of music and
dew?

Rose of the South, we are waiting for
you.

Do not delay, darling; 'mid the dark
trees

"Like a lute" murmurs the musical
breeze;

Sometimes the brook, as it trips by
the flowers,

Hushes its warble to listen for yours.

Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true,
Spring should have waited till she
could bring *you*.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

SONG FOR MAY MORNING.

WAKE, sister, wake, for the sun is up;
How can you be thus delaying?

The dew is still in the harebell's cup,
And 'tis time to go a-Maying.

I'll throw up the window; the air is
sweet

As the breath of a rose just born;
And see how the hills and meadows
greet

The smiles of the first May morn.

I'm dressed and ready—come, sister
dear,

For the birds are carolling loud;
And the sky is soft, and blue, and
clear,

And there isn't a speck of a cloud.

And hark! I hear from their chamber-
door

Our brothers come slyly creeping;
But I'll tell them I was up before,
And you have just done sleeping.

Look! There they stand at the gate
below,

And only for us are staying.
Are you ready yet? Oh, now we'll
go

In the pleasant fields a-Maying!

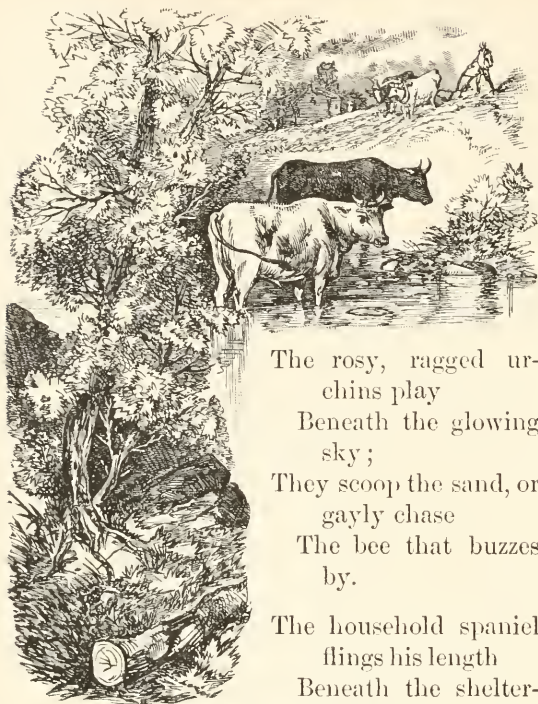
SUMMER.

'Tis June—the merry, smiling June—

'Tis blushing summer now,
The rose is red, the bloom is dead,
The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,

Amid the clustering vine;
The rustic seat is in the porch,
Where honeysuckles twine.



The rosy, ragged urchins play
Beneath the glowing sky ;

They scoop the sand, or gayly chase
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
Beneath the sheltering wall ;

The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean-flowers' fragrant maze ;
Or, basking, throws her dappled form
To catch the warmest rays.

The opened easements, flinging wide,
Geraniums give to view ;
With choicest posies ranged between,
Still wet with morning dew.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,
The emerald grass must yield ;
The scythe is out, the swarth is down ;
There's incense in the field.

Oh, how I love to calmly muse,
In such an hour as this,

To nurse the joy creation gives
In purity and bliss!

ELIZA COOK.

WHAT SO SWEET?

WHAT so sweet as summer,
When the sky is blue,
And the sunbeams' arrows
Pierce the green earth through?

What so sweet as birds are,
Putting into trills
The perfume of the wild rose,
The murmur of the rills?

What so sweet as flowers,
Clovers white and red,
Where the brown bee-chemist
Finds its daily bread?

What so sweet as sun-showers,
When the big cloud passes,
And the fairy rainbow
Seems to touch the grasses?

What so sweet as winds are,
Blowing from the woods,
Hinting in their music
Of dreamy solitudes?

Rain, and song, and flower,
When the summer's shine
Makes the green earth's beauty
Seem a thing divine.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



A DREAM OF SUMMER.

WEST wind and sunshine
Braided together;
What is the one sign
But pleasant weather?

Birds in the cherry trees,
Bees in the clover;
Who half so gay as these
All the world over?

Violets among the grass,
Roses regretting
How soon the summer'll pass
Next year forgetting.

Buds sighing in their sleep,
"Summer, pray grant us
Youth, that its bloom will keep
Fragrance to haunt us!"

Rivulets that shine and sign,
Sunbeams abetting,

No more remembering
Their frozen fretting.

Sweet music in the wind,
Sun in the showers;
All these we're sure to find
In summer hours.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,—
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant,
 "true love,"

In some dusk woodland spot;
 There grows the enchanter's night-
 shade,
 And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
 Unscared by lawless men:
 The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
 And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
 The timid and the bold,
 For their sweet life of pleasantness,
 It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
 Among the leaves so green,
 There flows a little gurgling brook,
 The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
 Without a fear of ill,
 Down to the murmuring water's edge,
 And freely drink their fill;

And dash about and splash about,
 The merry little things,
 And look askance with bright black
 eyes,
 And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
 Down from their leafy tree,
 The little squirrels with the old,—
 Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook
 I've seen them nimbly go;
 And the bright water seemed to speak
 A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their
 heads,

As if, in heartsome cheer,
 They spake unto those little things,
 "Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
 I saw that all was good,
 And that we might glean up delight
 All round us, if we would.

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth
 there,
 Beneath the old wood shade,
 And all day long has work to do,
 Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their
 heads,
 And roots so fresh and fine
 Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
 'Mong them for *mine and thine*.

There is enough for every one,
 And they lovingly agree;
 We might learn a lesson, all of us,
 Beneath the greenwood tree.

MARY HOWITT.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at
 play;

Prithee let me be idle to-day.

Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
 Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides;
 Look how the violet roguishly hides;
 Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
 And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
 And the flies go about him one by one;



And Pussy sits near with a sleepy
grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her
face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring
tree,
But very lazily flutters he ;
And he sits and twitters a gentle note
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother,
hear
The humdrum grasshopper droning
near ;
And the soft west wind is so light in
its play
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder
cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud ;
Books and work I no more should see,
But I'd come and float, dear mother,
o'er thee.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

COME INTO THE MEADOWS.

Come into the meadows,
Beautiful and green ;
Primroses and cowslips
Blooming there are seen ;
Buttercups and daisies
Springing everywhere,
Violets and cuckoo-flowers
Peeping here and there.

Come into the meadows ;
Greet the lark at morn,
Rising from the clover-field
Or the springing corn ;
Join his notes of gladness,
Rosy clouds among ;
Follow him, oh, follow him,
With a merry song.

Come into the meadows,
Where the lambkins play ;
Skip with them all merry
Through the summer day ;

Down the dells and valleys,
Up the banks, now run;
Sport amid the shadows,
Gambol in the sun.

Come into the meadows;
Meet the merry bee,
Sauntering 'mid the wild thyme,
Full of happy glee;
As he sippeth honey
From the sweet blue-bell,
Lessons of rich wisdom
He will to thee tell.

Come into the meadows
At the cooling hour,
When the dewdrops glisten
On the closing flower;
When the stars are twinkling
Through the vapors dim,
Think of thy Creator,
Sing a song to Him.



THE SONG OF THE SEED-CORN.

THE sower sows with even hand
The seed-corn o'er the softened land,
And, wonderful, where it is sown
The tiny seed-corn still lives on.

When safe within the earth 'tis laid,
A hidden power is soon displayed:
A little germ, so smooth and soft,
Soon rears its tiny head aloft.

Small, weak, and cold, it comes to
view,
And begs for sunshine and for dew;
And then the sun from out the sky
Looks down upon it pleasantly.

But now are coming frost and storm,
And flee for shelter man and worm;
The little seed can't run away,
But in the wintry field must stay.

And yet it does not come to harm;
Falls from the sky a mantle warm,
And, folded in its cloak of snow,
It sleeps through all the winds that
blow.

When once stern Winter's past and
gone,
The lark sings loud and wakes the
corn,
For Spring brings flowers and blos-
som-sheen,
And decks the mead with freshest
green.

And soon, with corn-cars slim and
tall,
The pleasant fields are covered all;
And, like the green sea, to and fro
They wave with all the winds that
blow.

Then hotly from the sky at noon
The sultry Summer's sun looks
down,
Till all the blooming earth beneath
Lies crowned with beauteous harvest-
wreath.

The reapers come, the sickle sounds,
The sheaves are piled, and upward
mounts
The song of joy, at night and morn,
For Heaven's best gift to man—the
corn,



AUTUMN.

GOLDEN Autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain ;

Gifts for man and bird and brute
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bend down with plum and
pear,

Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Through the lanes where bind-weed
weaves

Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Home the reapers bear the sheaves

Singing loud their harvest-song
In their hearty rustic tongue—
Singing gayly, old and young:

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain,
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will ;
Only drones need hunger still.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gayly all in red ;

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedgerow twinkles bright ;

Still the “traveller’s joy” is seen,
Snowy white o’er leaves of green,
Glittering in its dewy sheen ;

Still the foxglove’s crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn’s parting beauty tell.

MRS. HAWTREY.

 CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.

THE birds are flown away,
The flowers are dead and gone,
The clouds look cold and gray
Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs
Their naked branches swing ;

The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.

Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face;

And these his simple words:
"Father, how cold it blows!
What 'comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows?"

"They fly far, far away
From storms, and snows, and rain;
But, Charley dear, next May
They'll all come back again."

"And will my flowers come too?"
The little fellow said,
"And all be bright and new
That now looks cold and dead?"

"Oh yes, dear; in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive."

"Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go,
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow?"

"And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who'll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again?"

"My son, there is a Power
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.

"He through the pathless air
Shows little birds their way;
And we, too, are His care—
He guards us day by day."

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charley's eye:
"Will they, dear father, say?"

"No, they will never come;
We go to them, my boy,
There in our heavenly home
To meet in endless joy."

Upon his father's knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still clear
night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out
of sight;
So through the valley and over the
height

In silence I'll take my way:
I will not go on like that blustering
train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and
the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise
in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

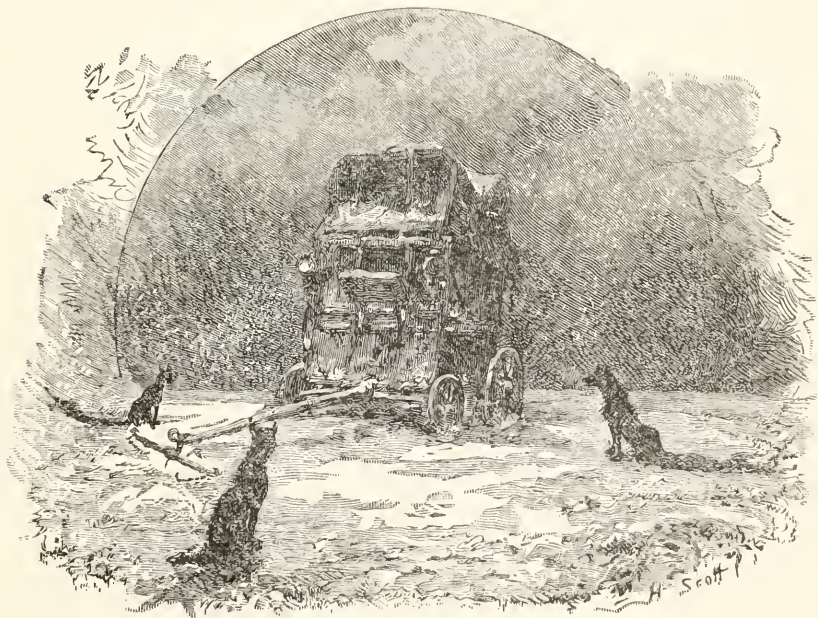
Then he flew to the mountain, and
powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs
he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the
breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he lunged on its margin, far and
near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who
 slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy
 crept:
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he
 stept,
 By the light of the moon were
 seen
 Most beautiful things: there were
 flowers and trees;
 "There were bevvies of birds and swarms
 of bees;
 "There were cities with temples and
 towers; and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly
 fair:
 He peeped in the cupboard, and find-
 ing there
 That all had forgotten for him to pre-
 pare—
 "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said
 he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
 And the glass of water they've left for
 me
 Shall 'tehick!' to tell them I'm
 drinking."

HANNAH F. GOULD.



OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming; alack, alack!
 How icy and cold is he!
 He's wrapped to his heels in a snowy-
 white sack,
 The trees he has laden till ready to
 crack:

He whistles his trills with a wonder-
 ful knock,
 For he comes from a cold countree.
 A funny old fellow is Winter, I trow,
 A merry old fellow for glee;
 He paints all the noses a beautiful
 hue,

He counts all our fingers, and pinches
 them too ;
 Our toes he gets hold of through
 stocking and shoe,
 For a funny old fellow is he.

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
 And merrily shaking the tree ;
 From morning till night he will sing
 us his song,
 Now moaning and short, now boldly
 and long ;
 His voice it is loud, for his lungs are
 so strong,
 And a merry old fellow is he.

Old Winter's a rough old chap to
 some,
 As rough as ever you'll see.
 "I wither the flowers whenever I
 come,
 I quiet the brook that went laughing
 along,
 I drive all the birds off to find a new
 home ;
 I'm as rough as rough can be."

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they
 say—
 A cunning old fellow is he ;
 He peeps in the crevices day by day
 To see how we're passing our time
 away,
 And mark all our doings from sober
 to gay ;
 I'm afraid he is peeping at me !



NURSE WINTER.

BABY in the window stood,
 Leaving all her play,
 And, with pouting lips and frown,
 Thus I heard her say :

"Naughty, naughty Winter !
 Will you never go ?
 All the pretty walks are spoiled,
 Covered up with snow.

"All the birds are scared away
 But the chick-a-dees ;
 And they shiver as they sit
 In the cold, bare trees.

"Not a single flower is left
 In my garden there ;
 Not a single blade of grass ;
 Oh, how bad you are !"

Then behind the curtain I
 Crept, and thus replied,
 Baby listening, with blue eyes
 Very round and wide :

"Naughty baby, to call names,
 Stupid baby, you ;
 Kind old Nursey Winter
 Is your nursey too—

"Nurse as well to all the flowers ;
 They were glad to creep
 Underneath my bedclothes white
 For a good long sleep.

"All the trees put off their clothes,
 Brave and bright of hue,
 Standing up to take their naps,
 As the horses do.

"All the birdies left their nests
 In my watch and care,
 While they flew off to the south
 For a change of air.

"I am nurse to one and all—
 Babies, too, you know :
 Don't I kiss their soft, round cheeks
 Till they brighter grow ?—

"Brighten all their sunny eyes,
Curl their pretty hair,
Put a dance into their blood
With my dancing air?"

"When the birds and flowers come
back,
Bright and strong and glad,
Will you not be sorry then
That you called me bad?"

As I ended, baby sprang
With a merry shout,
Plucked the curtain wide, and called,
"Ah! I've found you out!"

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WINTER JEWELS.

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands
outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE SNOWFALL.

OLD Winter comes forth in his robe
of white,
He sends the sweet flowers far out of
sight,
He robs the trees of their green leaves
quite,
And freezes the pond and the river;
He has spoiled the butterfly's pretty
vest,
And ordered the birds not to build
their nest,
And banished the frog to a four
months' rest,
And makes all the children shiver.

Yet he does some good with his icy
tread,
For he keeps the corn-seeds warm in
their bed,
He dries up the damp which the rain
had spread,
And renders the air more healthy;
He taught the boys to slide, and he
flung
Rich Christmas gifts o'er the old and
young,
And when cries for food from the poor
were wrung,
He opened the purse of the wealthy.

We like the Spring with its fine fresh
air;
We like the Summer with flowers so
fair;
We like the fruits we in Autumn
share,
And we like, too, old Winter's
greeting:
His touch is cold, but his heart is
warm;
So, though he brings to us snow and
storm,
We look with a smile on his well-
known form,
And ours is a gladsome meeting.

IT SNOWS.

It snows! it snows! From out the
sky
The feathered flakes how fast they
fly!
Like little birds, that don't know
why
They're on the chase from place to
place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! A merry play
Is o'er us in the air to-day.

As dancers in an airy hall
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then thick and
swift

They drive along to form the drift,
That waving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of white.

But now the wind comes whistling
loud,
To snatch and waft it as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud.
It spreads, it curls, it mounts and
whirls :

At length a mighty wing unfurls,
And then, away!—but where, none
knows,
Or ever will. It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then out will come the golden sun;
And we shall see upon the run,
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus with life it ever goes!
'Tis shade and shine! It snows! it
snows!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Two wistful young faces are watching
the sky.

A snow-flake! another, goes scurrying
by.

"'Tis snowing! 'Tis snowing! Oh,
mamma, just see!

The ground will be covered! how glad
we shall be!"

But the night hastens on, and the
shadows grow gray,
Shutting out all the light of the short
wintry day;

The sleepy eyes droop, and each little
head
Is glad to lie down in the warm cozy
bed.

Then up in the morning as soon as 'tis
light

They run to the window. Oh won-
derful sight!

White, white are the garden, the lawn,
and the hill,

And downward the light flakes are
fluttering still.

They tie on their caps and their mit-
tens so warm,

And are out in a twinkling to laugh
at the storm!

They run and they jump, they frolic
and shout,

Such fun in the snow-drifts to tumble
about!

They come in to breakfast with cheeks
all aglow,

Their locks and their jackets be-
sprinkled with snow;

"Cold?"—"Not a bit, mamma; the
cold we don't fear;

We wish 'twould be winter the whole
of the year."

IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy; "hur-
rah!" and his shout

Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While, swift as the wing of a swallow,
he's out,

And his playmates have answered
his call;

It makes the heart leap but to witness
their joy;

Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,



R. JAYES, D.E.

Like the rapture that throbs in the
pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow.
Then lay not the trappings of gold on
thine heirs,
While health and the riches of Nature
are theirs.

“It snows!” sighs the invalid; “ah!”
and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a
weight;
While from the pale aspect of Nature
in death
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft-cush-
ioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving
flame;

He dreads a chill puff of the snow-
burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can
give
When the fear we shall die only proves
that we live!

“It snows!” cries the traveller; “ho!”
and the word
Has quickened his steed’s lagging
pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is
unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his
own home appeared,
Ay—through leagues intervened
he can see;

There's the clear, glowing hearth, and
 the table prepared,
 And his wife with her babes at her
 knee;
 Blest thought! how it lightens the
 grief-laden hour,
 That those we love dearest are safe
 from its power!

"It snows!" cries the belle; "dear,
 how lucky!" and turns
 From her mirror to watch the flakes
 fall;
 Like the first rose of summer her dim-
 pled cheek burns,
 While musing on sleigh-ride and
 ball:
 There are visions of conquests, of
 splendor, and mirth
 Floating over each drear winter's
 day;
 But the tintings of hope on this
 storm-beaten earth
 Will melt like the snow-flakes
 away:
 Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden,
 for bliss—
 That world has a pure fount ne'er
 opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow; "O
 God!" and her sighs
 Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
 Its burden ye'll read in her tear-
 swollen eyes,
 On her cheek sunk with fasting and
 care.
 'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her
 for bread,
 But "He gives the young ravens
 their food,"

And she trusts till her dark hearth
 adds horror to dread,
 And she lays on her last chip of
 wood.
 Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God
 only knows;
 'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when
 it snows!

SKATING.

OVER the ice, so smooth and bright,
 How we skim along!
 This is one of the merriest sports
 Which to hardy boys belong.
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the ice and snow;
 Our blood is warm and fresh, you
 know.

The ice is as strong as strong can be,
 And what have we to fear?
 It looks like a solid crystal lake,
 So beautifully clear.
 Hurrah! hurrah! though winter it is,
 There's nothing in summer so fine as
 this.

Up again quickly, my gallant friend,
 And don't lie groaning there:
 You had better be moving as fast as
 you can,
 Or you'll feel the biting air.
 Hurrah! hurrah! let it blow—let it
 blow!
 For our limbs are strong and fleet, you
 know.

Come hither, come hither, both young
 and old,
 Nor sit all day by the fire;
 Come, stir about; you will soon feel
 warm,
 If that is your heart's desire.

Hurrah! hurrah! who would not be
here
On the lake of ice so strong and clear?

This is the sport for men and boys;
The girls in the house may stay:
But better for them it would be, I'm
sure,

In the clear cold air to play.
Hurrah! hurrah! there is nothing, we
know,
Which can give to beauty a lovelier
glow.

Come one, come all, come great and
small,

This is the pleasure that never
grows tame;

At morning and evening, and every
hour,

And year after year it is ever the
same.

Hurrah! hurrah! may it ever be so!
Then we shall never grow old, you know.

SUSAN JEWETT.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,

Still climbing heavenward,
Never away;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away;

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on,
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

ELIZA FOLLEN.



A WISH.

"BE my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish to-day—
Something as well in sunshine
As when the raindrops play."

"And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"

"I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone ;

"To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep ;
With soft steps and a tender sound
Over the grass to creep.

"Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell—
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby's funny
laugh—
That's the brook for me!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE COUNTRY LAD AND THE RIVER.

A COUNTRY lad with honest air
Stood by the river-side;
He put his basket calmly down,
And gazed upon the tide.

Across the river's rapid flood
He saw the village well;
'Twas there he meant to see his aunt,
And there his turnips sell.

The stream was full with recent rain,
And flowed so swiftly by,
He thought he would with patience
wait,
And it would soon be dry.

For many hours he waited there,
But still the stream flowed on;
And when he sadly turned away,
The summer day was gone.

His turnips might have gone to seed,
His aunt have pined away,
For still the stream kept flowing on,
Nor has it stopped to-day.

THE BROOK.

A LITTLE brook, within a meadow,
Went winding through the grass;
So calmly flowed its crystal waters
They looked like shining glass.



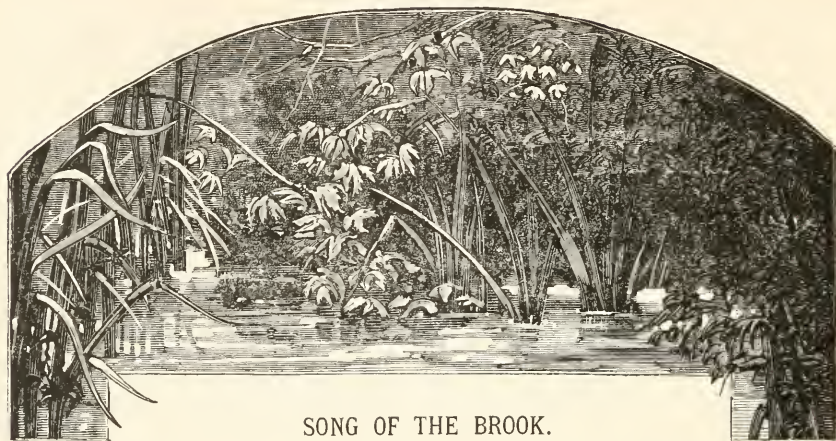
But soon it reached a lofty forest,
And danced among the trees;
They seemed rejoiced to see it coming,
And rustled in the breeze.

The brook had now become so merry
It almost seemed to shout;
It leaped among the bending willows,
And whirled the leaves about.

Below the forest was a valley,
The rock between was steep;
Yet, madly roaring, on it hurried,
Impatient for the leap.

Among the rocks it brightly sparkled,
And filled the air with spray;
It reached the valley white with foam-
ing,
And wildly went its way.

The little brook now ceased its frolic,
A calmer course to take,
And through the valley rolled its
waters,
And mingled with the lake.



SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges ;
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles ;
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;

For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel,
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel ;

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots ;
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows,
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.



I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may
 go,
 But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

A LITTLE brook went surging
 O'er golden sands along,
 And as I listened to it
 It whispered in its song.

"Beneath the steady mountain,"
 I thought I heard it say,
 "My crystal waters started
 Upon their winding way.

"I fondly hoped that flowers
Would bloom upon each side,
And sunshine always cheer me
Wherever I might glide.

"Through grassy meadows flowing,
And birds on every tree,
I hoped that each hour passing
Would pleasure bring to me.



"But hopes once bright have perished ;
But rarely have I seen
The lovely birds and flowers,
The meadows soft and green.

"Through barren heaths and lonely
My way has often led,
Where golden sunshine never
Has cheered my gloomy bed.

"O'er rocks I've had to travel ;
O'er precipices steep

I onward have been driven,
And madly made to leap.

"The winds have sighed around me,
The clouds in darkness hung,
And sadness has been mingled
With music I have sung.

"But still, wherever running,
My life has not been vain ;
I've helped to grow the forests
That wave across the plain.

"The forests build the cities,
And ships that sail the sea,
And the mighty forests gather
Their nourishment from me.

"So onward ! onward ever !
With singing I will go,
However dark and dreary
The scenes through which I flow."

A higher law than pleasure
Should guide me in my way ;
Thus 'mid the rocks and forests
Comes music every day.



THE LITTLE GIRL'S ADDRESS TO THE RIVER.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Tell us, whither do you glide
Through the green and sunny mead-
ows,
With your sweetly-murmuring tide?

You for many a mile must wander,
Many a lovely prospect see ;
Gentle river, gentle river,
Oh, how happy you must be !

Tell us, if you can remember,
 Where your happy life began,
 When at first from some high mountain
 Like a silver thread you ran.

Say, how many little streamlets
 Gave their mite your depths to
 swell?

Coming each from different sources,
 Had they each a tale to tell?

When, a playful brook, you gambolled,
 And the sunshine o'er you smiled,
 On your banks did children loiter,
 Looking for the spring flowers wild?

Gentle river, gentle river,
 Do you hear a word we say?
 I am sure you ought to love us,
 For we come here every day.

Oh, I pray you wait a moment,
 And a message bear from me
 To a darling little cousin
 We should dearly love to see.

You will know her, if you see her,
 By her clear and laughing eyes,
 For they sparkle like your waters
 'Neath the bright blue summer
 skies.

She's a pretty, playful creature,
 Light of heart and footstep too;
 I am sure you must have seen her,
 For she often speaks of you.

Oh, do tell her, gentle river,
 That we think of her each day—
 That we have not ceased to miss her
 Ever since she went away.

Say to her that brother Willie,
 Who is sitting by our side,
 That sweet rose she gave at parting
 Cherished fondly till it died.

Tell her too that mother wishes
 She could hear her voice once more,
 See her eyes, as bright as sunshine,
 Peeping at the parlor door.

Say we will a token send her,
 Which upon your waves we'll fling—
 Flowers from out our little garden,
 Fragrant with the breath of spring.

Gentle river, gentle river,
 Though you stop not to reply,
 Yet you seem to smile upon us
 As you quickly pass us by.

Soon will come the lovely twilight,
 Lingered brightly in the west,
 And each little bird for shelter
 Soon will seek its shady nest;

And the stars will rise above you,
 Shining all the livelong night,
 Yet you ask nor rest nor slumber,
 Singing still with free delight.

Year by year the same sweet story
 You to other ears will tell;
 Now we leave you, yet we love you:
 Gentle river, fare you well!

SUSAN JEWETT.

THE STREAMLET.

I SAW a little streamlet flow
 Along a peaceful vale;
 A thread of silver, soft and slow,
 It wandered down the dale.
 Just to do good it seemed to move,
 Directed by the hand of Love.



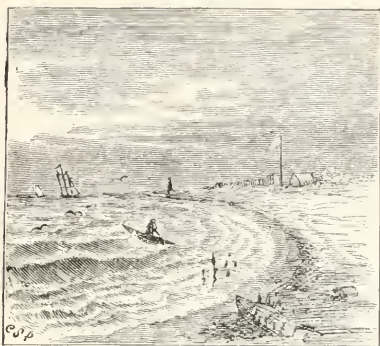
The valley smiled in living green ;
 A tree, which near it gave
 From noontide heat a friendly screen,
 Drank from its limpid wave.
 The swallow brushed it with her
 wing,
 And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
 That little stream was known :
 Its gentle murmur far was heard ;
 A friend's familiar tone !

It glided by the cotter's door,
 It blessed the labor of the poor.

And would that I could thus be
 found,
 While travelling life's brief way,
 A humble friend to all around,
 Where'er my footsteps stray ;
 Like that pure stream, with tranquil
 breast,
 Like it, still blessing and still blest.

M. A. STODART.



THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Roll on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you run all back again
When you have reached the shore?
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.
"We must not dare," the waves re-
ply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;

"And all should keep to time and
place,
And all should keep to rule—
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.
Thus freely on the sandy beach
We dash and roll away;
While you, when study-time is o'er,
May come with us and play."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy ask'd me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,

Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling,
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among ;

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,

Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,

Around and around
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;

Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with
its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,

And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawl-
ing,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and
wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and
rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and
doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and
tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shat-
tering ;

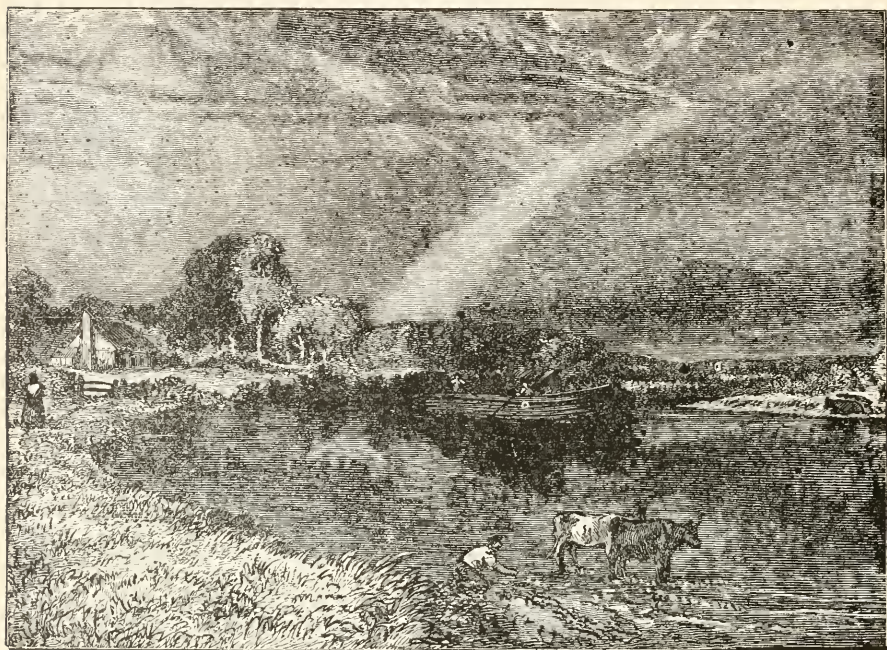
Retreating and beating and meeting
and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing
and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing
and dancing,



Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and
boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and
steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brush-
ing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clap-
ping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling
and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and
bumping and jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splash-
ing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always de-
scending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever
are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty
uproar,
And this way the water comes down
at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE RAINBOW.

THE rainbow, how glorious it is in the sky!

And yet its bright colors are soft to the eye;

There the violet, and blue, and bright yellow are seen,

And orange, and red, and such beautiful green.

Oh, I wonder what paints the bright bow in the sky!

See it spreads out so wide, and it arches so high,

But now at one end 'tis beginning to fade,

And now nothing is seen but a cloud's misty shade.

'Tis God who thus paints the fair heavenly bow,

And sets it on high His great mercy to show;

He bids men look on it, and call then to mind

His promise once graciously made to mankind.

The sea it may swell, and the clouds roll on high,

But God rules the sea and the wild stormy sky;

And ever again shall the sea its bounds know,

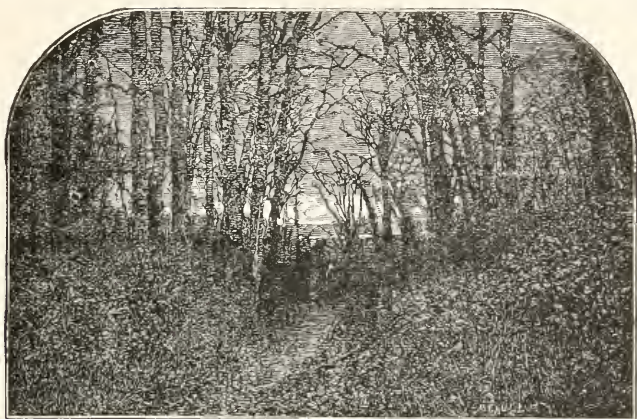
Nor o'er the dry land in a wide deluge flow.

Then, when in the sky is the wide spanning bow,

It shall teach me God's goodness and mercy to know,

And that glorious God it shall teach me to love

Who His mercy thus paints in such colors above.



NOW THE SUN IS SINKING.

Now the sun is sinking
 In the golden west;
 Birds and bees and children
 All have gone to rest;
 And the merry streamlet,
 As it runs along,
 With a voice of sweetness
 Sings its evening song.

Cowslip, daisy, violet,
 In their little beds,
 All among the grasses,
 Hide their heavy heads;
 There they'll all, sweet darlings!
 Lie in happy dreams
 Till the rosy morning
 Wakes them with its beams.

THE NEW MOON.

DEAR mother, how pretty
 The moon looks to-night!
 She was never so cunning before;
 Her two little horns
 Are so sharp and so bright,
 I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
 With you and my friends,
 I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
 I'd sit in the middle
 And hold by both ends;
 Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
 To keep out of the way,
 Lest we should rock over their toes;
 And then I would rock
 Till the dawn of the day,
 And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
 In the beautiful skies,
 And through the bright clouds we
 would roam;
 We would see the sun set,
 And see the sun rise,
 And on the next rainbow come home.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

IS THE MOON MADE OF GREEN CHEESE ?

'SAY, papa, I want you to listen,
 Solay down your newspaper, please;
 Sister Mary has just been a-saying
 That the moon is made out of green
 cheese.

"I told her 'twould get awful mouldy;
 And she said there's a man with a
 hoe
 Who lives there, and scrapes all the
 mould off;
 But I do not believe it is so."

Papa laughed a little at Jennie
 As he stroked down the curls on her
 head:
 "And why now, my dear little daugh-
 ter,
 Don't you trust what your sister has
 said?"

"Because—why, of course she knows
 nothing
 Of the moon, for it's off very far;
 There's not any green cheese about it;
 Why, of course not—now is there,
 papa?"

"You must not ask me such har-
 questions."
 Then papa gave Jennie a kiss:
 "Now go and find out yourself, Jennie,
 Then come and tell me how it is."

Then Jennie went right to her Bible,
 Where it tells how the world had
 its birth,
 And she read all about the creation,
 How God made the heavens and
 earth.

And soon she ran laughing to papa,
 And her laughter ran all through
 the house—
 "Oh, papa, there's no green cheese in it,
 For the moon was made before
 cows."

NICHOLAS NICHOLS.

LADY MOON.

I SEE the Moon, and the Moon sees me;
 God bless the Moon! and God bless me!
 OLD RHYME.

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are
 you roving?
 Over the sea.
 Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are
 you loving?
 All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and
 never
 Resting to sleep?
 Why look so pale and so sad, as for
 ever
 Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you
 love me:
 You are too bold:
 I must obey my dear Father above
 me,
 And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are
 you roving?
 Over the sea.
 Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are
 you loving?
 All that love me.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.



OH, LOOK AT THE MOON!
Oh, look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air!

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place;
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and may be
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

ELIZA POLLEN.

LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.
You little twinkling stars that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings
I'd join you in the sky.
I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy,

For I am sent to bed, because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did:
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid!

I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read,
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak,
But you may twinkle all night long
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies, and through the
clouds,
And round about the pole!

The moon, that once was round and
full,
Is now a silver boat;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged
cloud,
And then—how we should float!

Does anybody say, "Be still,"
When you would dance and play?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way?

Oh, tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west,
So patiently and slow!

"We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question—when He speaks
We listen and obey."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE CHILD AND THE STAR.

"TELL me, my little one, tell me why,
Silent and steadfast, you gaze on high:
What does my darling see?"

"Look, mother, up at that beautiful
star,
Shining and glimmering down from
afar,
How it watches over me.

"Every night as I fall asleep
In at the window it comes to peep,
White, and clear, and calm.

"Often I think the bright star must be
The eye of our Father looking on me,
Keeping me safe from harm."

"Little one, pretty one, turn where we
will,
God in His mercy is guarding us still;
Child, He is everywhere.

"Down in the depths, or up in the sky,
None from His presence away can fly;
By day, by night He is there.

"That brilliant star that is gleaming
bright
Is a world like ours of life and light,
Created by His will.

"He dwelleth there as He dwelleth
here,
Both far away, and as closely near,
He hears, He sees us still.

"Trustfully rest in thy fancy fair,
Truly thy Father keeps vigil there
Over thee, over us all.

"Innocent little one, gazing above,
Look up for ever in faith and in love.
Whatever in life befall."

THE EYES OF THE ANGELS.

A little girl was disappointed when her mother told her what the stars were. She said, "I thought they were the eyes of the angels."

"MOTHER, what are those little things
That twinkle from the skies?"

"The stars, my child."—"I thought,
mother,
They were the angels' eyes."

"They look down on me so like yours,
As beautiful and mild,
When by my crib you used to sit,
And watch your feverish child."

"And always, when I shut my eyes,
And said my little prayers,
I felt so safe, because I knew
That they had opened theirs."

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.



GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded
it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night,
good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over
her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to
bed,
She said, as she watched their curious
flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-
night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen
lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came
over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet de-
light,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-
night!"
She did not say to the sun, "Good-
night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball
of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
Alloverttheworld, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his
head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite
prayer.
And, while on her pillow she softly
lay,
She knew nothing more till again it
was day;
And all things said to the beautiful
sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our
work is begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.



GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night!" said the plough to the
weary old horse;
And Dobbin responded, "Good-
night!"
Then, with Tom on his back, to the
farm-house he turned,
With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox, with a
comical bow,
As he turned from the heavy old cart,
Which laughed till it shook a round
wheel from its side,
Then creaked out, "Good-night,
from my heart!"

"Good-night!" said the hen, when her
supper was done,
To Fanny, who stood in the door;
"Good-night!" answered Fanny;
"come back in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have
more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck; "I
wish you all well,
Though I cannot tell what is polite."
"The will for the deed," answered
Benny the brave;
"Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-
night!"

The geese were parading the beautiful
green,
But the goslings were wearied out
quite ;
So, shutting their peepers, from under
the wing
They murmured a sleepy "Good-
night!"

Now the shades of evening were gath-
ering apace
And fading the last gleam of
light ;
So to father and mother, both Fanny
and Ben
Gave a kiss and a hearty "Good-
night!"

NATURE'S VOICE.

WHATEVER mine ears can hear,
Whatever mine eyes can see,
In Nature so bright
With beauty and light,
Has a message of love for me.

Glorious clouds ! as ye sail
Over the clear blue sky,
Ye tell of the hour
When the Lord of power
In clouds shall descend from on
high !

Ye sheep that on pastures green
Beside the still waters feed,
Ye bring to my mind
The Shepherd so kind
Who supplies all His people's need.

The birds as they soar aloft,
The flowers as they bloom below,

His praises declare
Who made all so fair,—
His wisdom and love they show.

Lord, give me a tongue to praise ;
Oh, give me a heart to love !
Till at last I come
To a brighter home,
A still fairer world above !

A. L. O. E.

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun ;
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun ;
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
Nor help those useless weeds to grow,
But hurry melons on, you know,
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming pool just
right,
Were I the sun ;
On school-days I would hide my light,
The Fourth I'd always give you
bright,
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
Were I the sun—
Such work as grown up men employs ;
But I would favor solid joys—
In short, I'd run the world for boys,
Were I the sun.

A. R. WELLS,

RELIGION.

RELIGION.



FOR THE CHILDREN.

COME stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song ;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along ;

The snow-fields are white in the moon-
light,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
 Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
 But out in the cold of the winter
 Is many a shivering form.
 There are mothers that wander for
 shelter,
 And babes that are pining for
 bread;
 Oh! thank the dear Lord, little chil-
 dren,
 From whose tender hand you are
 fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
 And tell me, through all the long
 day
 Have you thought of the Father above
 us,
 Who guarded from evil our way?
 He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
 And careth for great and for small;
 In life and in death, little children,
 His love is the truest of all.

Now come to your rest, little children,
 And over your innocent sleep,
 Unseen by your vision, the angels
 Their watch through the darkness
 shall keep;
 Then pray that the Shepherd who
 guideth
 The lambs that He loveth so well
 May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
 Beside the still waters to dwell.

WHAT GOD SEES.

WHEN the winter snow-flakes fall,
 God in heaven can count them all;
 When the stars are shining bright,
 Out upon a frosty night,

God can tell them all the same,
 God can give each star its name.

God in heaven can also see
 Children in their play agree,
 Never rude, or cross, or wild,
 Always kind, forbearing, mild.
 Angels from their homes of light
 Gladly look on such a sight.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high;
 But if you look above the pines
 You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
 You never see Him in the gold,
 Though from Him all that's glory
 shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
 Of heaven and earth across His
 face,
 Like secrets kept for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
 Slides down by thrills through all
 things made,
 Through sight and sound of every
 place;

As if my tender mother laid
 On my shut lips her kisses' pres-
 sure,
 Half waking me at night, and said,
 "Who kissed you through the dark,
 dear guesser?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

LISTEN, children, hear me tell,
TEN now tolls from the old church
bell.

Once were given commandments ten,
To be always kept by men.

Nought avails that men should ward
us,—

ONE will watch and ONE will guard
us.

May HE, of His boundless might,
Give unto us all "good night."

Listen, children, hear me tell,
ELEVEN now tolls from the old church
bell.

Eleven Apostles went there forth,
Preaching truth through all the earth.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
TWELVE now tolls from the old church
bell.

Twelve hours day, and twelve hours
night,

Time to order all things right.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
ONE now tolls from the old church
bell.

ONE hath made the world, and HE
Orders all things righteously.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Two now strikes on the old church
bell.

Two ways lie in each man's sight,—
May you, children, choose the right.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
THREE now strikes on the old church
bell.

Three times think when you're in
doubt,

Ere you set your task about.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Four now strikes on the old church
bell.

Four sides hath the ploughèd field,—
May thy life, child, harvest yield.

Now the stars must fade away,
Quickly now will come the day :
Children, thank the bounteous POWER
That doth guard you every hour.

Nought avails that man should ward
you,

ONE doth watch and ONE doth guard
you ;

He hath, of His bounteous might,
Given unto you all "good night."



THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

The church bells for service are ringing,
The father and mother have gone ;
And three little golden-haired children
Are left in the door-way alone.

For these are too young for the meet-
ing—

The busy and frolicsome elves—
So they think to praise God like their
elders

With a holy time all by themselves.

Each one a big volume has taken
And holds it top-down 'gainst the
breast ;

Forthwith the devout little mimics
Sing out in their loudest and best !

They know not themselves what
they're singing

And each takes a tune of his own.
Sing on, O ye children ! your voices
Are heard at the heavenly throne !

And there stand your angels in glory,
While songs to the Father they raise,
Who out of the mouths of the children
Hath perfected worship and praise.

Sing on, over there in the garden
There singeth an answering choir;
'Tis the brood of light-hearted bird-
lings,
That chirp in the bloom-laden air.

Sing on; there is trust in your mu-
sic—
The Father, he asks not for more;
Quick flieth the heart that is sinless
Like a dove to the heavenly door.

Sing on; we sing who are older,
Yet little we, too, understand;
And our bibles, how often we hold
them
The bottom-side up in our hand!

Sing on; in the songs of our service
We follow each note of the card;
But alas, in our strife with each other
How oft is the melody marred!

Sing on; for earth's loftiest music,
Though ever so fine and so clear,
What is it? The lisping of children—
A breath in the Infinite ear.

From the German of KARL GEROK

A GRACE FOR A CHILD.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can
teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



GOD IS GOOD.

SEE the shining dew-drops
On the flowerets
strewed,
Proving, as they
sparkle,
“God is ever
good!”

See the morning sun-
beams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
“God is ever good!”

Hear the mountain-
streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
“God is ever good!”

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Joyous birds are singing,
“God is ever good!”

Bring, my heart, thy tribute—
Songs of gratitude—
While all Nature utters,
“God is ever good!”

THE HEAVENLY FATHER.

CAN you count the stars that brightly
Twinkle in the midnight sky?
Can you count the clouds so lightly
O'er the meadows floating by?
God the Lord doth mark their num-
ber

With his eyes, that never slumber;
He hath made them, every one.

Can you count the insects playing
In the summer sun's bright beam?
Can you count the fishes straying,
Darting through the silver stream?
Unto each, by God in heaven,
Life and food and strength are given;
He doth watch them, every one.

Do you know how many children
Rise each morning blithe and gay?
Can you count the little voices
Singing sweetly day by day?

God hears all the little voices,
In their infant songs rejoices ;
He doth love them, every one.



THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

O God ! who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night,

Oh let me speak to Thee, dear God !
Of those old mercies past,
O'er which new mercies day by day
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !
Sweet was the freedom deemed ;
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

At school Thou wert a kindly face
Which I could almost see ;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt ;
I knew that Thou wert near—
A silence tingling in the room ;
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home-Sundays long since past
How fondly memory clings !
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee ;
What picture I had made
Of that Eternal Majesty
To whom my childhood prayed.

I know I used to lie awake
And tremble at the shape

Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,
Yet never spoke of Thee ;
The nights we spent together, Lord !
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine :
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord !
But sinned before Thy face ;
Yet now, on looking back, my sins
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more divine,
More glorious than before ;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year
Each breadth of life to meet ;
I scarce can think Thou art the same,
Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present
charms

Thy past ones only prove ;
Oh make my heart more strong to bear
This newness of Thy love !

These novelties of love !—when will
Thy goodness find an end ?

Whither will Thy compassions, Lord,
Incredibly extend ?

Father ! what hast Thou grown to now ?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love !

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God ! to see Thy face,
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space !

FREDERICK W. FABER.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

PART I.

THE STORY WANTED.

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin!

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story

When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"

PART II.

THE STORY TOLD.

You ask me for "the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love."

You want the "old, old story,"
And nothing else will do?
Indeed, I cannot wonder,
It always seems so new!

I often wish that some one
Would tell it me each day:
I never should get tired
Of what they had to say.

But I am wasting moments!
Oh, how shall I begin
To tell the "old, old story,"
How Jesus saves from sin?

Listen and I will tell you ;
 God help both you and me,
 And make the "old, old story"
 His message unto thee !

Once in a pleasant garden
 God placed a happy pair ;
 And all within was peaceful,
 And all around was fair,
 But oh, they disobeyed Him !
 The one thing He denied
 They longed for, took, and tasted ;
 They ate it, and—they died !
 Yet, in His love and pity
 At once the Lord declared
 How man, though lost and ruined,
 Might after all be spared.

For one of Eve's descendants,
 Not sinful, like the rest,
 Should spoil the work of Satan,
 And man be saved and blest.

He should be son of Adam,
 But Son of God as well,
 And bring a full salvation
 From sin, and death, and hell.

Hundreds of years were over,
 Adam and Eve had died,
 The following generation,
 And many more beside.

At last, some shepherds, watching
 Beside their flocks at night,
 Were startled in the darkness
 By strange and heavenly light.

One of the holy angels
 Had come from heaven above

To tell the true, true story
 Of Jesus and His love.

He came to bring glad tidings :
 "You need not, must not, fear ;
 For Christ, your new-born Saviour,
 Lies in the village near !"

And many other angels
 Took up the story then :
 "To God on high be glory,
 Good-will, and peace to men."

And was it true, that story ?
 They went at once to see,
 And found Him in a manger,
 And knew that it was He.

He whom the Father promised,
 So many ages past,
 Had come to save poor sinners ;
 Yes, He had come at last !

He was "content to do it,"
 To seek and save the lost,
 Although He knew beforehand—
 Knew all that it would cost.

He lived a life most holy ;
 His every thought was love,
 And every action showed it,
 To man, and God above.

His path in life was lowly,
 He was a "working man."
 Who knows the poor man's trials
 So well as Jesus can ?

His last three years were lovely ;
 He could no more be hid ;
 And time and strength would fail me
 To tell the good He did.



He gave away no money,
For He had none to give;
But He had power of healing,
And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly,
It seemed His heart's delight
To make poor people happy
From morning until night.

He always seemed at leisure
 For every one who came;
 However tired or busy,
 They found Him just "the same."

He heard each tale of sorrow
 With an attentive ear,
 And took away each burden
 Of suffering, sin, or fear.

He was a "Man of Sorrows,"
 And when He gave relief,
 He gave it like a brother,
 Acquainted with the "grief."

Such was the man "Christ Jesus,"
 The Friend of sinful man! . . .
 But hush! the tale grows sadder:
 I'll tell it—if I can.

This gentle, holy Jesus,
 Without a spot or stain,
 By wicked hands was taken,
 And crucified, and slain.

Look! look! if you can bear it—
 Look at your dying Lord;
 Stand near the cross and watch Him;
 "Behold the Lamb of God!"

His hands and feet are piercèd,
 He cannot hide His face;
 And cruel men "stand staring"
 In crowds about the place.

They laugh at Him and mock Him!
 They tell Him to "come down,"
 And leave that cross of suffering,
 And change it for a crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?
 Was He "the mighty God"?
 And could He have destroyed them
 With one almighty word?

Yes, Jesus could have done it;
 But let me tell you why
 He would not use his power,
 But chose to stay and die.

He had become our "Surety;"
 And what we could not pay,
 He paid instead, and for us,
 On that one dreadful day.

For our sins He suffered,
 For our sins He died;
 And "not for ours only,"
 But "all the world's" beside!

And now the work is "finished!"
 The sinner's debt is paid,
 Because on "Christ the righteous"
 The sin of *all* was laid.

O wonderful redemption!
 God's remedy for sin,
 The door of heaven is open,
 And you may enter in,

For God released our "Surety"
 To show the work was done,
 And Jesus' resurrection
 Declared the victory *won*.

And now He has ascended,
 And sits upon the throne,
 "To be a Prince and Saviour,"
 And claim us for His own.

But when He left His people,
 He promised them to send
 "The Comforter," to teach them
 And guide them to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit
 Is with us to this day,

And ready *now* to teach us
The "new and living Way."

This is the old, old story :
Say, do you take it in—
This wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it's true,
And meant for every sinner,
And therefore meant for *you*?

Then take this "great salvation,"
For Jesus loves to give;
Believe, and you receive it,
Believe, and you shall live!

And if this simple message
Has now brought peace to you,
Make known "the old, old story,"
For others need it too.

Let everybody see it,
That Christ has made you free,
And if it sets them longing,
Say, "Jesus died for *thee*."

Soon, soon our eyes shall see Him,
And in our home above
We'll sing "the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love."

KATE HANKEY.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the story :
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story :
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story :
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story :
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

I love to tell the story :
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.

And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long!

SUNDAY AT HOME.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
to His fold,
I should like to have been with them
then.

I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arms had been thrown
around me,
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

But still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him be-
low,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all that are washed and for-
given;
And many dear children are gather-
ing there,
"For of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

MRS. LUKE.

CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my dear! Lie still and slum-
ber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and rai-
ment,
House and home, thy friends pro-
vide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features!
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too
hard:

'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they
found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept His mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in a manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed:—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger
There's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,

Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear
Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,

Then go dwell for ever near Him :
See His face, and sing His praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses !
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire !

ISAAC WATTS.



“SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME.”

“The Master has come over Jordan,”
Said Hannah the mother one day ;
“He is healing the people who throng
Him,
With a touch of His finger, they
say.

“And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon.”

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled :

“Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild ?

“If the children were tortured by
demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well ;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel.”

“Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan ;
I feel such a burden of care,
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If He lay His hand on the children
 My heart will be lighter, I know,
 For a blessing for ever and ever
 Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
 Along by the vine-rows green,
 With Esther asleep on her bosom,
 And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mid the people who hung on His
 teaching,
 Or waited His touch and His
 word,—
 Through the row of proud Pharisees
 listening,
 She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the
 Master,"
 Said Peter, "with children like
 these?"

Seest not how from morning to evening
 He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the
 children ;

Permit them to come unto me!"
 And He took in His arms little Esther,
 And Rachel He set on His knee ;

And the heavy heart of the mother
 Was lifted all earth-care above,
 As He laid His hand on the brothers,
 And blest them with tenderest love ;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
 "Of such is the kingdom of hea-
 ven,"—

And strength for all duty and trial
 That hour to her spirit was given.

JULIA GILL.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

JESUS says that we must love Him ;
 Helpless as the lambs are we,
 But He very kindly tells us
 That our Shepherd He will be.

Heavenly Shepherd ! please to watch
 us,
 Guard us both by night and day ;
 Pity show to little children,
 Who, like lambs, too often stray.

We are always prone to wander :
 Please to keep us from each snare ;
 Teach our infant hearts to praise Thee
 For Thy kindness and Thy care.



THE NEAREST FRIEND.

DEAR JESUS ! ever at my side,
 How loving must Thou be,
 To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
 A little child like me !

Thy beautiful and shining face
 I see not, though so near ;
 The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
 I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me, as my mother did
 When I was but a child ;

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
 Fighting with sin for me ;
 And when my heart loves God, I
 know
 The sweetness is from Thee.

Yes ! when I pray, Thou prayest too ;
 Thy prayer is all for me ;
 But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

JESUS SEES YOU.

LITTLE child, when you're at play
 Do you know that Jesus sees you?
 He it is who made the day,
 Sunshine, birds, and flowers, to please
 you.
 Oh then thank Him much, and pray
 To be grateful every day.

Little child, when you're afraid,
 Do you know that Christ is by you?

Seek His care then! He has said,
 "Ask, and I will not deny you."
 And He never fails to hear;
 He will keep you—do not fear.

Little child, when you are bad,
 Do you think that Jesus knows it?
 Yes! and oh, it makes Him glad
 When you're sorry and disclose it.
 Oh, then, tell Him quick, and pray
 To grow better every day.



PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
 Gracious God, forbid it not:
 In the kingdom of Thy grace
 Give a little child a place.

Oh supply my every want,
 Feed the young and tender plant;
 Day and night my keeper be,
 Every moment watch o'er me.

HYMN OF A CHILD.

LOVING Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child!

Make me gentle as Thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,
Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise ;

And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me !

CHARLES WESLEY.

—•— EVENING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

Now I lay me down to sleep ;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take ;
And this I beg for Jesus' sake.

—•— A CHILD'S PRAYER.

THE day is gone, the night is come,
The night for quiet rest,
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go ;
Upon the leafless bough
He sang his evening hymn to God,
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive ;
Shut is the daisy's eye ;
The stars alone are peeping forth
From out the darkened sky.

No, not the stars alone ; for God
Has heard what I have said ;
His eye looks on His little child,
Kneeling beside its bed.

He kindly hears me thank Him now
For all that He has given—
For friends, and books, and clothes,
and food ;
But most of all for heaven—

Where I shall go when I am dead,
If truly I do right ;
Where I shall meet all those I love
As angels pure and bright.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

—•— JESUS, SEE A LITTLE CHILD.

JESUS, see a little child,
Kneeling at its mother's knee ;
Meekly pleading at Thy feet,
Lifting up its hands to Thee.
Saviour, guide my little steps,
Never let them halt or stray ;
Wash me with Thy precious blood ;
Jesus, take my sins away !

Make me gentle, make me good,
Let no evil fill my breast ;
Never leave me night or day,
Watch me when I play or rest.
Jesus, Saviour of the world,
Look with pity down on me ;
Though I'm but a little child,
Teach me how to pray to Thee !

MATTHIAS BARR.

—•— EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night :
Through the darkness be Thou near
me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and
fed me ;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.



MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright
With rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep.
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide.
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh, make Thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace;
 Make me like Thee;
 Then I shall be
 Prepared to see Thy face.



A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet named below for the use of his little girl.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God grant me grace my prayers to say.
 O God, preserve my mother dear
 In strength and health for many a
 year;
 And, oh! preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due—
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy.

And oh! preserve my brothers both
 From evil doings and from sloth;
 And may we always love each other,
 Our friends, our father, and our mo-
 ther.

And still, O Lord, to me impart
 An innocent and grateful heart,
 That after my last sleep I may
 Awake to Thy eternal day! Amen.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—

"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep:" "To sleep," she mur-
 mured,

And the curly head bent low;
 "I pray the Lord," I gently added;
 "You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came
 faintly,

Fainter still, "My soul to keep;"
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
 When I clasped her to my breast,
 And the dear voice softly whispered,
 "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun is hidden from our sight,
 The birds are sleeping sound;
 'Tis time to say to all, "Good-night,"
 And give a kiss all round.

Good-night, my father, mother dear;
 Now kiss your little son;

Good-night, my friends, both far and near,

Good-night to every one.

Good-night, ye merry, merry birds !
Sleep well till morning light ;
Perhaps if you could sing in words
You would have said " Good-night."

To all my pretty flowers good-night ;
You blossom while I sleep ;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there ;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, dear mamma," a little girl said,
"I'm going to sleep in my trundle-bed ;
Good-night, dear papa, little brother and sis !"
And to each one the innocent gave a sweet kiss.
"Good-night, little darling," her fond mother said ;
*But remember, before you lie down in your bed,
With a heart full of love, and a tone soft and mild,
To breathe a short prayer to Heaven, dear child."
"Oh yes, dear mother!" said the child, with a nod,
"I love, oh I love to say good-night to God!"

Kneeling down, "My Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for giving me this nice little bed ;
Forthough mamma told me she bought it for me,
She says that everything good comes from Thee ;
I thank Thee for keeping me safe through the day ;
I thank Thee for teaching me, too, how to pray ;"
Then bending her sweet little head with a nod,
"Good-night, my dear Father, my Maker, and God ;
Should I never again on earth open mine eyes,
I pray Thee to give me a home in the skies!"

'Twas an exquisite sight as she meekly knelt there,
With her eyes raised to heaven, her hands clasped in prayer ;
And I thought of the time when the Saviour, in love,
Said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven above ;"
And I inwardly prayed that my own heart the while
Might be cleansed of its bitterness, freed from its guile.
Then she crept into bed, that beautiful child,
And was soon lost in slumber, so calm and so mild
That we listened in vain for the sound of her breath
As she lay in the arms of the emblem of death.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-NIGHT, my dear mother—dear
 mother, good-night;
 You may take out the lamp, and shut
 the door tight:
 Your dear little Ellen will not be
 afraid,
 Though left quite alone in her own
 quiet bed.

Afraid, my dear mother? afraid when
 I know
 God watches on high, while you watch
 below?
 And though the thick darkness all
 round me is spread,
 I know that from Him I can never be
 hid.

You say, my dear mother, whenever
 I pray,
 Although He's in heaven, He'll hear
 what I say;
 And so, if I should have some foolish
 fears rise,
 I'll pray in my heart when I shut up
 my eyes.

Good-night, my dear mother—dear
 mother, good-night;
 Please take out the candle, and shut
 the door tight:
 Your dear little daughter will not be
 afraid
 When left quite alone in her own lit-
 tle bed.

 GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh, I am so happy!" a little girl
 said,
 As she sprang like a lark from her low
 trundle-bed;

"Tis morning, bright morning; good-
 morning, papa;
 Oh, give me one kiss for good-morn-
 ing, mamma;
 Only just look at my pretty canary,
 Chirping his sweet good-morning to
 Mary!
 The sun is just peeping straight into
 my eyes—
 Good-morning to you, Mister Sun, for
 you rise
 Early to wake up my birdie and me,
 And make us as happy as happy can
 be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little
 girl;"
 And the mother stroked softly a clus-
 tering curl;
 "Happy you can be, but think of the
 One
 Who wakened, this morning, both you
 and the sun."
 The little girl turned her bright eyes
 with a nod,
 "Mamma, may I say 'Good-morning'
 to God?"
 "Yes, little darling one, surely you
 may;
 Kneel as you kneel every morning to
 pray."
 Mary knelt solemnly down, with her
 eyes
 Looking up earnestly into the skies;
 And two little hands, that were folded
 together,
 Softly she laid in the lap of her
 mother:
 "Good-morning, dear Father in heav-
 en," she said,
 "I thank Thee for watching my snug
 little bed;

For taking good care of me all the
dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful
light.
Oh keep me from naughtiness all the
long day,
Dear Saviour, who taught little chil-
dren to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine
and smiled,
But she saw not the angel, that beau-
tiful child.

MARY T. HAMLIN.

HYMN.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
For I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that it may of me be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see ;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace
And make me like to Thee!

PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

And Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

My health, my friends, and parents
dear
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessings here
But what are sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant
care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey!

CONVALESCENT.

I PRAYED to God ; He heard my prayer,
And made a little child His care :
When I was sick He healed my pain,
And gave me health and strength
again.

Oh, let me now His grace implore,
And love and praise Him evermore.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,

Dwelling in everlasting light
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, Glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
 And lived on earth below,
 And could not praise, as now they do,
 The Lord who loved them so,
 Singing, Glory, glory.

What brought them to that world
 above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace and joy and love ?
 How came those children there,
 Singing, Glory, glory ?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin :
 Bathed in that pure and precious
 flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing, Glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's
 grace,
 On earth they loved His name ;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, Glory, glory.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

I WANT to be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand ;
 There, right before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd wake the sweetest music,
 And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear ;

But blessed, pure, and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive ;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live.
 Dear Saviour, when I languish
 And lay me down to die,
 Oh, send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky !

Oh, then I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand ;
 And there before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly chorus,
 And praise Him day and night

SIDNEY PAUL GILL.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXOD. CHAP. XX.

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me ;
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due:
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean,
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's do not covet.



THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthily our Saviour King!
 Loud let His praises ring—
 Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land—
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee—
 Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye:
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.

On, then, to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And, bright above the sun,
 Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land:
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant
 shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no
 more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange
 blows,
 And the fireflies glance through the
 myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny
 skies;
 Or 'midst the green islands of glitter-
 ing seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the
 breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their
 starry wings
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious
 things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of
gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby
shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret
mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the
coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better
land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle
boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of
joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so
fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter
there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless
bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond
the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Among the night-watchmen of Germany a singular custom prevails of chanting devotional hymns, as well as songs of a national, and sometimes of an amusing, character during the night. Here is one of the more serious cast, the verses of which are chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced by the watchman in his rounds:

HARK! ye neighbors, and hear me
tell:
Eight now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Eight souls alone from death were
kept
When God the earth with the Deluge
swept.

CHORUS.

Human watch from harm can't ward
us:
God will watch and God will guard
us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night!

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Nine now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Nine lepers cleansed returned not;
Be not thy blessings, O man, forgot!

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Ten now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below from God in heaven.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Eleven now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Eleven apostles, of holy mind,
Proclaimed the gospel to mankind.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Twelve now sounds on the belfry-
bell!

Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered reproach for the Sa-
viour's name.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
One now sounds on the belfry-bell!
One God above; one Lord, indeed,
Who ever protects in the hour of
need.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Two now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Two paths before mankind are free:
Be sure and choose the best for thee.

Cno.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Three now sounds on the belfry-bell:
Threefold reigns the heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Cno.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Four now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Four seasons crown the farmer's care:
Thy heart with equal toil prepare.

CHORUS.

Up now! awake! nor slumber on;
The morn approaches—night is gone.
Thank God, who by His love and
night
Has watched and kept us through the
night.

Rouse to the duties of the day,
And serve Him faithfully alway.

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest
child,

A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told

How God, with food by ravens
brought,
Supplied His prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my
son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What He has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will uncloset the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of the lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried:
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that
filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good
Lord!"

Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.



LITTLE SAMUEL.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,

How happy I should be!
Oh how should I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does He never speak?
Oh yes; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

SUNDAY.

God on high to man did speak :
 Seven days are in the week—
 Six of these to you I give ;
 Ye must work that ye may live—
 But the seventh day shall be
 Always set apart for Me,
 That My servants may have rest
 And may learn of My behest,
 That the voice of praise and prayer
 May be lifted ev'rywhere.
 Think, dear child, what God doth say
 Of His holy Sabbath Day.

A GOOD SABBATH.

A SABBATH well spent
 Brings a week of content,
 And strength for the toils of to-mor-
 row ;
 But a Sabbath profaned,
 Whatever is gained,
 Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

I WILL NOT BE AFRAID.

God can see **us** everywhere
 In the very darkest night ;
 So I will not be afraid,
 Even though I have no light.

When alone awake I lie,
 Then my pretty hymn I'll say ;
 God can hear the smallest voice,
 And He listens night and day.

Well He loves each little child
 With a Father's tender love ;
 All the time we sleep or play,
 He is watching from above.

So I will not be afraid,
 Even though I have no light ;
 God can see us everywhere,
 In the very darkest night.

FAITH IN GOD.

I KNEW a widow very poor,
 Who four small children had :
 The oldest was but six years old,
 A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
 To feed her children four ;
 A noble heart the mother had,
 Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home,
 For children must be fed ;
 And glad was she when she could buy
 A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
 On any day to eat :
 They drank their water, ate their bread,
 But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast
 And piercing was the air,
 I thought that I would go and see
 How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless
 home,
 'Twas searched by every breeze—
 When, going in, the eldest child
 I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy ;
 He never raised his head,
 But still went on, and said, "Give
 us
 This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
 Still listening as he prayed;
 And when he rose I asked him why
 That prayer he then had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning,
 when
 My mother went away,
 She wept because she said she had
 No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must
 starve,
 Our father being dead;
 And then I told her not to cry,
 For I could get some bread.

"Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
 Which made me think that He,
 As we have no kind father here,
 Would our kind Father be.

"And then you know, sir, that the
 prayer
 Asks God for bread each day;
 So in the corner, sir, I went;
 And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
 And went with fleeting feet,
 And very soon was back again
 With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the
 boy.
 I answered with a nod;
 I could not speak, but much I
 thought
 Of that boy's faith in God.

REV. DR. HAWKS.

LITTLE HARRY'S LETTER.

A POSTMAN stood with puzzled brow
 And in his hands turned o'er and
 o'er

A letter with address so strange
 As he had never seen before.
 The writing cramped, the letters
 small,
 And by a boy's rough hand en-
 graven.

The words ran thus: "To Jesus
 Christ,"
 And underneath inscribed, "In
 Heaven."

The postman paused; full well he
 knew
 No mail on earth this note could
 take;
 And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,
 And posted for the dear Lord's
 sake.

With careful hand he broke the seal,
 And rev'rently the letter read;
 'Twas short, and very simple too,
 For this was all the writer said:

"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,
 I've lately lost my father dear;
 Mother is very, very poor,
 And life to her is sad and drear.
 Yet Thou hast promised in Thy Word
 That none can ever ask in vain
 For what they need of earthly store,
 If only asked in Jesus' name.

"And so I write you in His name,
 To ask that you will kindly send
 Some money down; what you can
 spare,
 And what is right for us to spend.

I want so much to go to school ;
While father lived I always went ;
But he had little, Lord, to leave,
And what he left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be
Ere this can reach the golden gate ;
But I will try and patient be,
And for the answer gladly wait."
The tidings reached that far-off land,
Although the letter did not go,
And straight the King an angel sent
To help the little boy below.

Oft to his mother he would say,
"I knew the Lord would answer
make
When He had read my letter through,
Which I had sent for Jesus' sake."
Ah, happy boy ! could you but teach
Our hearts to trust our Father's love,
And to believe where aught's denied
'Tis only done our faith to prove !

LITTLE LUCY.

A LITTLE child, six summers old,
So thoughtful and so fair
There seemed about her pleasant ways
A more than childish air,
Was sitting on a summer's eve
Beneath a spreading tree,
Intent upon an ancient book
That lay upon her knee.

She turned each page with careful hand,
And strained her sight to see,
Until the drowsy shadows slept
Upon the grassy lea ;
Then closed the book, and upward
looked,
And straight began to sing
A simple verse of hopeful love—
This very childish thing :

"While here below how sweet to
know
His wondrous love and story
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory !"

That little child, one dreary night
Of winter wind and storm,
Was tossing on a weary couch
Her weak and wasted form ;
And in her pain, and in its pause,
But clasped her hand in prayer—
Strange that we had no thoughts of
heaven,
While hers were only there—

Until she said, "Oh, mother dear,
How sad you seem to be !
Have you forgotten that He said,
'Let children come to Me ?'
Dear mother, bring the blessed Book ;
Come, mother, let us sing."
And then again, with faltering tongue,
She sang that childish thing :
"While here below how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story,
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory !"

Underneath a spreading tree
A narrow mound is seen,
Which first was covered by the snow,
Then blossomed into green.
Here first I heard that childish voice,
That sings on earth no more ;
In heaven it hath a richer tone,
And sweeter than before :
"For those who know His love be-
low"—
So runs the wondrous story—
"In heaven, through grace, shall see
His face,
And dwell with Him in glory !"

A FOREST SCENE IN THE DAYS OF WICKLIFFE.

A LITTLE child she read a book
Beside an open door ;
And as she read page after page
She wondered more and more.

Her little fingers carefully
Went pointing out the place ;
Her golden locks hung drooping down,
And shadowed half her face.

The open book lay on her knee,
Her eyes on it were bent ;
And as she read page after page
Her color came and went.

She sat upon a mossy stone
An open door beside ;
And round, for miles, on every hand,
Stretched out a forest wide.

The summer sun shone on the trees,
The deer lay in the shade ;
And overhead the singing birds
Their pleasant clamor made.

There was no garden round the house,
And it was low and small,—
The forest sward grew to the door ;
The lichens on the wall.



There was no garden round about,
Yet flowers were growing free—
The cowslip and the daffodil
Upon the forest lea.

The butterfly went flitting by,
The bees were in the flowers ;
But the little child sat steadfastly,
As she had sat for hours.

“ Why sit you here, my little maid ? ”
An aged pilgrim spake ;
The child looked upward from her book,
Like one but just awake.

Back fell her locks of golden hair,
And solemn was her look,
As thus she answered, witlessly,
“ Oh, sir, I read this book ! ”

"And what is there within that book
To win a child like thee?
Up! join thy mates, the merry birds,
And frolic with the bee!"

"Nay, sir, I cannot leave this book;
I love it more than play;
I've read all legends, but this one
Ne'er saw I till this day.

"And there is something in this book
That makes all care begone,—
And yet I weep, I know not why,
As I go reading on."

"Who art thou, child, that thou
shouldst read
A book with mickle heed?
Books are for clerks—the king himself
Hath much ado to read."

"My father is a forester—
A bowman keen and good;
He keeps the deer within their bound,
And worketh in the wood.

"My mother died in Candlemas,—
The flowers are all in blow
Upon her grave at Allonby,
Down in the dale below."

This said, unto her book she turned
As steadfast as before;

"Nay," said the pilgrim, "nay, not
yet,
And you must tell me more.

"Who was it taught you thus to read?"
"Ah, sir, it was my mother;
She taught me both to read and spell—
And so she taught my brother.

"My brother dwells at Allonby,
With the good monks alway;
And this new book he brought to me,
But only for one day.

"Oh, sir, it is a wondrous book,
Better than Charlemagne,—
And, be you pleased to leave me now,
I'll read in it again."

"Nay, read to me," the pilgrim said;
And the little child went on
To read of Christ, as was set forth
In the Gospel of St. John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cheeks did slide;
The pilgrim sat with bended head,
And he wept at her side.

"I've heard," said he, "the arch-
bishop,
I've heard the pope of Rome,
But never did their spoken words
Thus to my spirit come.

"The book, it is a blessed book!
Its name, what may it be?"
Said she, "They are the words of
Christ

That I have read to thee,
Now done into the English tongue
For folks unlearned as we."

"Sancta Maria!" said the man,
"Our canons have decreed
That this is an unholy book
For simple folks to read.

"Sancta Maria! Blessed be God!
Had this good book been mine,
I needn't have gone on pilgrimage
To holy Palestine.

"Give me the book, and let me read!
My soul is strangely stirred:—
They are such words of love and truth
As ne'er before I heard."

The little girl gave up the book,
And the pilgrim, old and brown,

With reverend lips did kiss the page,
Then on the stone sat down.

And aye he read, page after page;
Page after page he turned;
And as he read their blessed words
His heart within him burned.

Still, still the book the old man read
As he would ne'er have done;
From the hour of noon he read the
book,
Until the set of the sun.

The little child she brought him out
A cake of wheaten bread;
But it lay unbroke at eventide,
Nor did he raise his head
Until he every written page
Within the book had read.

Then came the sturdy forester
Along the homeward track,
Whistling aloud a hunting-tune,
With a slain deer on his back.

Loud greeting gave the forester
Unto the pilgrim poor;
The old man rose with thoughtful
brow,
And entered at the door.

The two had sat them down to meat,
And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
How he had eaten on Olivet,
And drank at Jacob's Well.

And then he told how he had knelt
Where'er our Lord had prayed—
How he had in the garden been,
And the tomb where He was laid;

And then he turned unto the book,
And read, in English plain,
How Christ had died on Calvary;
How He had risen again;

And all His comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all,
He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parchèd soil,
As to the hungry bread,
So fell upon the woodman's soul
Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus through the midnight did they
read
Until the dawn of day;
And then came in the woodman's son
To fetch the book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech,
His face was pale with dread,
For he said, "The king hath made a
law
That the book must not be read—
For it was such a fearful heresy,
The holy abbot said."



KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

SIR John and Sir Bevis were knights
of old

Who went to the Holy Land;
Each had a spirit free and bold,
Each had a firm, strong hand;
Each showed by the cross upon his
vest

He had chosen the Christian's part;
'Tis one thing to wear it upon the
breast,

Another, within the heart.
Wise in counsel and bold in fight,
Tell me which was the Christian
knight?

Sir John he prized the wine-cup well,
And sat at the banquet long;

He loved the boastful tale to tell,
 And to sing the boisterous song.
 He slew the foe who for mercy cried,
 And burned his castle down;
 He wasted the country far and wide,
 And won what he called renown;
 But his deeds were hateful in Heaven's
 sight—
 Let no one call him a Christian
 knight.

Sir Bevis supported the widow's cause
 And upheld the orphan's claim—
 Did good, but never for man's ap-
 plause,
 For little he sought for fame.
 When his most bitter foe he found
 Bleeding upon the plain,
 His thirst he quenched and his wounds
 he bound,
 And brought him to life again.
 Gentle in peace as brave in fight,
 Was not Sir Bevis a Christian knight?

Those warlike times, they have passed
 away—

Knights wear the Red Cross no more;
 But contrasts exist in modern day
 Great as in days of yore.

Gentle, generous, true, and kind,
 E'en in the child we see
 That he may be of a chivalrous mind,
 Though but of a low degree;
 Guarding the weak and loving the
 right,
 Be each British boy as a Christian
 knight.

A. L. O. E.

THE PARABLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

To a king's court a giant came,—

“Oh, king, both far and near
 I seek,” he said, “the greatest king;
 And thou art he, I hear.

“If it please thee, I will abide;
 To thee my knee shall bend;
 Only unto the greatest kings
 Can giants condescend.”

Right glad the king the giant took
 Into his service then,
 For since Goliath's mighty days
 No man so big was seen.

Well pleased the giant too to serve
 The greatest king on earth;
 He served him well, in peace, in war,
 In sorrow, and in mirth,

Till came a wandering minstrel by,
 One day, who played and sang
 Wild songs, through which the devil's
 name
 Profanely, loudly rang.

Astonished then, the giant saw
 The king look sore afraid;
 At mention of the devil's name
 The cross's sign he made.

“How now, my master? Why dost
 thou

Make on thy breast this sign?”
 He said. “It is a spell,” replied
 The king—“a spell divine,

“Which shall the devil circumvent,
 And keep me safe and whole
 From all the wicked arts he tries
 To slay my precious soul.”

“Oh ho, my master! then he is
 More powerful than thou!
 They lied who called thee greatest king;
 I leave thy service now,

“And seek the devil; him will I
 My master call henceforth.”
 The giant cried, and strode away,
 Contemptuous and wroth,

He found the devil soon. I ween
 The devil waited near,
 Well pleased to have this mighty man
 Within his ranks appear.

They journeyed on full many a day,
 And now the giant deemed
 At last he had a master found
 Who was the king he seemed.

But lo! one day they came apace
 To where four roadways met,
 And at the meeting of the roads
 A cross of stone was set.

The devil trembled and fell back,
 And said, "We go around."
 "Now tell me," fierce the giant cried,
 "Why fearest thou this ground?"

The devil would not answer. "Then
 I leave thee, master mine,"
 The giant said. "Of something wrong
 This mystery is sign."

Then answered him the fiend,
 ashamed:
 "'Twas there Christ Jesus died;
 Wherever stands a cross like that
 I may not, dare not, bide."

"Ho, ho!" the giant cried again,
 Surprised again, perplexed;
 "Then Jesus is the greatest king,—
 I seek and serve Him next."

The king named Jesus, far and near,
 The weary giant sought;
 His name was everywhere proclaimed,
 His image sold and bought,

His power vaunted, and His laws
 Upheld by sword and fire;
 But Him the giant sought in vain,
 Until he cried in ire,

One winter eve, as late he came
 Upon a hermit's cell:
 "Now by my troth, tell me, good saint,
 Where doth thy master dwell?"

"For I have sought him far and wide,
 By leagues of land and sea;
 I seek to be his servant true,
 In honest fealty.

"I have such strength as kings desire,
 State to their state to lend;
 But only to the greatest king
 Can giants condescend."

Then said the hermit, pale and wan:
 "Oh, giant man! indeed
 The King thou seekest doth all kings
 In glorious power exceed;

"But they who see Him face to face,
 In full communion clear,
 Crowned with His kingdom's splendor
 bright,
 Must buy the vision dear.

"Dwell here, oh brother, and thy lot
 With ours contented cast;
 And first, that flesh be well subdued,
 For days and nights thou'lt fast!"

"I fast!" the giant cried, amazed.
 "Good saint, I'll no such thing.
 My strength would fail; without that, I
 Were fit to serve no king!"

"Then thou must pray," the hermit
 said;
 "We kneel on yonder stone,
 And tell these beads, and for each bead
 A prayer, one by one."

The giant flung the beads away,
 Laughing in scornful pride.
 "I will not wear my knees on stones;
 I know no prayers," he cried,

Then said the hermit : "Giant, since
Thou canst not fast nor pray,
I know not if our Master will
Save thee some other way.

"But go down to yon river deep,
Where pilgrims daily sink,
And build for thee a little hut
Close on the river's brink,

"And carry travellers back and forth
Across the raging stream ;
Perchance this service to our King,
A worthy one will seem."

"Now that is good," the giant cried ;
"That work I understand ;
A joyous task 'twill be to bear
Poor souls from land to land,

"Who, but for me, would sink and
drown.

Good saint, thou hast at length
Made mention of a work which is
Fit for a giant's strength."

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went,

And on his giant shoulders bore
All travellers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor—
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.

One night, as wrapped in sleep he
lay,
He sudden heard a call :
"Oh, Christopher, come carry me!"
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.
"It must be that I dreamed,"
He said, and laid him down again ;
But instantly there seemed

Again the feeble, distant cry :
"Oh, come and carry me!"
Again he sprang, and looked ; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive
voice,
Like infant's soft and weak ;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child
He found—a piteous sight—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with
babes,
And plunged into the tide.

But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff' shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land,

And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face ;
When, lo ! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ his King,

Until the infant spoke and said,
 "Oh, Christopher, behold!
 I am the Lord whom thou hast served!
 Rise up, be glad and bold!

"For I have seen and noted well
 Thy works of charity;
 And that thou art my servant good
 A token thou shalt see.

"Plant firmly here upon this bank
 Thy stalwart staff of pine,
 And it shall blossom and bear fruit
 This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.
 The giant, left alone,
 Saw on the bank with luscious dates
 His stout pine staff bent down.

For many a year St. Christopher
 Served God in many a land;
 And master painters drew his face,
 With loving heart and hand,

On altar fronts and church's walls;
 And peasants used to say,
 To look on good St. Christopher
 Brought luck for all the day.

I think the lesson is as good
 To-day as it was then—
 As good to us called Christians
 As to the heathen men—

The lesson of St. Christopher,
 Who spent his strength for others,
 And saved his soul by working hard
 To help and save his brothers!

HELEN HUNT.

THE BED-TIME STORY.

Two little girls in their night-gowns,
 As white as the newest snow,
 And Ted in his little flannel suit,
 Like a fur-clad Esquimaux,

Beg just for a single story
 Before they creep to bed;
 So, while the room is summer warm,
 And the coal-grate cheery red,

I huddle them close and cozy
 As a little flock of sheep,
 Which I, their shepherd, strive to lead
 Into the fold of sleep,

And tell them about the daughter
 Of Pharaoh the king,
 Who went to bathe at the river-side,
 And saw such a curious thing

'Mong the water-flags half hidden,
 And just at the brink afloat;
 It was neither drifting trunk nor bough,
 Nor yet was an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded,
 Inside, a soft green braid;
 'Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes,
 In which a babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens
 To fetch it to her side;
 And when she opened the little ark,
 Behold! the baby cried.

"This is one of the Hebrews' children,"
 With pitying voice she said,
 And perhaps a tender tear was dropped
 Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister,
 Who had waited near to see
 That harm came not, and she trembling asked,

"Shall I bring a nurse for thee?"

"Yes, bring a nurse." And the mother
 Was brought—the very one
 Who had made the cradle of bulrushes
 To save her little son.

And the princess called him Moses.
 God saved him thus to bless
 His chosen people as their guide
 Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood,
 And saw their wrongs and woes,
 Filled with the courage of the Lord,
 His mighty spirit rose,

And with faith and love and patience,
 And power to command,
 He placed their homeless, weary feet
 At last in the promised land.

CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab
 over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his
 sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man knows that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the
 sod
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth—
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's
 cheek
 Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;

So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's
 crown

The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
 On gray Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his lonely eyrie
 Looked on the wondrous sight;
 Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallowed spot,
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum,
 Follow his funeral car;
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless
 steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 We lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marble drest,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet
 choir sings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
 That ever buckled sword,
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so
 sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
 The hillside for a pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall,
 And the dark rock-pines like tossing
 plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely
 land,
 To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a
 name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again, O wondrous
 thought!
 Before the judgment day,
 And stand with glory wrapt around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our
 life
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of
 ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden
 sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

HURRAH! we've got him—the Christ-
mas tree,
That all the children love to see;
He stood forlorn in the copse below,
And his outstretched arms, they were
stiff with snow.

I should like to know what presents
bright
Will hang on his branches to-morrow
night;
But hush! we won't ask any questions
yet:
To-morrow will show what each will
get.

Hurrah! the fields are all white with
snow,
But green as ever his branches glow;
In winter or summer no change knows
he—
He's always our dear old Christmas
tree!

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up the baby's stocking:
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;

But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby.
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear
mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe.

IN THE GARDEN.

There's a tender Eastern legend,
 In a volume old and rare,
 Of the Christ-child in his garden
 Walking with the children there.

And it tells—this strange, sweet
 story—

(True or false, ah, who shall say ?)
 How a bird with broken pinion
 Dead within the garden lay.

And the children, childish cruel,
 Lifted it by shattered wing,
 Shouting "Make us merry music—
 Sing, you lazy fellow, sing!"

But the Christ-child bent above it,
 Took it in his gentle hand,
 Full of pity for the suffering
 He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh so softly!
 Laid his lips upon its throat,
 And the song-life, swift returning,
 Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,
 Joyously it sang and soared,
 And the little children, kneeling,
 Called the Christ-child "Master—
 Lord."

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

LITTLE BRIDGET'S COUNTRY WEEK.

THROUGH the bleak December day
 Little pale-faced Bridget lay
 On her shabby trundle-bed,
 Covered with a threadbare spread.

Little Bridget lay alone,
 Trying not to cry or moan
 For her mother, who must stay
 Out at work the livelong day.

Poor the room was, poor and plain;
 But the narrow window-pane
 Let her out into free air,
 Into landscapes wide and fair.

Out beyond the dreary street
 Sped her fancy's flying feet,
 Over hillside, meadow, dell—
 Ah! she knew it all so well.

Once, when summer days were long,
 Once, when she was brisk and strong,
 Kind hands bore her far away
 Into the green fields to play.

Oh, the happy Country Week,
 When the children went to seek
 Flowers and sunshine on the hills,
 Far away from city ills!

Little Bridget lived it over;
 Smelt again the sweet red clover;
 Watched the frisky squirrels play,
 Fed the birds and tossed the hay.

All the beautiful wild flowers
 Came to cheer the lonesome hours;
 Smiling, one by one, they came—
 Blossoms she had learned to name:

Hardhack, with its pale pink spire;
 Cardinals, flashing crimson fire;
 Golden daisies, through the bars
 Shining up at her like stars.

Once more, on the river's breast
 Large white lilies swayed in rest;
 Waved for her the meadow-sweet;
 Pussy-clover brushed her feet.

Once again her footsteps turn
 Toward the woodlands, fresh with
 fern;
 Up the hill and down the lane;
 'Twas the Country Week again.

Little Bridget's eyes were bright
 When her mother came that night.
 "Thoughts have wings," she said,
 "and
 With them through the window fly.

I forget the cold," she said,
 "I forget my aching head,
 While I wander long, long hours
 As I used to, gathering flowers."

Brighter little Bridget's eyes
 Shone with wonder and surprise,
 Gazing on her window-pane
 When the morning dawned again.

Who had been there in the night,
 Tracing, all in outlines white,
 Blossoms, ferns and feathery grass
 On her little square of glass?

Nodding harebells, daisy-stars,
 Pine-clad cliffs, and even the bars
 That she used to clamber through
 Into fields where lilies grew.

Down the chill gray dawning fell
 Echoes of a Christmas bell!
 Little Bridget scarce could speak,
 But a flush suffused her cheek,

And her heart with joy grew faint.
 "Mother, did the angels paint
 Flowers and ferns I used to see
 For a Christmas gift for me?

More than common flowers they seem;
 Mine in many a happy dream
 They have been before; they grow
 In the fields of Heaven, I know.

In my dreams they bloom so fair,
 And the little children there
 With me lovely blossoms seek—
 Heaven is like the Country Week."

LUCY LARCOM.

WINTER.

GONE are the bluebird and robin,
 Gone is the buzzing bee,
 Gone are the violets and daisies,
 Even the leaves from the tree.
 Yet is my heart full of cheer,
 For Winter is here.

Frosted are pavement and window,
 Frozen are pond and brook,
 Snowflakes are falling by thousands,
 We are in fairyland—look!
 Elfsins were working last night,
 Preparing this sight.

Put on your greatecoat and mittens,
 Bring out your Christmas sled,
 Hear the sweet sleigh bells a-jingling,
 All other noises have fled.
 Now let your glad voices ring,
 For Winter is king.

ANNE BURR WILSON.

AT CHRYSTEMESSE-TYDE.

Two sorrie Thynges there be,—
 Ay, three;
 A Neste from which ye Fledglings have
 been taken,
 A Lambe forsaken,
 A rodde leaf from ye Wild Rose rudely
 shaken.

Of gladde Thynges there be more,—
 Ay, four:
 A Larke above ye olde Neste blithely
 singing,
 A Wild Rose clinging
 In safety to a Rock, a Shepherd
 bringing
 A Lambe, found, in his arms, and
 Chrystemesse
 Bells a-ringing.



A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
 when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a
 mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chim-
 ney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would
 be there;
 The children were nestled all snug in
 their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced
 through their heads;

And mamma in her kerechief, and I in
 my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long
 winter's nap,
 When out on the lawn arose such a
 clatter,
 I sprang from my bed to see what was
 the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a
 flash,
 Tore open the shutters, and threw up
 the sash,

The moon on the breast of the new-
 fallen snow
 Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects
 below;
 When what to my wondering eyes
 should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny
 reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and
 quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
 More rapid than eagles his coursers
 they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and
 called them by name:
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now,
 Prancer! now, Vixen!
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder
 and Blitzen!—
 To the top of the porch, to the top of
 the wall!
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash
 away all!"
 As dry leaves that before the wild
 hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle,
 mount to the sky,
 So up to the housetop the coursers
 they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys, and St.
 Nicholas too.
 And then in a twinkling I heard on
 the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each lit-
 tle hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turn-
 ing around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came
 with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur from his
 head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished
 with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his
 back,
 And he looked like a peddler just
 opening his pack.
 His eyes how they twinkled! his dim-
 ples how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose
 like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn u-
 like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as
 white as the snow.
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in
 his teeth,
 And the smoke, it encircled his head
 like a wreath.
 He had a broad face and a little round
 belly,
 That shook, when he laughed, like a
 bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump—a right
 jolly old elf—
 And I laughed when I saw him, in
 spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his
 head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing
 to dread.
 He spake not a word, but went straight
 to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then
 turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he
 rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team
 gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down
 of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove
 out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a
 good-night!"



THE TOUR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

CHAPTER I.

Concerning St. Nicholas and his astonishing castle,
and the beautiful presents he prepares for children
who deserve them.

BEYOND the ocean many a mile,
And many a year ago,
There lived a wonderful, queer old
man,
In a wonderful house of snow.
And every little boy and girl,
As Christmas Eves arrive,

No doubt will be very glad to hear
This old man is still alive.

In his house on the top of a hill,
And almost out of sight,
He keeps a great many elves at work,
All working with all their might,
To make a million of pretty things—
Cakes, sugar-plums, and toys—
To fill the stockings hung up, you
know,
By the little girls and boys.

It would be a capital treat, be sure,
 A glimpse of his wondrous shop;
 But the queer old man, when a stranger comes,
 Orders every elf to stop!
 And the house and work and work-
 men all
 Instantly take a twist,
 And just as you may think you're
 there,
 They are off in a frosty mist.

But upon a time a cunning boy
 Saw this sign upon the gate:
 "Nobody ever can enter here
 Who lies abed too late.
 Let all who expect a good stocking
 full
 Not spend too much time in play—
 Keep book and work all the while in
 mind,
 And be up by the peep of day."

A holiday morning would scarce suf-
 fice
 To tell what was making there:
 Wagons and dolls and whistles, birds,
 And sugar-plums most rare;
 Little monkeys dressed like little
 men,
 And dogs that could almost bark;
 Watches that, if they only had wheels,
 Might beat the old clock in the
 Park;

Whole armies of little soldier-folks,
 All marching in grand review,
 And turning up their eyes at the girls,
 As the city soldiers do;
 Engines fast hurrying to a fire,
 And many a little fool
 A-trudging after them through the
 streets,
 Instead of going to school;

Tin fiddles, and trumpets made of
 wood,
 That will play as good a tune
 As the wandering piper could per-
 form
 From New Year's Day till June;
 Horses with riders upon their backs,
 Coaches and carts and gigs,
 Each trying its best to win the race,
 Like the Democrats and Whigs;

Some little fellows turning a crank,
 And others beating a drum;
 Little pianos so exact
 You can almost hear them thrum;
 Tea-sets and tables, quite complete,
 With ladies sitting around,
 Chatting as older ladies do,
 But a little more profound;

Steamboats made to sail in a tub,
 And fishing-smacks ahoy,
 And boats and skiffs, with oars and
 sails—
 A fleet for a sailor-boy;
 Ships of the line, equipped for sea,
 With officers and crew,
 Each with a red cap on his head,
 And a jacket painted blue;

Bold pewter men, with pistols armed,
 About twenty rods apart,
 Each one wickedly taking aim
 At his little comrade's heart;
 And dancing-jacks, with supple joints,
 That when you pull a string
 Will give you a right fair specimen
 Of cutting a "pigeon-wing;"

Ugly old women, put in a box
 (As some younger ones ought to
 be),
 Which, when the cover is
 Fly out most spite-

Ripe wooden pears like real fruit,
 Somehow made with a screw;
 Kittens, with mice sewed to their
 mouths,
 And tabby-cats crying "mew."

But it were a bootless task to tell
 The length that the list extends,
 Of the curious gifts that the queer old
 man
 Prepares for his Christmas friends.
 Belike, you are guessing who he is,
 And the country whence he came—
 Why, he was born in Germany,
 And St. Nicholas is his name.

CHAPTER II.

How St. Nicholas got all his packages ready toward
 evening, in order to start at sunrise upon his long
 journey, and how he went to Amsterdam, Paris,
 London, and St. Petersburg, and the presents he
 left in those cities.

December's four-and-twentieth day
 Through its course was almost run:
 St. Nicholas stood at his castle-door
 Awaiting the setting sun.

His goods were packed in a great bal-
 loon,
 Near by were his horse and sleigh;
 He had his skates upon his feet,
 And a ship getting under weigh.

For he was to travel by sea and land,
 And sometimes through the air,
 And then to skim on the rivers smooth
 When the ice his weight could bear.
 The wind blew keen, and snow fell fast,
 But never a whit cared he,
 For he knew a myriad little hearts
 Were beating that night to see.

Away he flew to Amsterdam
 As soon as the sun went down,
 And left whole bushels of playthings
 there
 For every child in town.

Then he tried his skates on the Zuyder
 Zee,
 South-west to Dover's Strait;
 Then southward; with his horse and
 sleigh
 He was soon at Paris gate.

The king and queen in the Tuileries
 sat;
 The children had all retired,
 And every stocking was hanging up,
 As St. Nicholas desired.
 In one he put a sceptre and crown,
 In another a guillotine,
 And a little man without a head,
 Who king of the French had been.

Then down he drove on the river Seine,
 And on the Biscay bay
 Took ship for famous London town,
 And Dublin on his way.
 In Dublin, what do you think he left
 For the hearty Irish boys?
 Why, bags of potatoes instead of cakes,
 And shillalahs instead of toys.

In London he gave them rounds of
 beef,
 And two plum-puddings apiece,
 Then stepped to Windsor Palace, of
 course,
 To see his royal niece;
 He gave her a little Parliament
 Discussing a knotty bill,
 With two or three nuts for them to
 crack,
 And a birch to keep them still.

"And now," said he, "for St. Peters-
 burg!
 Over the cold North Sea;"
 And up the Baltic he sped in haste,
 And was there when the clock struck
 three.

He hied to the palace of the czar,
And clambered in at the dome;
A great many stockings were hung
around,
But the folks were not at home.

He gave them little Siberian mines,
With little men in chains,
Who strove to avenge their country's
wrongs,

And were sent there for their pains.
He left the emperor a map,
With Russia cut in four—
As much to say, "Good namesake Nick,
Your sway will soon be o'er."

Then down he drove for fair Italy,
To call at the Vatican,
Forgetting until he just arrived
That the pope is a bachelor man;
But he looked in at St. Peter's church,
And saw the whole town at prayer,
So he left a basket full at the door
For all the good children there.

Upon the Mediterranean Sea
He boarded his ship again,
And hoisted sail and steerèd west
For the maiden queen of Spain,
To give her a legion of leaden men,
Equipped from foot to nose,
And a troop of wooden horsemen too,
The rebels to oppose.

CHAPTER III.

St. Nicholas hurries away from Spain, and sets sail for America. He becomes melancholy on seeing the great alterations that have been made in New York.

O'er the Cantabrian mountains wild
He sped him to the strand,
To meet his gallant little ship,
There waiting his command.
He showered beautiful presents down
As he went flying past,

Then put his trumpet to his lips,
And blew a rousing blast:

"Up, up, my little sailors brave!
Swiftly your anchor weigh;
The wind is fair, and we are off
For far America."
By wind and steam for New Amsterdam,
Three thousand miles an hour,
Onward he drove his elfin ship
With a thousand-fairy power!

Down at the Battery he moored,
And gave a great salute
From cannon charged with sugar-plums,
And powder made to suit.
Then he hoisted out a score of baies
Of his cakes and nuts and wares;
It would have delighted you to see
The heaps on the ferry-stairs.

"All's well! to bed!" the watchman
cried—
"St. Nicholas is here!
How charming many a stocking full
In the morning will appear!
Now all good little boys and girls
Shall have a noble treat,
With lots of pretty things to make
The holidays complete."

Upon the spire of old St. Paul's
The watchman saw him stand,
Reading his list of ancient friends,
With his leather bags in hand.
'Tis said that he dropt a frozen tear
As he looked on the street below,
And thought what a mournful change
had come
Since Christmas, years ago.

Those brave old times, when great
 mince-pies
 Were piled on every shelf,
 And every Knickerbocker boy
 Could go and help himself—
 When Broadway was a path for cows,
 And all the streets were lanes,
 And the little houses were so snug,
 With their little bull's-eye panes ;

And good, old-fashioned doorways,
 where
 The upper part swung in,
 Where a Dutchman could his elbows
 lean,
 And smoke his pipe and grin.
 The doughnuts were all good to eat,
 And made as big as bricks,
 And 'twas not thought unmannerly
 To eat as much as six.

But long before all this was said
 The stockings were all filled,
 And the queer old man was skating
 home,
 With his nose a little chilled.
 He whistled as he skimmed along,
 Till the day began to dawn,
 Then, giving a twirl in the frosty air,
 Saint Nicholas was gone !

REV. RALPH HOYT.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now he who knows Old Christmas,
 He knows a earle of worth ;
 For he is as good a fellow
 As any upon the earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
 And buttoned up to the chin,
 And soon as he comes anigh the
 door
 We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
 So we sweep the hearth up clean ;
 We set him in the old arm-chair,
 And a cushion whereon to lean ;

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
 We make the house look gay,
 Just out of an old regard to him,
 For it was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale-barrel,
 And bring out wine and meat ;
 And thus have all things ready
 Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon the time wears round ;
 The good old earle we see
 Coming anear, for a creditor
 Less punctual is than he.

He comes with a cordial voice,
 That does one good to hear ;
 He shakes one heartily by the hand,
 As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
 He asks in a cheerful tone—
 Jack, Kate, and little Annie ;
 He remembers every one.

What a fine old fellow he is,
 With his faculties all as clear,
 And his heart as warm and light,
 As a man in his fortieth year !

What a fine old fellow, in troth !
 Not one of your griping elves,
 Who, with plenty of money to spare,
 Think only about themselves.

Not he ! for he loveth the children,
 And holiday begs for all ;
 And comes with his pockets full of
 gifts
 For the great ones and the small ;

With a present for every servant—
 For in giving he does not tire—
 From the red-faced, jovial butler
 To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
 And singeth with might and main;
 And we talk of the old man's visit
 Till the day that he comes again.

Oh, he is a kind old fellow,
 For, though the beef is dear,
 He giveth the parish paupers
 A good dinner once a year.

And all the workhouse children,
 He sets them down in a row,
 And giveth them rare plum-pudding,
 And twopence apiece also.

Oh, could you have seen those pau-
 pers,
 Have heard those children young,
 You would wish with them that
 Christmas
 Came oft and tarried long.

He must be a rich old fellow :
 What money he gives away !
 There is not a lord in England
 Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto Old Christmas,
 And long life, let us sing !
 For he doth more good unto the poor
 Than many a crownèd king.

MARY HOWITT.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK ! the merry pealing bells
 Steal upon the rising breeze,
 Echo through the snowy dells,
 Echo through the leafless trees.

Hark ! they say 'tis Christmas-tide,
 Merry Christmas comes again—
 Comes to tell the world so wide
 Who was born the world to gain.

Men and women, children, babes,
 Joyful wake—'tis Christmas Day !
 Birds, sing out your sweetest songs ;
 Sun, shine forth your brightest ray.

Let all hearts with gladness bound,
 Let all hearts be good and true ;
 "Peace on earth, good-will around,"
 Be our motto, ever new.

And let those who thus rejoice
 Christmas carols gladly raise,
 Joining heart, and soul, and voice
 In our Christmas hymns of praise.

MRS. HAWTREY.

CHRISTMAS.

HERE comes old Father Christmas,
 With sound of fife and drums ;
 With mistletoe about his brows,
 So merrily he comes !
 His arms are full of all good cheer,
 His face with laughter glows,
 He shines like any household fire
 Amid the cruel snows.
 He is the old folks' Christmas ;
 He warms their hearts like wine ;
 He thaws their winter into spring,
 And makes their faces shine.
 Hurrah for Father Christmas !
 Ring all the merry bells !
 And bring the grandsires all around
 To hear the tale he tells.

Here comes the Christmas angel,
 So gentle and so calm :
 As softly as the falling flakes
 He comes with flute and psalm.

All in a cloud of glory,
 As once upon the plain
 To shepherd-boys in Jewry,
 He brings good news again.
 He is the young folks' Christmas;
 He makes their eyes grow bright
 With words of hope and tender
 thought,
 And visions of delight.
 Hail to the Christmas angel!
 All peace on earth he brings;
 He gathers all the youths and maids
 Beneath his shining wings.

Here comes the little Christ-child,
 All innocence and joy,
 And bearing gifts in either hand
 For every girl and boy.
 He tells the tender story
 About the Holy Maid,
 And Jesus in the manger
 Before the oxen laid.
 Like any little winter bird
 He sings this sweetest song,
 Till all the cherubs in the sky
 To hear his carol throng.
 He is the children's Christmas;
 They come without a call,
 To gather round the gracious Child,
 Who bringeth joy to all.

But who shall bring *their* Christmas
 Who wrestle still with life?
 Not grandsires, youths, or little folks,
 But they who wage the strife—
 The fathers and the mothers
 Who fight for homes and bread,
 Who watch and ward the living,
 And bury all the dead?
 Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide
 The Lord of Christmas stands:
 He smooths the furrows from their brow
 With strong and tender hands.

"I take my Christmas gift," He saith,
 "From thee, tired soul, and he
 Who giveth to My little ones
 Gives also unto Me."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WHO WAS SANTA CLAUS?

ALL the children in the parlor
 Were busy at their play,
 And the mother listens earnestly
 To what her children say.

Oh, the Christmas Day is coming!
 It will very soon be here;
 And merry times we always have
 At Christmas and New Year!

We will hang our biggest stockings
 Outside the nursery door,
 And good Santa Claus will fill them
 Till they touch upon the floor.

Julia "wants another dolly,
 Dress, hat, shoes, muff, and all,
 And a nice new book of stories,
 A pretty cup and ball;

"Such a cunning little bedstead,
 Where the dollies all may sleep!
 And some tiny cups and saucers,
 And a darling little sheep."

Poh! Sammy "don't want baby-
 things
 Or lots of little toys,
 But a first-rate sled, and handsome
 skates,
 Just like the other boys."

Willie "would like a rocking-horse,
 With a glorious long tail;
 A paint-box, and a story-book,
 And a little boat to sail."

But Annie "chose a writing-desk,
All furnished, very neat;
A work-box, and a little chair,
Would make her room complete."

Now, merry Christmas came at last,
And at the nursery door
The stockings all were crowded full,
And round upon the floor
Stood rocking-horse and writing-desk,
Work-box, and first-rate sled,

Skates, little chair, Miss Dolly, too,
And darling Dolly's bed.

The happy children wondered much
How Santa Claus should know
Just what they all were wishing for;
"How could he send them so?"

It seemed to puzzle little heads,
None wiser than the other;
Till Julia clapped her hands and cried,
"Oh, Santa Claus, was mother!"



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

HARK! the Christmas bells are ring-
ing—
Ringing through the frosty air—
Happiness to each one bringing,
And release from toil and care.

How the merry peal is swelling
From the gray old crumbling
tower,
To the simplest creature telling
Of Almighty love and power!

Ankle-deep the snow is lying,
 Every spray is clothed in white,
 Yet abroad the folk are hieing,
 Brisk and busy, gay and light.

Now fresh helps and aids are offered
 To the aged and the poor,
 And rare love-exchanges proffered
 At the lowliest cottage door.

Neighbors shaking hands and greet-
 ing,
 No one sorrowing, no one sad,
 Children loving parents meeting,
 Young and old alike made glad.

Then while Christmas bells are ring-
 ing,
 Rich and poor, your voices raise,
 And—your simple carol singing—
 Waft to heaven your grateful praise.



ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas.
 "Good-night" had been said,
 And Annie and Willie had crept into
 bed.
 There were tears on their pillows, and
 tears in their eyes,
 And each little bosom was heaving
 with sighs;
 For to-night their stern father's com-
 mand had been given
 That they should retire precisely at
 seven—
 Instead of at eight—for they troubled
 him more
 With questions unheard of than ever
 before.
 He had told them he thought this de-
 lusion a sin,
 No such creature as "Santa Claus"
 ever had been;

And he hoped, after this, he should
 never more hear
 How he scrambled down chimneys
 with presents each year.
 And this was the reason that two little
 heads
 So restlessly toss'd on their soft, downy
 beds.
 Eight, nine, and the clock on the stee-
 ple tolled ten;
 Not a word had been spoken by either
 till then;
 When Willie's sad face from the blan-
 ket did peep,
 And whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou
 fast as'eep?"
 "Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet
 voice replies,
 "I've long tried in vain, but I can't
 shut my eyes;
 For somehow it makes me so sorry
 because
 Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa
 Claus.'
 Now *we* know there is, and it can't be
 denied,
 For he came every year before mamma
 died;
 But then I've been thinking that she
 used to pray,
 And God would hear everything mam-
 ma would say,
 And maybe she ask'd Him to send
 Santa Claus here
 With the sack full of presents he
 brought every year."
 "Well, why tan't we p'ay, dustas mam-
 ma did den,
 And ask Dod to send him with pres-
 ents aden?"
 "I've been thinking so too,"—and
 without a word more [floor,
 Four little bare feet bounded out on the

And four little knees the soft carpet
pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasp'd close
to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly
believe

That the presents we ask for we're
sure to receive;

You must wait very still till I say the
'Amen,'

And by that you will know that your
turn has come then.—

Dear Jesus, look down on my brother
and me,

And grant us the favor we're asking of
Thee.

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and
ring,

And an ebony work-box that shuts
with a spring;

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him
to see

That Santa Claus loves us as much as
does he:

Don't let him get fretful and angry
again

At dear brother Willie and Annie.
Amen."

"P'ease, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum
down to-night,

And b'ing us some p'esents before it is
'ight;

I want he s'ood div' me a nice 'tittle s'ed,
Wid b'ight shinin' 'unners, and all
painted 'ed;

A box full of tandy, a book, and a
toy,

Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a
dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised
up their heads,

And, with hearts light and cheerful,
again sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber, both
peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were
roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French
clock had struck ten,

Ere the father had thought of his
children again:

He seems now to hear Annie's half-
suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in Wil-
lie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he
mentally said,

"And should not have sent them so
early to bed;

But then I was troubled; my feelings
found vent;

For bank-stock to-day has gone down
ten per cent.;

But of course they've forgotten their
troubles ere this,

And that I denied them the thrice-
asked-for kiss.

But, just to make sure, I'll steal up
to their door—

To my darlings I never spoke harshly
before."

So saying, he softly ascended the
stairs,

And arrived at the door to hear both
of their prayers;

His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth
the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise fell sweet
on his ears.

"Strange! strange! I'd forgotten,"
said he, with a sigh,

"How I longed when a child to have
Christmas draw nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses;
books pleasing to see;
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.

Now, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down stairs, retired for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick, and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted!),
and left before light.

"And now," added Annie, in voice
 soft and low,
 "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus,
 papa, I know;"
 While dear little Willie climbed up on
 his knee,
 Determined no secret between them
 should be,
 And told, in soft whispers, how Annie
 had said
 That their dear blessed mamma, so
 long ago dead,
 Used to kneel down and pray by the
 side of her chair,
 And that God up in heaven had an-
 swered her prayer.
 "Den we dot up and p'ayed dust as
 well as we tood,
 And Dod answered our prayers; now
 wasn't He dood?"
 "I should say that He was, if He sent
 you all these,
 And knew just what presents my chil-
 dren would please.
 (Well, well, let him think so, the dear
 little elf!
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it
 myself)."
 Blind father! who caused your stern
 heart to relent,
 And the hasty words spoken so soon
 to repent?
 'Twas the Being who bade you steal
 softly up stairs,
 And made you His *agent* to answer
 their prayers.

SOPHIA P. SNOW.

KITTIE TO KRISS.

JOLLY old Kriss, what a fellow you
 are!
 Riding all over the world in the air;

Sliding down chimneys through ashes
 and smoke;
 Fur-covered Kriss, you're a regular
 joke.

How do you manage to carry such
loads?

How do you manage to keep the right
roads?

How do you know all the good girls
and boys?

Why don't we wake with your clatter
and noise?

How can you guess what we would all
like best?

How can you please all the birds in
the nest?

Kriss, don't you ever get mixed on the
toys,

And fill the girls' stockings with play-
things for boys?

Oh, what a hurry you have to be in
As soon as your labors of Christmas
begin!

What are you doing the rest of the
year?

Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little
reindeer.

Oh, how I'd like to know, true, if you
look

Jolly and fat like the one in the
book:

I'd keep awake, but I know that you
stay,

When children are watching, quite
out of the way.

Kriss, when to-night you come round
with a whirl,

Don't forget Bessie, the washwoman's
girl;

Bring something pretty, for last year,
you know,
That was a chimney where Kriss
didn't go.

How does it happen you like the rich
best,
Giving them much, and forgetting the
rest?
Kriss, that's all wrong, and it isn't the
way;
All should be equal on Santa Claus'
day.

Kriss, good old Kriss, I'm afraid you'll
be mad.

I was just joking; don't put *me* down
bad.

If Bessie's ma's chimney is crooked or
small,

Never mind going to Bessie's at all.

Bring up her playthings and put them
with mine,

Tied with a separate paper and twine.
As soon as it's day poor sick Bessie
I'll see,

And give her the package you leave
here with me.

BENNY.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa Claus, who filled
them,
Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good; won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,

Digging deep among the *goodies*
In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty eggnog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me
With his white paw, nothing loath,
Sat, by way of entertainment
Slapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he
loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You s'all have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as from a sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and
higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Claus! come down de chimney;
Make my moder 'have herse'f!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
 Said I, feeling the reproof,
 And straightway recalled poor Harney
 Mewing on the gallery roof.
 Soon the anger was forgotten,
 Laughter chased away the frown,
 And they played beneath the live-oaks
 Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber
 Harney purred beneath my chair,
 And my play-worn boy beside me
 Knelt to say his evening prayer:
 "God b'less fader! God b'less moder!
 God b'less sister!" then a pause,
 And the sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmured, "God b'less Santa C'aus!"

He is sleeping; brown and silken
 Lie the lashes long and meek,
 Like caressing, clinging shadows,
 On his plump and peachy cheek;
 And I bend above him, weeping
 Thankful tears, O Undeiled!
 For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child!

ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM.

THE STRANGE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS.

THERE went a stranger child,
 As Christmas Eve closed in,
 Through the streets of a town, whose
 windows shone
 With a warmth and light within.

It stopped at every house,
 The Christmas trees to see,
 On that festive night, when they shone
 so bright—
 And it sighed right bitterly.

Then wept the child, and said,
 "This night hath ev'ry one
 A Christmas tree, that he glad may be,
 And I alone have none.

"Ah! when I lived at home,
 From brother's and sister's hand
 I had my share, but there's none to
 care
 For me in the stranger's land.

"Will no one let me in?
 No presents I would crave—
 But to see the light, and the tree all
 bright,
 And the gifts that others have."

At shutter, and door, and gate
 It knocks with timid hand,
 But none will mark where alone in
 the dark
 That little child doth stand.

Each father brings home gifts,
 Each mother, kind and mild;
 There is joy for all, but none will call
 And welcome that lonely child.

"Mother and father are dead—
 O Jesus, kind and dear,
 I've no one now, there is none but
 Thou,
 For I am forgotten here!"

The poor child rubs its hands,
 All frozen and numbed with cold,
 And draws round its head, with
 shrinking dread,
 Its garment worn and old.

"But see! Another child
 Comes gliding through the street,
 And its robe is white, in its hands a
 light,
 It speaks, and its voice is sweet:

"Once on this earth a child
 I lived, as thou livest yet—
 Though all turn away from thee to-
 day,
 Yet I will not forget.

"Each child, with equal love,
 I hold beneath my care,
 In the street's dull gloom, in the
 lighted room,
 I am with them ev'rywhere.

"Here, in the darkness dim,
 I'll show thee, child, thy tree—
 Those that spread their light through
 the chambers bright
 So lovely scarce can be."

And with its white hand points
 The Christ-child to the sky—
 And lo! afar, with each lamp a star,
 A tree gleamed there on high.

So far, and yet so near,
 The lights shone overhead,
 And all was well, for the child could
 tell

For whom that tree was spread.

It gazed as in a dream,
 And angels bent and smiled,
 And with outstretched hand to that
 brighter land
 They carried the stranger child.

And the little one went home,
 With its Saviour Christ to stay,
 All the hunger and cold, and the pain
 of old,
 Forgotten, and past away.

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

LITTLE GRETCHEN, little Gretchen,
 Wanders up and down the street :
 The snow is on her yellow hair,
 The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses
 Without look cold and damp,
 By the struggling of the moonbeam,
 By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
 The wind is from the north ;
 But no one cares for Gretchen,
 And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, damp houses
 Are merry faces bright,
 And happy hearts are watching out
 The Old Year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty
 Where the smiling kindred meet,
 But the frost is on the pavement,
 And the beggar's in the street

With the little box of matches
 She could not sell all day,
 And the thin, thin, tattered mantle
 The wind blows every way.

She clingeth to the railing,
 She shivers in the gloom :
 There are parents sitting snugly
 By firelight in the room ;

And groups of busy children,
 Withdrawing just the tips
 Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
 Against the bursting lips,

With grave and earnest faces
 Are whispering each other,
 Of presents for the New Year made
 For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
 And no one hears her speak ;
 No breath of little whispers
 Comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her ;
 Ah me ! that there should be,
 With so much happiness on earth,
 So much of misery !

Sure they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones,
And bounty to His poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Goes coldly on her way ;
There's no one looketh out at her,
There's no one bids her stay.

* Her home is cold and desolate ;
No smile, no food, no fire ;
But children clamorous for bread,
And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle
Where two great houses meet,
And she curlteth up beneath her,
For warmth, her little feet.

And she looketh on the cold wall,
And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly
Up in a far church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour ;

And she thought, as she sat lonely
And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had
loved
To hear in olden time.

And she remembered her of tales
Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang
When summer's twilight fell ;

Of good men and of angels,
And of the Holy Child
Who was cradled in a manger
When winter was most wild ;

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry,
And desolate and lone ;
And she thought the song had told
her

He was ever with His own.

And all the poor, and hungry
And forsaken ones are His :
" How good of Him to look on me
In such a place as this ! "

Colder it grows, and colder,
But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart
And the weight upon her brow.

But she struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her,
And see if He was there.

The single match was kindled,
And by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen
The wall was rent in two ;

And she could see the room within—
The room all warm and bright—
With the fire-glow red and dusky,
And the tapers all alight ;

And there were kindred gathered
Round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
Red wine and pleasant bread ;

She could smell the fragrant savor,
She could hear what they did say ,
Then all was darkness once again—
The match had burnt away.

She struck another hastily ;
 And now she seemed to see,
 Within the same warm chamber,
 A glorious Christmas tree ;

The branches were all laden
 With such things as children prize—
 Bright gifts for boy and maiden ;
 She saw them with her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them,
 And to join the welcome shout,
 When darkness fell around her,
 For the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she
 Has tried ; they will not light,
 Till all her little store she took,
 And struck with all her might.

And the whole miserable place
 Was lighted with the glare,
 And lo ! there hung a little Child
 Before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on His fore-
 head,
 And a spear-wound in His side,
 And cruel nail-prints in His feet,
 And in His hands spread wide ;

And He looked upon her gently,
 And she felt that He had known
 Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—
 Ay, equal to her own ;

And He pointed to the laden board,
 And to the Christmas tree,
 Then up to the cold sky, and said,
 " Will Gretchen come with me ? "

The poor child felt her pulses fail,
 She felt her eyeballs swim ;
 And a ringing sound was in her ears,
 Like her dead mother's hymn.

And she folded both her thin white
 hands,
 And turned from that bright board,
 And from the golden gifts, and said,
 " With Thee, with Thee, O Lord ! "

The chilly winter morning
 Breaks up in the dull skies,
 On the city wrapped in vapor,
 On the spot where Gretchen lies.

The night was cold and stormy,
 The morn is cold and gray ;
 The good church-bells are ringing
 Christ's Circumcision Day.

In her scant and tattered garment,
 With her back against the wall,
 She sitteth cold and rigid—
 She answers not their call.

They have lifted her up fearfully ;
 They shuddered as they said,
 " It was a bitter, bitter night—
 The child is frozen dead. "

The angels sang their greeting
 For one more redeemed from sin ;
 Men said, " It was a bitter night ;
 Would no one let her in ? "

And they shuddered as they spoke of
 her,
 And sighed. They could not see
 How much of happiness there was
 With so much misery.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas Christmas-time : a dreary night ;
 The snow fell thick and fast,
 And o'er the country swept the wind,
 A keen and wintry blast.

The little ones were all in bed,
 Crouching beneath the clothes,
 Half trembling at the angry wind,
 Which wildly fell and rose.

Old Jem the sexton rubbed his leg,
 For he had got the gout;
 He said he thought it wondrous hard
 That he must sally out.

Not far from Jem's another house,
 Of different size and form,
 Raised high its head, defying well
 The fierce and pelting storm.

It was the Judge's stately home—
 A rare, upright Judge was he,
 As brave and true a gentleman
 As any one could see.

The Judge's lady and himself
 Sat cozily together,
 When suddenly he roused himself
 To see the kind of weather.

Lifting the shutters' ponderous bar,
 He threw them open wide,
 And very dark and cold and drear
 He thought it looked outside.

Ah, Judge! little do you think
 A trembling beggar's near,
 Although his form you do not see,
 His voice you do not hear.

Yes, there he stands—so very close,
 He taps the window-pane,
 And when he sees you turn away,
 He feebly taps again.

But all in vain! the heavy bar
 Was fastened as before;
 The Judge's portly form retraced
 His highly-polished floor.

Now, is there any one who thinks
 It cannot be worth while
 To write about a robin's fate,
 And treat it with a smile?

If so, I bid them to their mind
 Those words of Scripture call
 Which say that not without God's
 will
 E'en little birds can fall.

Our Robin's history simple was,
 There is not much to tell—
 A little happy singing-bird,
 Born in a neighboring dell;

And through the summer, in the
 wood,
 Life went on merrily,
 But winter came, and then he found
 More full of care was he.

For food grew scarce; so, having
 spied
 Some holly-berries red
 Within the rectory garden-grounds,
 Thither our hero fled.

One evening everything was dull,
 The clouds looked very black,
 The wind ran howling through the
 sky,
 And then came grumbling back.

The robin early went to bed,
 Puffed out just like a ball;
 He slept all night on one small leg,
 Yet managed not to fall.

When morning came he left the tree,
 But stared in great surprise
 Upon the strange, unusual scene
 That lay before his eyes.

It seemed as if a great white sheet
 Were flung all o'er the lawn ;
 The flower-beds, the paths, the trees,
 And all the shrubs were gone.

His little feet grew sadly cold,
 And felt all slippery too ;
 He stumbled when he hopped along,
 As folks on ice will do.

And yet he had not learnt the worst
 Of this new state of things—
 He'd still to feel the gnawing pangs
 That cruel hunger brings.

No food to-day had touched his beak,
 And not a chance had he
 Of ever touching it again,
 As far as he could see.

At length, by way of passing time,
 He tried to take a nap,
 But started up when on his head
 He felt a gentle tap.

'Twas but a snowflake, after all !
 Yet, in his wretched plight,
 The smallest thing could frighten him,
 And make him take his flight.

But soon he found he must not hope
 From these soft flakes to fly :
 Down they came feathering on his
 head,
 His back, his tail, his eye !

No gardeners appeared that day.
 The Rector's step came by,
 And Robin fluttered o'er the snow
 To try and catch his eye.

But being Christmas Eve, perhaps
 His sermons filled his mind,
 For on he walked, and never heard
 The little chirp behind.

Half blinded, on and on he roamed,
 Quite through the Judge's park ;
 At last he stood before the house,
 But all was cold and dark.

Now suddenly his heart beats high !
 He sees a brilliant glare,
 Shutters unfold before his eyes—
 A sturdy form stands there !

He almost frantic grew, poor bird !
 Fluttered, and tapped the pane,
 Pressed hard his breast against the
 glass,
 And chirped, but all in vain !

So on he went, and, as it chanced,
 He passed into a lane,
 And once again he saw a light
 Inside a window-pane.

Chanced, did we say?—let no such
 word

Upon our page appear :
 Not *chance*, but watchful Providence,
 Has led poor Robin here.

'Twas Jem the sexton's house from
 which
 Shone forth that cheering light,
 For Jem had drawn the curtain back
 To gaze upon the night.

And now, with lantern in his hand,
 He hobbles down the lane,
 Muttering and grumbling to himself,
 Because his foot's in pain.

He gains the church, then for the key
 Within his pocket feels,
 And as he puts it in the door
 Robin is at his heels.

Jem thought, when entering the
 church,
 That he was all alone,

Nor dreamed a little stranger bird
Had to its refuge flown.

The stove had not burnt very low,
But still was warm and bright,
And round the spot whereon it stood
Threw forth a cheerful light.

Jem lost no time: he flung on coals,
And raked the ashes out,
Then hurried off to go to bed,
Still grumbling at his gout.

Now Robin from a corner hopped
Within the fire's light;
Shivering and cold, it was to him
A most enchanting sight.

But he is almost starved, poor bird!
Food he must have, or die;
Useless it seems, alas! for that
Within these walls to try.

Yet, see! he makes a sudden dart:
His searching eye has found
The greatest treasure he could have—
Some bread-crumbs on the ground.

Perhaps 'tis thought by those who
read
Too doubtful to be true,
That just when they were wanted so
Some hand should bread-crumbs
strew.

But this is how it came to pass:
An ancient dame had said
Her legacy unto the poor
Should all be spent in bread;

So every week twelve wheaten loaves
The sexton brought himself;
And crumbs had doubtless fallen
when
He placed them on the shelf.

Enough there were for quite a feast,
Robin was glad to find;
The hungry fellow ate them all,
Nor left one crumb behind.

He soon was quite himself again,
And it must be confessed
His first thought, being warmed and
fed,
Was all about his breast.

To smooth its scarlet feathers down
Our hero did not fail,
And when he'd made it smart, he then
Attended to his tail!

Worn though he was with sheer fa-
tigue
And being up so late,
He did not like to go to bed
In such a rumped state.

His toilet done, he went to sleep,
And never once awoke
Till, coming in on Christmas morn,
Jem gave the stove a poke.

Then in alarm he flew away
Along the middle aisle,
And perching on the pulpit-top
He rested there a while.

But what an unexpected sight
Is this that meets his eyes!
The church is dressed with holly
green,
To him so great a prize;

For 'mongst the leaves the berries
hung,
Inviting him to eat;
On every side were hundreds more—
A rich and endless treat.

He could not know that Christian
folks

Had brought the holly green,
That so their joy for Jesu's birth
Might in this way be seen.

Now, very soon a little troop
Of children entered in:
They came to practise Christmas
songs
Ere service should begin.

The Rector followed them himself,
To help the young ones on,
And teach their voices how to sing
In tune their Christmas song.

And first he charged them all to try
And feel the words they sang;
Then reading from his open book,
He thus the hymn began:

"Glory to God from all
To whom He's given breath;
Glory to God from all
Whom He has saved from death."

Now, when the Rector's voice had
ceased,

The children, led by him,
Were just about, with earnest voice,
The verse of praise to sing,

When suddenly, from high above,
Another song they hear,
And all look up in hushed amaze,
At notes so sweet and clear.

'Twas Robin, sitting on a spray
Of twisted holly bright;
His light weight swayed it as he sang
His song with all his might.

His heart was full of happiness,
And this it was that drew

Praise to his Maker in the way—
The only way—he knew.

It seemed as though he understood
The words he just had heard,
As if he felt they suited him,
Though but a little bird.

The Rector's finger, lifted up,
Kept all the children still,
Their eyes uplifted to the bird
Singing with open bill.

They scarcely breathed, lest they
should lose
One note of that sweet strain;
And Robin scarcely paused before
He took it up again.

Now, when he ceased, the Rector
thought
That he would say a word,
For Robin's tale had in his breast
A strong emotion stirred.

"Children," said he, "that little voice
A lesson should have taught:
It seems to me the robin's song
Is with instruction fraught.

"He was, no doubt, in great distress:
Deep snow was all around;
He might have starved, but coming
here
Both food and shelter found.

"Seek God, my children, and when
times
Of storm and trouble come,
He'll guide you as He did the bird,
And safely lead you home.

"Another lesson we may learn
From those sweet notes we heard,
That God has given voice of praise
To that unconscious bird;

"But unto us His love bestows
A far more glorious gift,
For we have *reason*, and our souls,
As well as voice, can lift."

The Rector paused, for now rang forth
The merry Christmas chime,
And warned them all that it was near
The usual service-time.

And we must close the robin's tale:
"Twill be a blessed thing
Should it have taught but one young
voice
To praise as well as sing.

C. E. B.

THE DOGS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE church-bells rang out one Christ-
mas morn
Merrily on the clear, cold air;
They seemed to say, "Our Christ is
born:
Come worship Him here, both young
and fair."

And by and by, when they slowly
told,
A little fairy with golden hair
Walked up the steps with her grand-
sire old,
And paused in a pew near the chan-
cel-stair.

Her golden locks floated softly down,
Just kissed by a band of ribbon
blue,
Which held it back, with a knot on
the crown,
And left her bright eyes peeping
through.

"The least of these," the old priest
said;
And Bessie whispered, "The least
of these,"
While she bowed her light-crowned
golden head,
And whispered "Our Father" on
bended knees.

At last, when the people went their
way
With words of kindly greeting and
cheer,
Little bright-eyed Bess was heard to
say,
" 'Tis the Christ-child makes us
happy here."

And again, when the feasters were
happy at home,
And grace had been said for bounty
given,
Little Bess said softly, "The poor have
none,
*But Christmas will wait for them up in
heaven.*"

At the feast they missed the thought-
ful child;
And, searching without and within,
they found
Little Bess on the steps, where she sat
and smiled,
While the dogs of the household
gathered round.

There was *Hero* the hunter, brave in
the chase,
And *Lion* the fearless, and poor,
ugly *Pug*,
And grizzly *Towser* fleet in the race,
And dear little *Saip* who lived on a
rug.

From a plate in her lap the little
 queen gave
 Each doggie a morsel of Christmas
 cheer,
 While over her head sat pussy-cat
Dave,
 Half ready to die with envy and
 fear.

All over the steps the holly-sprays
 fell,
 Even down to the feet of the little
 queen,
 Who watched her loving subjects well,
 And declared "such a dinner never
 was seen."

They found her there; and an artist
 drew
 The pictures at once, dear readers, for
 you;
 And little Bess said, "Papa, if you
 please,
 Aren't our dear doggies 'the least of
 these'?"

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

COME, bairns, come all to the frolic
 play,
 To-morrow, you know, is New Year's
 Day;
 The cold winds blow,
 And down falls the snow,
 But merrily, merrily dance away.

There's Johnny Frost with his head so
 white,
 Would fain be in the warm firelight;
 But if he should try,
 Up the chimney he'd fly,
 And thaw full quickly out of our sight!

He's stopped the streamlet's noisy
 brawl,
 Hung frost-work o'er the waterfall;
 The flowers are all dead,
 And the wee birds fled,
 But they'll all be back at the sweet
 Spring's call.

We'll not sleep a wink till the year
 comes in,
 Till the clock strikes twelve and the
 fun begin;
 And then with a cheer
 To the new-born year,
 How the streets will ring with the
 roaring din!

A blithe new year we wish you all,
 And many returns to bless you all,
 And may each one you see
 Aye merrier be,
 While round the fire we greet you all.

So, bairns, come all to the frolic play,
 To-morrow, you know, is New Year's
 Day;
 Though the cold winds blow,
 And down falls the snow,
 Yet merrily, merrily dance away.

ALEXANDER SMART.

OLD TALES AND BALLADS.

OLD TALES AND BALLADS.

A DREAM ABOUT THE OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

Oh, that day last December !
Well, well I remember
How tired I felt after school,
On the sofa reposing,
With just my eyes closing,
While puss went to sleep on a stool !

Sure! *could* I be sleeping
When something came creeping
So lightly, like pussy's soft paw ?
And then little Bo-peep,
Come to look for her sheep,
Quite close to the pillow I saw !

And I heard, " Ding-dong, bell ;
See poor puss in the well ;"
And then, " Diccory, diccory dock."
Quick I looked round to see
What it ever could be,
When a little mouse ran up the
clock.

Next I saw Mother Hubbard
Go up to her cupboard,
And grumble to find it so bare ;
And that poor Simple Simon
Walk up to the pie-man,
And beg for a taste of his ware.

And I heard mamma tell
What each piggy befell,

And I saw baby dance up and down ;
And the fair Queen of Hearts
Busy making her tarts,
With, oh dear ! such a glittering
crown.

And the bird that went hop,
And the girl that cried " Shop !"
And the children that lived in a
shoe ;
And the woman who found
Sixpence down on the ground,
And the youth who that maiden did
woo.

I saw Mary's bright fellow,
With feathers so yellow,
And Red Riding-Hood off to the
wood,
And the maid with the clothes,
And Miss Netticoat's nose,
Who grew shorter the longer she
stood.

And I saw poor Miss Muffet
Jump up from her tuffet,
And the spider that frightened her
too ;
And just then rustled by,
On her way to the sky,
The old dame on a broomstick that
flew.

I saw little Miss Mary,
 So very contrary,
 Who walks where the purple bells
 grow,
 And the man with the drum,
 Just as big as your thumb,
 And the old cock beginning to crow.

Oh, that day last December!
 Whene'er I remember,
 Other days dull and stupid all seem.
 Oh, that wonderful day!
 But why will they all say,
 " It was nothing at all but a dream " ?
M. H. F. D.

OLD STORY-BOOKS.

OLD story-books ! old story-books ! we
 owe ye much, old friends—
 Bright-colored threads in memory's
 warp, of which Death holds the
 ends.
 Who can forget ye?—who can spurn
 the ministers of joy
 That waited on the lisping girl and
 petticoated boy ?
 I know that ye could *win* my heart
 when every bribe and threat
 Failed to allay my stamping rage or
 break my sullen pet ;
 A " promised story " was enough—I
 turned with eager smile
 To learn about the naughty " Pig that
 would not mount the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore
 whereon I used to stand
 With mighty questions in my head
 and penny in my hand ;
 Where motley sweets and crinkled
 cakes made up a goodly show,
 And " story-books " upon a string ap-
 peared in brilliant row.

What should I have? The pepper-
 mint was incense in my nose,
 But I had heard of " Hero Jack " who
 slew his giant foes :
 My lonely coin was balanced long be-
 fore the tempting stall,
 " Twixt book and bull's-eye, but, for-
 sooth ! " Jack " got it after all.

Talk of your " vellum, gold-embossed,"
 " morocco," " roan " and " calf !"
 The blue and yellow wraps of old
 were prettier by half ;
 And as to pictures ! well we know that
 never one was made
 Like that where " Bluebeard " swings
 aloft his wife-destroying blade.
 " Hume's England ! " Pshaw ! what
 history of battles, states, and
 men
 Can vie with memoirs " all about sweet
 little Jenny Wren " ?
 And what are all the wonders that
 e'er struck a nation dumb
 To those recorded as performed by
 " Master Thomas Thumb " ?

" Miss Riding-Hood," poor luckless
 child ! my heart grew big with
 dread
 When the grim " wolf," in grandmam-
 ma's best bonnet, showed his
 head ;
 I shuddered when, in innocence, she
 meekly peeped beneath,
 And made remarks about " great eyes "
 and wondered at " great teeth."
 And then the " House that Jack
 built," and the " Bean-stalk Jack
 cut down,"
 And " Jack's eleven brothers " on their
 travels of renown ;

And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head ensured him lyric fame!

These, these, methinks made vulgar
"Jack" a rather classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well;
but better still the bear

That hugged his brother in her arms
with tenderness and care;

I lingered spellbound o'er the page,
though eventide wore late,

And left my supper all untouched to
fathom "Orson's" fate.

Then "Robin with his merry men," a
noble band were they;

We'll never see the like again, go
hunting where we may.

In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb,
rapt Fancy bore me on

Through Sherwood's dewy forest-
paths, close after "Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe"
kept long their reigning powers,

Till harder words and longer themes
beguiled my flying hours;

And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he!
allured me on his track,

And set me shouting when he flung
the old man from his back.

And oh! that tale—that matchless
tale, that made me dream at night

Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and
"Friday's" death-spurred flight;

Nay, still I read it, and again, in
sleeping visions, see

The savage dancer on the sand—the
raft upon the sea.

Old story-books! old story-books! I
doubt if "Reason's feast"

Provides a dish that pleases more
than "Beauty and the Beast;"

I doubt if all the ledger-leaves that
bear a sterling sum

Yield happiness like those that told
of "Master Horner's plum."

Old story-books! old story-books! I
never pass ye by

Without a sort of furtive glance—right
loving, though 'tis sly;

And fair suspicion may arise that yet
my spirit grieves

For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's
Dog" and "Ali Baba's Thieves."

ELIZA COOK.

THE WONDERFUL HOUSE.

A WONDERFUL house is Little-doll Hall,
With toys and dollies, and sweetmeats,
and all;

Up in the attic, a goodly show,
There are three lady-dolls, all in a
row.

Old Mother Hubbard and old Dame
Trot

Are busy a-washing the linen;
And Princess Prettypet, down below,

Sits in the garden spinning;
Behind, the Maid, a very old maid,

Is carrying out the clothes:
I don't know if there's a blackbird

near
Prepared to snap off her nose;

And there stands the little maid by
the well,

And a little doll sits on the brink;
Her name is Belinda Dorothy Ann,

And that's a fine name, I think!
A little bird sits on the garden pale,

And his voice is clear and good,—
He's one of the robins who covered up,

With leaves of the berries on which
they did sup,

The Children in the Wood.

Jack Sprat lives there also, and Hop-
o'-my-Thumb,
And Jack the Giant-killer,
And Humpty-Dumpty and Puss in
Boots,
Likewise the Jolly Miller;
The White Cat also—she wanders about
On every sunshiny day,
And the saucy mice come creeping out
Whenever that cat's away!
And the nice little man who had a
small gun,
Whose bullets were made of lead,
He used to live there, but is not there
now,
Because, poor fellow! he's dead!

All these might you see as plain as
could be,
And many a fairy wight;
But this cannot be, because—don't
you see?—
They're every one out of sight!

And all that you find there, children
and mother,
Have been in some fairy-tale or other;
And therefore the good little children
all
Are fond of going to Little-doll Hall;
And if *you're* a good child, I and you
On some fine day will go there too.

RHYME AND REASON.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A KING and a queen had a beautiful
daughter,
A sweet little babe I'm sure you'd
have thought her;
And they to her christening the fairies
invited,
By notes on pink paper, with gold
pens indited.

The major-domo to the king came and
said,
"Seven fairies there are;" and he
bowed his fat head.
"Ask all," said the king, "and let
none be left out;"
So a herald was sent off at once, I've
no doubt.

A feast was prepared; seven fairies
were there,
And each a good gift to the infant de-
clare;
Beauty, and wit, and good temper they
give,
Riches and health, where'er she may
live.
But lo! there is thunder, and down
from the skies
A big fiery dragon with lightning-flash
flies;
A fairy dismounts, who, howe'er they
dissemble,
Makes the whole court, the king, and
fair queen to tremble:

"A meeting of fairies, and *I* unin-
vited!
Not tamely will I thus submit to be
slighted!
Is this your politeness, your cour-
tesy?—fie!
From the prick of a needle your baby
shall die!"
"Not die," said a fairy, "although she
is harmed;
She only shall sleep for a hundred
years, charmed."
Away went the fairies, some flying,
some leaping,
And left the whole court in a passion
of weeping.



"Our daughter shall learn music,
drawing, and French;
On Latin, and Greek, and high Dutch
she shall trench;
She shall dance like a gadfly, and
walk like a beadle;
But never, oh never, shall *she* touch a
needle!"

Accomplished, sweet, lovely, the young
princess grew,
When she met a girl stitching the wood
going through;
She borrowed her needle, but held it
so badly—
You see, she'd not learnt—that she
scratched herself sadly.

She shrieked, and fell into that long
fatal sleep
The fairies foretold, and her bed had
to keep.
To sleep went her servants, and up
grew a wood,
And buried them all for a hundred
years good.
We thus learn the danger that comes
when we shirk
From teaching our daughters with
needles to work;
If not handy and willing, mere learn-
ing will steep
Them morally in a condition like
sleep.

Well! the hundred years passed—
hundred years and a day—
When a prince out a-hunting came
riding that way;
The trees, interwoven so long, opened
wide;
He entered the palace, and stood by
the side

Of the princess. That moment she
opened her eyes,
And so long she had slept that she
waked up quite wise.
"To be useful we all were intended I
find,"
Said she, "and to work I have made
up my mind."

Said the prince, "What! so lovely, so
young, and so wise,
And here charmed in this wood! I am
seized with surprise!
But see, all your courtiers and maidens
are waking,
And there is a banquet spread for our
partaking;
Your cooks are aroused, and your
minstrels are singing,
And here at your feet I myself must
be flinging;
Your friends are all gone—I daren't
leave you alone
In a wood; pray come with me, and
share crown and throne."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

THE varying year with blade and
sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy
plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,
Faint murmurs from the meadows
come,
Like hints and echoes from the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn;

The fountain to his place returns,
 Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
 Here droops the banner on the tower,
 On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
 The peacock in his laurel bower,
 The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their
 eggs :

In these, in those, the life is stayed.
 The mantles from the golden pegs
 Droop sleepily : no sound is made,
 Not even of a gnat that sings.

More like a picture seemeth all
 Than those old portraits of old kings,
 That watch the sleepers from the
 wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
 Between his knees, half drained ;
 and there

The wrinkled steward at his task,
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair ;
 The page has caught her hand in his :
 Her lips are severed as to speak :
 His own are pouted to a kiss :
 The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
 The beams that through the oriel
 shine,
 Make prisms in every carven glass,
 And beaker brimmed with noble
 wine.

Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
 Grave faces gathered in a ring :
 His state the king reposing keeps :
 He must have been a jovial king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
 At distance like a little wood ;
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
 And grapes with bunches red as
 blood ;

All creeping plants ; a wall of green
 Close-matted, burr and brake and
 brier,
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,
 High up, the topmost palace spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
 And thought and time be bor-
 again,
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
 Bring truth that sways the soul of
 men ?
 Here all things in their place remain,
 As all were ordered ages since.
 Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and
 Pain,
 And bring the fated fairy Prince.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Year after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
 Across the purple coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has
 grown,
 On either side her trancèd form
 Forth streaming from a braid of
 pearl :
 The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
 Languidly ever ; and, amid
 Her full black ringlets downward
 rolled,
 Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm
 With bracelets of the diamond
 bright :
 Her constant beauty doth inform
 Stillness with love, and day with
 light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not
heard

In palace-chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred,
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly
pressed:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever
dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL.

All precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them issue forth,
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden
worth.
He travels far from other skies,
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass
Are withered in the thorny close,
Or scattered blanching on the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead:
"They perished in their daring
deeds."

This proverb flashes through his head:
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he
seeks;
He breaks the hedge: he enters
there:

The color flies into his cheeks—
He trusts to light on something
fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near

With words of promise in his walk,
And whispered voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind:
The magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark;
He stoops to kiss her on his knee.
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must
be!"

THE REVIVAL.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs and crowing
cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden
swept;
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward
scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martins flew,
The parrot screamed, the peacock
squalled;
The maid and page renewed their
strife,
The palace banged and buzzed and
clacked,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and
spoke:
"By holy rood, a royal beard!

How say you? we have slept, my lords.

My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mentioned half an hour ago?"

The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words returned reply,
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss!"
"Oh wake for ever, love!" she hears;
"O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind, was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark,
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me
where?"

"Oh seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world, she followed
him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist—
Come, taste my fragrant meal!
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower;
Work, fairies, fast, for time flies past—
I borrowed the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,
And maun hae double fee;
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,
And let the stream come free.
Shout, fairies, shout! see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river;
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

One elf goes chasing the wild bat's
wing,
And one the white owl's horn;
One hunts the fox for the white o' his
tail,
And we winna hae him till morn.
One idle fay, with the glow-worm's
ray,
Runs glimmering 'mong the mosses;
Another goes tramp wi' the will-o'-
wisp's lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.

Oh haste, my brown elf; bring me corn
 From bonnie Blackwood plains;
 Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
 From green Dalgona mains;
 But, pride of a' at Closeburn ha',
 Fair is the corn and fatter;
 Taste, fairies, taste! a gallanter grist
 Has never been wet with water.

Hilloah! my hopper is heaped high;
 Hark to the well-hung wheels!
 They sing for joy; the dusty roof
 It clatters and it reels.
 Haste, elves, and turn yon mountain-
 burn—
 Bring streams that shine like siller;
 The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
 And I maun grind my miller.

Ha! bravely done, my wanton elves,
 That is a foaming stream;
 See how the dust from the mill flies,
 And chokes the cold moonbeam.
 Haste, fairies; fleet come baptized
 feet;
 Come sack and sweep up clean,
 And meet me soon, ere sinks the
 moon,
 In thy green vale, Dalreen.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

I.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands;
 Court'sied when you have, and
 kissed,
 The wild waves whist,—
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark—

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chan-
 tieleer
 Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

II.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange;
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Ding-dong,
 Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong,
 bell!

III.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry;
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

NOT A TRUE STORY.

"ARISE! my maiden Mabel,"
 Her mother said: "arise!
 For the golden sun of midsummer
 Is shining in the skies.

"Arise! my little Mabel,
 For thou must speed away,
 To wait upon thy grandmother
 This live-long summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
 This wheaten cake so fine,
 This new-made pat of butter,
 And this little flask of wine.

"And tell the dear old body
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yester-
morn,
And he has not come home.

"And more than all this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me with this fever-pain
The little child will die.

"And thou canst help thy grandmoth-
er;
The table thou canst spread,
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

"Canst go down to the lonesome
glen
To milk the mother-ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the Lady-well hard by,
And thou canst gather from the
wood
The fagots brown and dry.

"But listen now, my Mabel:
This is Midsummer Day,
When all the fairy people
From Elfland come away.

"And when thou art in the lonesome
glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry-flow-
er,
Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy-folk,
Lest mischief should befall;

Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lovest us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

"And when unto the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down;

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring,
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence;

"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there, myself,
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
The live-long summer day."

PART SECOND.

Away tripped little Mabel,
With her wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot
And summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will—
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up
clean,
And then the table spread,
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day—
Thou know'st the Lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
Upon a leafy tree.

The next time that good Mabel went
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well, a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher from the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet
The fair stream troubled."

"And for this thing which thou hast
done,
Yet may'st not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou
dost,
As thou hast done this day—
Shalt have the will and power to
please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said, she passed from
sight,
And naught could Mabel see
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

PART THIRD.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighboring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and
brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wildwood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,

She drove them thence, as she was
told,
With home-thoughts sweet and
kind.

But all the while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked
the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh! but she is small and neat!"
Said one; "'twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At her kerchief pinned about her
head,
And at her little shoe!"

"Oh! but she is a comely child,"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path
A boon for her this day,
Seeing she broke no living bough,
No live thing did affray."

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good,
And with her fagots dry and brown
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever dear,
'Twill buy her clothes of the very
best
For many and many a year."

PART FOURTH.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew—
Go down unto the lonesome glen
And milk the mother-ewe."

All down into the lonesome glen
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling
streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome
glen
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-
flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-
ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought **this**
thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as a midge's wing,
That spake aloud: "A human child
Is here, yet mark this thing!

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en:
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake," said one;
"Grant her a wish," said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be."

Kind Mabel heard the words they
spake,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus it happened to Mabel,
On that Midsummer Day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

MARY HOWITT.



MINNA IN WONDERLAND.

Poor little Minna! she knew, I wot,
The grief of a motherless orphan's
lot—

That a step-dame cruel, step-sister
rude,
Are bitterness worse than solitude.
Anger and railing, malice and spite,
Wearied and grieved her from morn
till night.

At the door with Trulla she sat to spin,
While her step-dame bustled and
scolded within;
Swiftly she labored, with fingers fine,
While Trulla drew slowly a clumsy
twine,
Till the idle girl's spindle slipped and
fell,
Clattering down in the old dry well.

"Minna," she ordered rudely then,
"Fetch my spindle to me again;
Down in the dry well quickly go,
And hunt for it there in the stories
below!"

Cheerfully, quickly the gentle maid
Did as her haughty sister bade.

Down she clambered with nimble
tread,
Found the spindle and wound the
thread;
Trulla looked down with malicious
grin,
Shut the well-lid, and fastened her
in;
There she left her to sit and weep—
Darkness around her and silence
deep.

But a dim light glimmered, unseen be-
fore,
And she saw in the well-side a little
door,
Narrow and low; but she ventured in
Hoping freedom that way to win.
Rocky and dark was the passage
there,
But it spread to a pathway green and
fair.

High banks fenced it on either edge,
And across towered a Bramble hedge.
Minna looked with a sad dismay
On the thorns which bristled to bar
the way;
Then a keen little rustling voice was
heard,
Shaping itself to a spoken word:

"Pass through safely, and fear not,
thou,
If thou shake no blossom and break
no bough."
Was it only the branches' stir,
Or did the Bramble hedge speak to
her?
Softly, gently, she ventured in,
And never a prickle grazed her skin.

Thankfully wondering, on went she
Till she came to a broad green Apple
tree.

Ripe fruit dangled from every stem :
Hungry and thirsty, she longed for
them.

Then a broad full murmur ran through
the tree
As the boughs drooped over her ten-
derly.

"Pluck my apples and rest in my
shade
Safely, daughter," the deep voice said ;
"Pluck from my branches the burden-
ing fruit,

Pile them neatly about my root."
Gratefully Minna made haste to obey,
Gathered, and ate, and went her way.

Farther on stood a White Cow, switch-
ing her tail ;

From her horns hung a golden milk-
ing-pail.

"Come," she called with a friendly
low,

"Milk me, maiden, before you go ;
Freely drink what you will, and then
Hang up my golden pail again."

Quickly she heeded the friendly Cow,
Deeply she drank of the warm milk's
flow ;

Hung up the pail when all was done,
Thanked the good creature, and jour-
neyed on,

Till she came to a lonely valley, where
stood

A little brown cottage beside a wood.

Out from the cottage a woman came,
Ugly and wrinkled, bowed and lame ;
Her cunning eyes with an evil glow
Peered at Minna, who curtsied low,

Looked up with her innocent eyes, and
said,

"Good dame, will you hire a servant-
maid?"

"You!" said the beldame; "what work
can you do?"

"Whatever, good madam, you wish me
to."

"That," grinned the crone, "I will
quickly try ;"

And she took down a sieve from the
wall hard by :

"Take this riddle, and quickly bring
Water for supper from yonder spring."

By the spring the shadows spread broad
and cool,

And wild flowers bloomed by the tran-
quil pool ;

Sounded the birds' songs, clear and
glad,

Yet Minna sat silently, dull and sad,
For in this first task she must surely
fail

With only a sieve for a water-pail.

The birds flew nearer, from bough to
bough,

And what is that they are singing
now?

Robin and blue-bird, thrush and wren,
Chirped and sang it again and again,
Each in its fashion trying to say,

"Stop it with mud! stop it with clay!

"Stop it with mud and daub it with
clay,

And carry a riddlful away ;"
Through her love for all living things
she knew

What the kind little voices bade her
do ;

She daubed each crevice with mud
and clay,
Filled the vessel, and bore it away.

But the old dame glared with her
blackest frown
As Minna the brimming sieve laid
down,
And grimly she uttered, "Well, I wot
This wisdom your own wit taught you
not;
Be off to the milking-stable now;
Neatly clean it, and milk the cow."

By an empty manger an old cow stood,
Meekly and patiently chewing the cud;
"Poor Brindle!" said Minna, "you
must be fed
Or ever I clean the milking-shed."
She plucked from the meadow the
grasses deep,
And piled for Brindle the fragrant
heap.

Then she busily strove, with fork and
broom,
To clear the floor of the littered room,
But the faster she labored her work to
do,
Deeper and deeper the litter grew;
First to her ankle, then to her knee,
Till Minna stood frightened the sight
to see.

Softly lowing, old Brindle raised her
head:
"Turn them; turn them; turn them,"
she said.
Loving of heart and quick of wit,
Minna soon guessed what was meant
by it;
She turned the besom, she turned the
fork,
And quickly, easily finished the work.

And soon to her mistress her light
steps run

To tell that her second task is done;
But the crone sprang fiercely from
where she sat—

"Witch that you are, who taught you
that?

Off from my dwelling at once," quoth
she,

"Or you'll rue the hour you came to me!

"But stay. By all earthly rules, I
know,

You must have your wages before you
go.

In one of these caskets you'll find
your due;

Which do you choose, the red or the
blue?"

She spoke, and watched with a crafty
look

To see which casket the maiden took.

Bright shone the red in its glitter and
hue,

But paler and plainer the sober blue.
She turned to the red, but paused in
doubt,

For a word of warning was heard
without.

The Cock crowed loudly beside the
door,

And "Choose the blu-u-e!" was the
sound it bore.

She trusted the warning kind and true,
Left the red casket and took the blue.
Scowling, the old witch saw her go;
"She shall not keep it," she muttered
low.

"Safe with that casket held in her
hand,
She never shall pass through Wonder-
land."



As Minna ran on she paused in fear,
For she felt that some evil thing drew
near.

She looked for a helper, nor looked in
vain,
For the White Cow stood by her path
again.

"Come hither," it called, "and have
no fear;
She shall not harm you while I am
here."

Low in the shadow she crouched, to
hide

By the kindly creature's sheltering side,
As up the pathway the old witch
came,

Eagerly asking, with eyes aflame,

"Which way went the girl who has
just passed by?"

"None has passed," was the calm
reply.

"Tell me, then, for you surely
know,

What other path could the maiden
go?"

"Nay, ask for help from some evil
hand,

And not from the creatures of Wonder-
land."

Baffled and angry, the witch turned
back,

And Minna sped on her homeward
track.

But soon, as she followed the broad
green path,
She heard in the distance a scream of
wrath.

"She is on my track," cried the maiden
then,

"And where shall I look for help
again?"

Dark green branches drooped over
her head;

"I will help thee," the Apple tree
said.

Thick boughs stooped till they reached
the ground,

Closely they wrapped the maiden
round;

Hid in their shelter, she heard her
foe

Asking the Tree which way to go.

"From my topmost branches," mur-
mured the Tree,

"I look, but the maiden I cannot
see."

So evil of heart, but so dull of brain,
Baffled, she turned from the path
again.

But not in safety might Minna stand
Till she crossed the borders of Won-
derland.

Again came the witch on her path,
fast, fast!

But the Bramble hedges she had reached
at last.

Back from her path bent each bris-
tling stem,

Making a way to pass through them;
Then clashed together the thorn-points
keen,

So that no creature could pass be-
tween.

And the angry witch, as she eyed
them, knew
That the maiden was safe—and the
casket, too.

But Minna rushed through the narrow
dell,

Crept through the doorway into the
well,

Fancying, even in that dark den,
That she heard the foe on her track
again;

But the well-lid was open, and soon,
once more,

She stood by her step-mother's open
door.

But, alas! instead of a welcoming
word

Angry reproaches were all she heard,
Till the mother's scolding and Trulla's
jeers

Forced from Minna the silent tears.

Cried her step-dame, "No longer this
girl I'll brook!

I hate the sight of her whining look!

"Go spin your task, since in idle
play

You have wasted so many hours to-
day:

In the empty hut where the swine
were fed

Go work with your spindle and make
your bed."

"At least," thought the maid, "I shall
there be free

From the bitter railings that harass
me."

In the dark low hut where the swine
once fed

She drew from her distaff the shining
thread,

And still, as it twirled in her nimble
hand,
She thought of the marvels of Won-
derland.

“When my task is done I will look,”
quoth she,

“In the casket the old dame gave to
me.”

The glow of sunset was fading fast
As she opened the casket's lid at last,
But a light flashed out through the
evening gloom

And brightened the walls of her nar-
row room,

And a troop of wonderful figures pour
From the open lid to the earthen floor.



Tiny footmen with fairy grace
Begin to furnish and deck the
place;

Carpets where wonderful flowers
glow

Cover the cold bare earth below;

Windows open where walls had
been,

To let the light of the sunset in.

Curtains are hung with skilful hand;
Chairs and tables in order stand;

A cook with white apron, round as a
pot,

Sets a dainty supper all smoking
hot;

A brisk little maid brings garments
fair,

Dresses Minna and decks her hair,

Now, the step-dame, knowing she must
 be fed,
 Sent her for supper some mouldy
 bread,
 And at Trulla's coming the fairy
 train
 Into the casket sprang again.
 In the door stood the girl, with a
 stupid stare,
 Gaping round on the wonders there.

Loud to her mother did Trulla bawl,
 Who came with speed at her daugh-
 ter's call.
 With envy and anger and spite she
 burned
 To see the sty to a palace turned ;
 But she saw the casket and guessed
 right well
 What was the source of the magic
 spell.

With a glare like an evil beast of prey
 She strove to seize and to bear it
 away,
 But soon, with a scream of fright and
 pain,
 She dropped the casket to earth again,
 With a fiery sear on the thievish
 hand
 Which had clutched the treasure from
 Wonderland.

Then, forced to loosen her covetous
 hold,
 She listened while Minna her story
 told ;
 Then vowed that Trulla should straight
 be sent
 The selfsame way that her sister went—
 Should serve the witch in a better
 way,
 And bring back treasures more rich
 and gay.

And so, on the morrow, with grunt
 and frown,
 Trulla went clumsily clambering
 down ;
 Found in the well-side the little door,
 Even as Minna had done before ;
 Passed through the narrow and rocky
 ledge,
 And came to the path and the Bram-
 ble hedge.

Her dull ear heard not the small
 voice keen
 That shrilled and quivered the thorns
 between,
 Rudely she burst through the boughs
 with speed,
 Scowling at scratches which made her
 bleed,
 Branches and blossoms broken lay
 Scatter'd around as she went her way.

In the Apple tree's shadow she paused,
 indeed,
 But to her his kindly words no heed.
 The apples she pelted with stick and
 stone,
 Till with fall and branches the ground
 was strewn ;
 Greenly she went and then went on
 Till she came where the White Cow
 stood alone.

Though not for the creature's asking,
 still
 She milked, and drank from the pail
 her fill ;
 Threw the gold milk-pail clattering
 down,
 And went her way to the cottage
 brown ;
 Met the witch in the pine-wood's
 shade,
 And offered herself for a serving-maid.

"Another?" the old crone muttered
low :

"Shall I try her also, or bid her go?"
Yet she gave her the sieve, and bade
her bring

Water in that from the forest spring.
And Trulla went, with a stare of
doubt,
In the pathway her mistress pointed
out.

She dipped in vain, for she would not
hear

The words which the birds sang loud
and clear.

From the bank beside her she plucked
a stone

And threw it with force at the nearest
one.

"A tit-bit rare would that fellow be,
Roasted for supper to-night," quoth
she.

She failed, but the evil wishes remain
To harden her heart and to dull her
brain.

Lazily lounging along the track,
She carried the empty riddle back ;
The old woman muttered and shook
her head,

But sent her to clean the milking-
shed.

She lifted the fork, and the besom too,
But stopped when the litter deeper
grew.

To turn them her wits were far too
slow,

And she listened not to old Brindle's
low,

But left her standing, untended, un-
fed,

And hastened away from the milking-
shed.

Scowling, her mistress called her
"Dunce ;"

Fiercely she bade her begone at once ;
But Trulla sullenly answered, "No :
I will have my wages, or will not
go."

"Then look," said the witch, "on these
caskets two,
And choose for your wages the Red
or the Blue."

"Choose the Blue!" crowed the Cock
without,

But not a moment she paused in
doubt ;

The glittering scarlet caught her eye,
And she seized the Red casket greed-
ily ;

She gave no thanks and she made no
stay,

But ran from the cottage-door away.

The old woman grinned, saying, "Yes,
begone,

And take the wages you well have
won."

No one followed on Trulla's track ;
None sought to tempt or to drag her
back ;

For evil and foul was the thing she
bore,

As the evil heart that she had before.

But at least on her way she was
made to feel

The weight of the White Cow's spurn-
ing heel ;

From the Apple tree fell on her head
a stone

Which she herself in the boughs had
thrown ;

In the Bramble hedge she was pierced
and torn

By the point of every vengeful thorn.

But little she thought of her toil and
 pain
 As she clambered out of the well
 again,
 And proudly paused in the open door
 To show to her mother the prize she
 bore ;
 And quickly they opened, with eager
 hand,
 The magic treasure from Wonderland.

Not light, but a stifling vapor, spreads,
 Curling blackly, about their heads !
 No fairy servants spring gayly out,
 But venomous reptiles writhe about !
 No magic carpets bedeck their floor,
 But over it mud and foulness pour !

They strive, in their wrath, and fright,
 and pain,
 To shut the Red casket, but all in vain ;
 And then to Minna in rage they run,
 Reproaching her with the mischief
 done ;
 From her shelter they bade her quick
 begone,
 And they cast her out as the night
 came on.

In the forest's wide and dreary shade
 Homeless wandered the gentle maid ;
 But a Prince, with his train and torches
 bright,
 Coming late from the hunt that night,
 Met her and helped her, showing her
 grace
 For the love of her fair and innocent
 face.

But a deeper love in his heart soon
 grew
 As he learned her goodness and wis-
 dom too,

Till Minna sat by the Prince's side,
 Hailed by the people, his happy bride ;
 And poor and mean the maiden was
 not,

Since to own the Blue casket was still
 her lot.

But what was the fate of the wicked
 pair
 Whom Minna left in the cottage
 there ?

The lot must be hard of those who
 would

Choose the evil and hate the good ;
 Without, as within them, trouble and
 strife—

For " Out of the HEART are the issues
 of life."

M. C. PYLE.



ROLAND AND HIS FRIEND.

FRIENDLESS and poor, but with heart
 content,

Young Roland on through the wide
 world went.

Through a gloomy wood, in an un-
 known way,
 Seeking his fortune, he passed one
 day.

Through its sombre shades, as he strode
 along,

His clear voice rang in a cheerful
 song :

" The storms may beat and the rains
 may fall,
 But the dear Lord's mercy is over
 all."

" Well sung !" spoke a voice in his
 startled ear :

" Do you sing so loudly to banish
 fear ?"

Dark as a shadow, evil-eyed,
A stranger stalked at the stripling's side.

Harshly he laughed, then spoke again :
" You have wandered far from the
haunts of men :

" Strange chance, to find in this whole
wood through
A friend to guide and to shelter you !

" Here in the forest alone I dwell :
Come serve me, youth, for I like you
well."

Freely young Roland gave consent,
And on by the stranger's side he went.

Deeper and darker grew the wood :
In its thickest shadows a castle stood.

Gloomy and still as a prison-cell,
It seemed but an evil place to dwell.

Yet there did Roland cheerfully stay,
Serving his Master day by day.

But sometimes, he fancied, a hollow
groan
Thrilled through the hall where they
dwelt alone ;

And he longed from his inmost heart
to go
Seeking the one who suffered so.

But ever the eyes of his gloomy lord
Watched every motion and look and
word,

And ever he warned him : " Dare to spy
In my secret chambers, that day you
die."

But one morning the Master journeyed
away,
Leaving Roland alone that day.

Again, as he wandered to and fro,
He heard, or fancied, that groan of
woe.

" I must find that mourner and succor
give,"

Said Roland, " whether I die or live."

Through a narrow door of iron he
passed
To another chamber still and vast.

High on the wall, on a golden nail,
Hung a saddle, a sword, and a coat-of-
mail.

Nothing further to aid his task
But a stone, a rod, and a water-
flask.

In the next room nothing his keen
glance spied
But a brazen caldron, deep and wide.

But beyond that room, through an
open door,
Came sounding the hollow groan once
more.

Quick to the chamber hastened he
To succor and save, if that might
be ;

But he found no man, as his thought
had been,
But a noble black horse stabled with-
in.

No hay, nor barley, nor wholesome
food,
But glowing coals in his manger stood.

Ever he strained with bloodshot eye
For the water, which out of reach did
lie—

Strove and strained at his iron chain,
Then back recoiled with a groan of
pain.

Quickly did Roland forward dart,
While pity and anger swelled his heart.

He wrenched the curb from the horse's
head,
And quenched and scattered the em-
bers red ;

He gave him water and food beside ;
He stroked and patted his glossy side.

"Oh, bonny black charger ! you shall
be free,
If I die for the deed that I do," quoth
he.

The eyes of the creature met his
own,
And the brute mouth spoke in a hu-
man tone.

It said : "For the saving help you
give,
Surely you shall not die, but live.

"Bring hither the armor, the saddle,
and sword,
From the chamber there where they
wait their lord.

"It may be your stripling strength
may fail
To wield the sword and to wear the
mail ;

"Then bathe in the caldron, and you
shall find
Your arm is strong as your heart is
kind."

He could not lift from the golden nail
The mighty sword and the heavy mail.

He sought the caldron, nor paused in
dread
Till the waters closed o'er his plung-
ing head—

Dark, bitter waters, that caught his
breath,
And chilled his heart like the touch
of death.

But when from the depths he sprang
again,
His strength was more than the
strength of ten.

Higher and fairer rose his head,
Freer and nobler his stately tread.

He girded the armor to breast and
thigh,
He brandished the shining sword on
high.

He saddled and bridled the black
horse well,
And brought him forth from his pris-
on-cell.

"Take the rod, the flask, and the stone,"
said the steed ;
"They will serve us well in our time
of need."

Then swiftly with Roland he galloped
on,
For the daylight hours were almost
gone.

Then far behind them they heard a yell,
Savage and loud, through the forest
swell.

"'Tis the foe on our track," spoke the
flying steed ;
"If he reach us now, we are lost in-
deed.

‘ Now turn, and behind thee cast the
stone—
Its power to help us will soon be
shown.”

He threw the stone, and a mountain
high
Swelled up in the path they had just
passed by.

Then with mighty spells must the
Wicked One
Burrow a way through the magic stone.

Faster the two friends onward flew,
But fast came the evil Master too.

“ Now throw the rod, that a thicket
may grow
To bar the path from the coming foe.”



Up sprang the thicket, stem to
stem,
Thorny and close, to shelter them.

Then long must the Master labor to
hew
By the might of magic a passage
through.

When near them again he followed on
In the east was breaking the light of
dawn.

“ Courage!” the black horse uttered
then;
“ When the sun shall rise we are safe
again.

"Now empty the water behind us, but
see
That none of the drops shall sprinkle
me."

Hastily Roland fulfilled his task,
But his strong hand shattered the crystal
flask.

He poured the water along their track,
But three drops fell on the charger's
back.

A lake swelled round them with rush
and roar,
Checking the foe on its farther shore,

But rider and horse in its waters swim,
Because of the drops which sprinkled
him.

At the spell of the Master the waves
ebb fast,
But the light of morning beams full
at last.

The level rays of the rising sun
Dissolved the spells of the Evil One,

And back, with a yell of wrath and pain,
He turned to his own abode again.

On the forest border stood Roland,
freed,
With his arm on the neck of his rescued
steed.

Down sloped before them a meadow
fair,
And the roofs of a palace glittered
there.

Said the black horse, "Roland, that
palace see;
It is there that thy future home must
be.

"Put by thy armor and sword so keen,
And dress thyself like a peasant
mean.

"Lowly and poor, in the palace stay,
And serve the King in some humble
way.

"Thy armor, thy sword, and thy faithful
steed
Shall be ready here for thy time of
need—

"The time foreseen since my woes
began,
When the Hour for help needs a helping
man."

Then Roland went, like a beggar clad,
To serve the King as a gardener-lad,

Besmirched with mould like a sordid
mask,
His bright head bent to his homely
task.

The rose-garden under a window lay,
Whence the King's young daughter
looked down each day.

Fair bloomed the roses on every stem,
But fairer the face bent down to them.

Looking on Roland, her calm bright
eyes
Saw the true man through the mean
disguise;

And ever did Roland in silence glow
With love for the lady who watched
him so.

"Our goodliest knights by his side
were dim,"
The Princess thought as she looked
on him,

Thought Roland, "Gladly my life I'd
stake
To strive in the battle for her dear
sake."

And while he paused for such a lot
The Hour was near, though he knew
it not.

From the east and the west, on either
hand,
An army came pouring into the land.

Into the kingdom's heart they came,
Marking their passage with blood and
flame.

The King must hasten to gather his
host,
Or crown and kingdom will both be
lost.

Then the sound of arming, the voice
of war,
Swelled through the country near and
far.

Only the gardener-lad, unsought,
Still with the spade in the garden
wrought;

For they thought him too mean and
vile a one
For the knightly service that must be
done.

Still louder and fiercer swelled the
hum,
And the very day of the fight had
come.

Then he spoke to the Princess: "Bid
me go
And join in the battle against the foe,"

And she answered, "Go, and this
token take,
And fight for mine and for honor's
sake."

He left the palace, he ran with speed
To claim his armor, his sword, and
steed.

Bounding to meet him the black horse
came,
With widespread nostril and eye of
flame.

"Arm, Roland, and mount, and ride!"
cried he,
"For the Hour has come for thee and
me."

The armies were met and the fight
began,
When the horse and his rider came
dashing on.

And well did the horse and the rider
know
The face of the one who led the foe—

The evil Master whose wicked will
Had raised that army and wrought
that ill.

In the thick of the battle, all un-
harmed,
He sought the King, for his life was
charmed.

He forced his way through the guards
at length,
And smote at the King with his ut-
most strength.

But then, like a thunderbolt from
above,
Horse and rider against him drove,

The iron hoofs and the mighty sword
Smote together with one accord.

Though guarded from wounds by
magic spell,
Crushed down by their very weight
he fell.

The fight is over, the rebels flee,
The King's men shout for their vic-
tory ;

But the sounds of the joyful tumult
seem
To Roland only a fever-dream.

His evil Master lay lifeless there,
But his horse had vanished like empty
air.

A young man stood in the black steed's
place,
With a noble form and a princely
grace.

The old King sat as if turned to stone,
Then faltered, " 'Tis he ! my son ! my
son ! "

For the spell was broken, the Prince
had come
In his former shape to his former
home,

And Roland and he, till life shall end,
Will be to each other brother and
friend.

They were brothers indeed when the
Princess gave
Her hand to Roland, the kind and brave,

Who had brought the lost one, for-
saken of men,
Back to his human shape again.

M. C. PYLE.

HETTY AND THE FAIRIES.

DEAR HETTY had read in a curious
book

A wonderful story one night,
About the sweet fairies who come to
the earth

And dance in the pale moonlight—
Beautiful creatures, with azure-like
wings,
Who hide in the flowers by the wood-
land springs.

With head full of wonder she went to
her bed ;

Not long had dear Hetty been there,
When she opened her eyes and saw by
her side,

Scarcely reaching as high as her chair,
A strange little fellow, all ribbons and
lace,

Who bowed most politely and smiled
in her face.

" Ha ! ha ! pretty miss, you've been
thinking of me,

So I've come to say, How d'ye do ?
And ask your permission—now don't
be afraid—

To show you some things that are
new.

Pray get yourself ready ; my carriage
and four,

My dearest Miss Hetty, now wait at
the door."

So Hetty went off with the carriage
and four ;

They seemed to be flying away ;
The strange little gentleman sat by
her side,

But never a word did he say,
Until at a mansion high up on a hill
The carriage and four little horses
stood still.



“My sweet little maiden, please follow
me straight;

This palace you see is my own,
And I, too, am king of this wondrous
realm,

Where never a mortal is known:
My subjects will think I’m committing
a sin,
But still you shall peep at the wonders
within.”

So he blew on a horn that hung under
his cloak—
The doors of the palace flew
wide;

And hundreds and hundreds of queer
little folks

Within them dear Hetty espied:
Some lay as if sleeping, some danced
in a ring,

But none of them seemed half so tall
as the king.

“Now, pray, pay attention,” the fairy
king said;

“Those creatures, so happy and fair,
Are just like the good thoughts that
dwell in the heart,
Flinging sunshine around every-
where;

Wherever they are there are brightness
and joy,
No matter how heavy or dull is the
sky.

"Those wily black fellows chained up
to the wall,
Like bad thoughts we keep them
apart;
We never give heed to their slander-
ous tongues,
Or take them at all to our heart.
The joy in our bosoms would soon fade
away
If we were to listen to aught they
would say.

"Now, Hetty my dear, when you go
back to earth,
You'll think of the sight you have
seen;
Let Good be the fairy that dwells in
your heart,
And you be his good little queen;
And so you'll be happy—" But
here, with a scream,
Dear Hetty woke up; it was all a
dream!

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon
Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rang so mer-
rily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my
Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily
turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"For there has been no water,
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"Oh, the miller! how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"And there,' they said, 'the merry
winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"Oh, the poor, blind widow!
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mil-
dew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown
lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"Oh, the poor, lame weaver!
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldoun
Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldoun Low
The mists were cold and gray,

And nothing I saw but the mossy
stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hilltop,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

THE FAIRIES.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop

The old King sits ;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkille he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
 Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long ;—
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back
 Between the night and morrow ;
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes, .
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig one up in spite,
 He shall find the thornies set
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men ;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together ;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ABOUT THE FAIRIES.

PRAY, where are the little bluebells
 gone,
 That lately bloomed in the wood ?
 Why, the little fairies have taken
 each one,
 And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks
 gone,
 That waved in the summer breeze ?
 Oh, the fairies have taken them every
 one
 To plant in their gardens, like trees.

And where are the great big blue-
 bottles gone,
 That buzzed in their busy pride ?
 Oh, the fairies have caught them every
 one,
 And have broken them in, to ride.

And they've taken the glow-worms to
 light their balls,
 And the crickets to sing them a
 song,
 And the great red rose-leaves to paper
 their walls,
 And they're feasting the whole night
 long.

But when spring comes back with its
 mild, soft ray,
 And the ripple of gentle rain,
 The fairies bring back what they've
 taken away,
 And give it us all again.

RHYME AND REASON.

CINDERELLA.

ART thou there—my little Alice ?
 I can see thy waving hair,
 And thy blue eyes through the crevice ;
 Hear thy foot upon the stair.

Yes—I know—but 'tis too early
For our promised evening walk ;
Come thou in—and with thy mother,
Pass the time in pleasant talk.

Art thou tired of play with Rover ?
Now thy laughing eye I meet ;
Through thy apron's little arm-holes,
Thou didst pass his hairy feet :

Yes—I watched thee tie it round him,
Place thy bonnet on his head ;
Meek and shame-faced, poor old
Rover

Followed where thy footsteps led.

Then he stopped and “ Little Mis-
tress,”

Said as plain as looks could say ;
“ Throw thy ball—and I will fetch it ;
I will help thy merry play :

“ Take these garments off, I pray thee,
Nature gave me shaggy hair ;
Little dogs will, if they see me,
At sedate old Rover stare.”

Come thou nearer to me, darling,
While I smooth each tangled curl ;
Must I tell of Cinderella
To my patient little girl ?

Seldom is thine eye's mute pleading
Or thy kiss withstood by me ;
Well then—bring thy stool and seat
thee
Close beside thy mother's knee.

Once, they say, there lived a maiden,
It was very long ago ;
Where she dwelt or what they named
her,
We shall never rightly know.

But we'll say—in good old England,
There, at least, she's known to fame ;

And perhaps they called her Alice,
'Tis a sweet old English name.

She had gentle, loving mother,
She was loving, trustful child ;
Sometimes, wild with playful spirits,
But more often kind and mild.

She had cheeks with roses glowing,
Voice of gladness like thine own ;
From some singing bird in spring-time
She had caught her joyous tone.

And like thine, her step was lightness,
While her eye all hearts subdued ;
Danc'ing oft in merry mischief,
Melting oft in tender mood ;

And perchance, on summer evening
She hath listened, as dost thou,
To a tale of fairy wonders,
With a thoughtful, upturned brow.

Illness seized that loving mother ;
God had willed that she should die ;
And the cold, damp grave received
her,
While the child stood sobbing by.

Truly she had cause of sorrow,
Seldom is the loss supplied ;
And she felt that all forsook her,
When her gentle mother died.

Cold and careless seemed her father—
Soon a second wife he sought ;
And to rule his little household,
To his home a stranger brought :

Nor alone he brought the stranger,
But with daughters harsh and vain ;
And they caused our little maiden
Many tears of grief and pain.

To the kitchen she was banished,
Made to act a servant's part ;

Though her hands were soiled by
cinders,

Pure and spotless was her heart :

So they called her *Cinderella* ;

But at evening, clean and neat,
 She would read her mother's volumes,
 And her lessons still repeat.

But, they say, a fairy watched her
 As she grew to womanhood ;
 Saw that she was uncomplaining,
 Knew that she was meek and good.

To a brilliant ball long looked for,
 Mother, sisters all had gone ;
 And our patient Cinderella
 Rested quiet and alone.

Quick as thought a little woman
 With kind face before her stood ;
 "Wouldst thou, child, thy sisters fol-
 low ?"

And the maiden said : "I would !"
 "Bring me then a gold-hued pumpkin,
 From the field of ripened corn ;"
 Soon, with trailing vine, the treasure
 In her ready hand was borne.

With her magic wand the fairy
 Traced a door upon its rind,
 As she muttered words that, nowhere
 But in fairy books, we find :

Still the leafless vine supported,
 Though in wheels its length was
 rolled ;

And the golden shell expanded
 To a coach of burnished gold.

Straight the brittle stem extended
 Into shaft both strong and broad ;
 Of itself the door flew open,
 And a scene of beauty showed ;

For the soft, smooth, orange tissue
 Was in silk and satin found ;
 And the little seeds it covered
 Had with tufts its richness bound.

Then the fairy sought the mouse-trap,
 Where she found a nibbling herd ;
 One by one from prison loosed them,
 Changed their form by touch and
 word.

Quick their slender tails grew bushy,
 Up they sprang with sudden bound ;
 And six coursers proud and fiery
 Champed the bit and pawed the
 ground.

But a coachman still was wanting ;
 This a whiskered rat supplied ;
 Slimy lizards, turned to footmen,
 Managed well their tails to hide.

Equipage so bright and showy
 Form of duchess well might grace ;
 "Can I then," inquired the maiden,
 "In these garments find a place ?"

Home-spun linen changed its texture,
 For a garb of graceful mull ;
 Dotted o'er with golden figures,
 Trimmed with laces rich and full.

Thou hast baskets seen, my daughter,
 Made of woven glass, 'tis said ;
 Such the slippers which the fairy
 Fitted on the little maid.

With a parting kiss, she charged her,
 Ere the chime of midnight hour,
 She should seek her home, nor longer
 Place her trust in fairy power.

But the steeds, their proud necks arch-
 ing,
 For the sign, impatient, stood ;
 Freed—they bore their lovely burden
 Swift past cottage, field, and wood.

As they dashed up to the entrance,
 All the gaping crowd gave way ;
 And officious servants led her
 To the ball-room bright and gay.



High-born dames, in jewels gleaming,
Had been gathered from afar ;
Cinderella's modest beauty
Shone among them like a star.

Soon "the Prince," with gaze admiring,
Asked the lovely stranger's name ;
What high parentage she boasted ;—
None could tell—nor whence she
came.

With kind courtesy he addressed her,
Led her lightly to the dance ;
Gracefully she moved beside him,
Blushed to meet his earnest glance.

Sense and virtue doubly charmed
him ;
These are spells that last through
life ;

If he could but gain such treasure,
He would win her for his wife.

Thou hast seen, my little daughter,
What thy parents' love is still ;
We are friends and close companions,
Sharing good and lightening ill.

After absence—oh ! how welcome !
Never happy when apart,
Thou hast seen me ever dwelling
In thy father's home and heart.

Such the love for Cinderella
That the Prince would fain unfold,
Such the love the blushing maiden's
Timid, downcast eye foretold.

As they gazed, all else forgetting,
Midnight's sound fell on her ear ;
Straight she fled, abrupt and trem-
bling,

Overwhelmed with grief and fear.

As the clock's last stroke resounded,
In her humble garb she stood ;
Coachman, horses, all had vanished,
And the Prince in vain pursued.

Thankful was she that, ere morning,
She had reached her quiet home,
Fearful lest her haughty sisters
In the interval had come.

All the morrow they were dwelling
On the stranger's form and face ;
Seldom had they seen such beauty,
Ne'er beheld such perfect grace.

But the Prince the slipper treasured,
She had dropped in flying haste ;
And in every scene he sought her,
Life without her seemed a waste.

Then six nobles he commissioned,
On whose faith he could rely ;
Every lady in his kingdom
Must the little slipper try.

None could wear this magic slipper,
Save the one for whom 'twas
wrought ;

So, from house to house they jour-
neyed,

Till our maiden's home they sought.

"Let me try," said Cinderella,
As her sisters laughed in scorn ;
Light she placed the foot within it,
It was fitted to adorn.

From her pocket came its fellow,
And the maiden stood confest ;
And in truth, a lovelier vision
Seldom eye of man had blest.

Then the Prince to meet her hastened,
And beheld with love and pride ;
And, to share his heart and kingdom,
Led a gentle, happy bride.

To adorn her high position
Still an humble mind she brought ;
Nor forgot the bitter lessons
Her unhappy youth had taught.

Freely she forgave her sisters
All the wrong that they had done ;

From the rich—she moved not envy,
From the poor—sweet blessings won.

To my tale, my little Alice,
Thou hast listened earnestly ;
With thy dimpled arm reposing
Fondly on thy mother's knee.

At thy feet thy bonnet lying
Still invites us forth to go ;
Come, my daughter, for the shadows
Warn us that the sun is low.

But thou askest if the fairy
Watched with love her whole life
long,
And I know thy thoughts are dwelling
On poor Cinderella's wrong.

I have told thee now the story,
Thou hast often asked in vain ;
Fairies, darling, are not real,
They are creatures of the brain.

We have good and kindly feelings,
We have sinful natures too ;
Some believe that unseen spirits
Ever prompt the deeds we do.

Spirits from the Prince of Evil,
Who would win us for his own ;
Guardian spirits sent in mercy
From the Heavenly Father's throne.

Thus the poor, who knew no better,
Soon invented stories wild,
Tales of good and wicked fairies
That surround each little child.

Some who watch to guard from evil,
Some who fain would do her ill ;
And, when once the truth forsaking,
Each account grew stranger still.

And the tale of Cinderella,
Loved by children far and wide ;
Tells us of a little maiden,
Who was very sorely tried.

But returning good for evil,
Walking still in wisdom's way ;
Through the darkness of her trouble
She arrived at glorious day.

I could tell thee, little Alice,
Of a maiden good and fair,
Who, though once despised and lowly,
Yet a nation's crown did wear.

Thou may'st read the sacred story,
Showing how a Jewish maid
Shared the throne of Persia's monarch,
All without a fairy's aid.

Joseph too—a father's darling,
Wise and tender—good and brave,
Cast into a pit to perish,
Sold from thence to be a slave.

Thrown for long years into prison,
Taken out at last to be
Ruler of the land of Egypt,
Unto whom all bowed the knee.

This, I think the sweetest story
Ever written, ever told ;
Prettier far than Cinderella,
Though she rode in coach of gold.

Nay—I cannot now, my daughter,
Sometime I will tell it thee ;
Soon will come thy weary father
From the city's turmoil free.

He will spring from faithful Lightfoot,
Throw the bridle o'er his arm ;
While with joyful hearts we give him
Welcome kind, and true, and warm.

Thou may'st then, his fingers clasp-
ing,
Tell of fairy, prince, and ball ;
Ask thy questions, little Alice,
He will gladly answer all.

ANNA SHARPLESS BROWN.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

My dear, do you know
 How a long time ago,
 Two poor little children,
 Whose names I don't know,
 Were stolen away
 On a fine summer's day,
 And left in a wood,
 As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
 So sad was their plight,
 The sun it went down,
 And the moon gave no light!
 They sobbed, and they sighed,
 And they bitterly cried,
 And the poor little things
 They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
 The robins so red
 Brought strawberry-leaves
 And over them spread;
 And all the day long,
 They sang them this song,—
 Poor babes in the wood!
 Poor babes in the wood!
 And don't you remember
 The babes in the wood?



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
 These words which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light:
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Who did in honor far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
 No help his life could save;

His wife by him as sick did lie,
 And both possessed one grave,
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind;
 In love they lived, in love they died,
 And left two babes behind

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old;
 The other a girl, more young than he,
 And framed in beauty's mould.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
 To be paid down on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controlled;
 But if the children chance to die
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
 "Look to my children dear;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else have they here:
 To God and you I recommend
 My children dear this day;
 But little while, be sure, we have
 Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone!"
 With that bespake their mother dear:
 "Oh, brother kind," quoth she,
 "You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone

They kissed their children small :

“God bless you both, my children
dear!”

With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brothers spake

To this sick couple there :

“The keeping of your little ones,

Sweet sister, do not fear ;

God never prosper me nor mine,

Nor aught else that I have,

If I do wrong your children dear,

When you are laid in grave.”

Their parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes,

And brings them straight unto his
house,

Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes

A twelvemonth and a day,

But for their wealth he did devise

To make them both away.



He bargained with two ruffians strong,

Which were of furious mood,

That they should take these children
young,

And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale :

He would the children send

To be brought up in fair London

With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,

Rejoicing at that tide—

Rejoicing with a merry mind

They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,

As they rode on the way,

To those that should their butchers be

And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had

Made Murder's heart relent,

And they that undertook the deed

Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,

Did vow to do his charge,

Because the wretch that hired him

Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,

So here they fell at strife ;

With one another they did fight

About the children's life ;

And he that was of mildest mood

Did slay the other there,

Within an unfrequented wood ;

The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,

Tears standing in their eye,

And bade them straightway follow
him,

And look they did not cry ;

And two long miles he led them on,

While they for food complain :

“Stay here,” quoth he, “I'll bring
you bread

When I come back again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in
hand,

Went wandering up and down ;

But never more could see the man

Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with blackberries

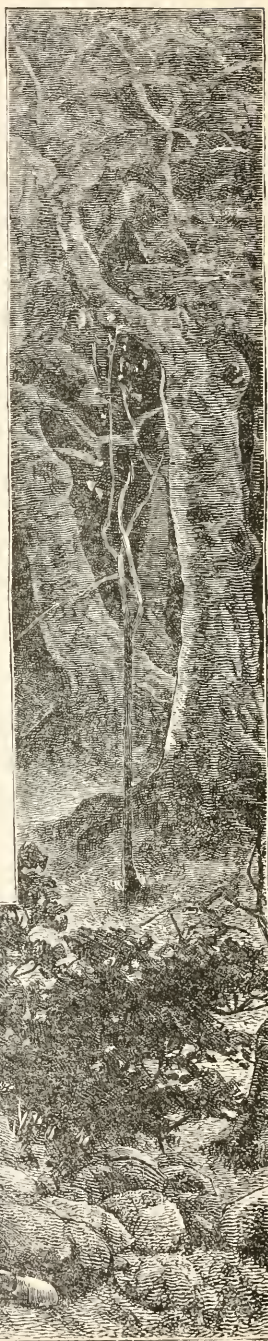
Were all besmeared and dyed,

And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

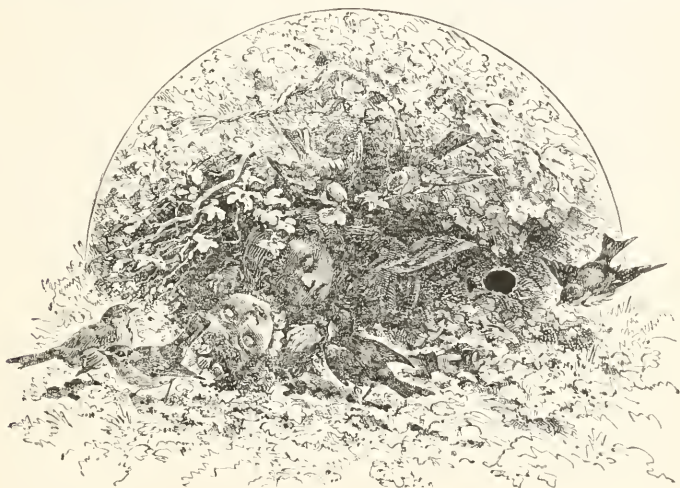
And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell.
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:



The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill
 Was for a robbery judged to die—
 Such was God's blessed will—
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been displayed:
 Their uncle having died in jail,
 Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such-like misery
 Your wicked minds requite.



ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Come, gather round me, little ones,
 And hearken unto me,
 And you shall hear a tale about
 A lad that went to sea—
 About a lad that ran away,
 Oh, many years ago,
 And left his home and parents dear—
 Young Robinson Crusoe!
 Now when this lad grew up a man,
 It came about one day
 That he was cast upon a rock—
 An island far away;
 And there to shield him from the storm,
 And keep him safe and sound,

He built a house, and thatched it o'er,
 And fenced it round and round.
 Far off upon a sandy bank
 His ship lay all a-wreck;
 And oft-times when the sea was low
 He got upon the deck;
 For many things he there had found
 That he could bring ashore
 Upon the raft that he had made,
 And carry to his store.
 Two kittens and a faithful dog,
 With powder, guns, and shot,
 Three cheeses and a chest of tools,
 'Mong other things he got.



And now he bravely went to work,
 Made tables, chairs, and stools,
 And shelves around his little home
 On which to lay his tools.

He set a cross up on the beach,
 Lest time should go astray,
 And with his knife he cut a notch,
 To mark each passing day.

He caught and tamed a little kid,
 That trotted at his heels ;
 And with his dogs and cats at home
 It shared his daily meals.

Yet sometimes he grew very sad,
 And then he sat him down
 Upon the shore, and thought his God
 Looked on him with a frown.

And he would gaze upon the sea,
 Across the billows wild,
 And wring his hands and cry aloud,
 And weep like any child.

He thought upon his father's words ;
 His mother's prayers and tears—
 How they would grieve for him, their
 son,
 Away so many years !

Then he would fall upon his knees
 And clasp his hands in prayer,
 And ask his God, with many tears,
 His wicked life to spare.

At times, with gun upon his back,
 He roamed the island round,
 Where melons, grapes, and sugar-
 canes
 All growing wild he found.

A parrot that some years before
He artfully had caught,
Would hop upon his thumb, and shriek
The lessons it was taught.

And so, to keep it snug, he made
A cage to put it in :
And he made a big umbrella too,
And all his clothes of skin.



I wot he was the strangest sight
That ever you might see ;
In jacket, breeches, cap, and shoes,
A hairy man looked he.

With big umbrella o'er his head,
His sword hung at his side,
His gun and axe upon his back,
He rambled far and wide.

Now, on the island herds of goats
Were running wild and free,
But when he tried to catch the things,
Away they all would flee.

And so, to get them in his power,
He dug pits in the ground ;

And there one morn, at break of day,
A goat and kids he found.

The goat he let away again,
For it was fierce and strong ;
The little kids he tied with strings
And took with him along ;

And then, from running wild again
His little flock to keep,
A piece of ground he fenced around,
Where they might feed and sleep.

His crops of barley and of rice
Now rich and ripe had grown ;
For seeds he found upon the wreck
He long ago had sown.

The corn he pounded into meal,
And made it into bread ;
The rice he baked in little cakes,
At times to eat instead.

At length he longed when days were fine
Upon the waves to float ;
So with his tools he went to work,
And made a little boat.

He set a mast and sail before,
A rudder, too, behind ;
And with his dog and gun on board,
He sped before the wind.

One summer morning, as he walked
Abroad, with gun in hand,
He stood aghast as he beheld
A footprint in the sand !



Though many years had passed away
Since to that lonely place
He came, yet he had never caught
A sight of human face.

He thought of dreadful savages,
All naked, wild, and black,
And paused at every step he took
To look in terror back.

He dreamt about them in the night,
And thought of them by day ;

He scarce would stir, lest they by chance
Should come across his way.

At last one day he climbed a hill,
Where oft he used to lie,
And took with him his telescope,
To see what he could spy.

And, looking off toward the shore,
A sight he did behold
That set his very hair on end,
And made his blood run cold.

A band of painted savages
He saw, to his dismay,
All dancing round a fire, on which
A human body lay.

He saw them kill a helpless man,
And one was standing by
All in an agony of fear,
For he too was to die.

But ere his enemies had time
A hand on him to lay,
He turned and bounded like a roe,
Away—away—away.

Across a stream he swam with speed,
Close followed by his foes ;
But he was saved by our good friend,
The man in hairy clothes.



A young and comely man he was,
So timid and so shy,
With tawny skin and hair of jet,
And mild and beaming eye.

And oft he paused and looked around,
And knelt as if in fear ;
But Crusoe made him signs to come,
And softly he drew near.

Then Crusoe named him Friday there,
And ever called him so,

Because upon that very day
He saved him from the foe.

And Friday quickly learned to work,
For ready hand had he ;
And helped in time to build a boat
And launch it in the sea.

His master taught him many things ;
Of God he told him, too,
Who made the sun, and moon, and stars,
And watches all we do.

A touching sight it was to see
Poor Friday kneel to pray—
To hear him cry to God for help
In his poor broken way.

Where'er he was, in house or field,
He ever was the same—
Obeyed his master with a smile,
And feared his Maker's name.

One morning Friday came in haste,
In trembling and in awe,
And told his master three canoes
Upon the beach he saw.

Then Crusoe bade him bring the guns,
And prime without delay;
And soon they beat the savages,
And drove them all away.

In one canoe upon the sands,
Half dead and strongly bound,
All ready for to kill and eat,
A poor old man they found.

When Friday saw his face, he paused
Another look to take,
Then laughed and cried, and sobbed
and wept,
As if his heart would break.

He clasped the old man round the neck,
And kissed him o'er and o'er,
And leaped and danced with very joy
To see that face once more.

He gave him food, he brought him
drink,
He cut his bonds in twain—

The dear old father that he loved,
Nor thought to see again.

Poor Friday, though his skin was black,
His heart was warm and kind:
My little ones, a lesson this
For *all* to bear in mind.

Now eight-and-twenty weary years
Had Crusoe been ashore,
Upon his island night and day,
Nor thought to leave it more.

Then oh, what joy was his to see,
One morn, a spreading sail
Come dancing o'er the waters blue,
Before the swelling gale!

He watched with Friday from a hill,
Though distant many a mile,
Until he saw a boat put off,
And row toward the isle.

And now, at last, his trials o'er,
With grateful heart he trod
Once more on board an English ship,
And bowed his thanks to God.

His faithful Friday went with him;
His Friday, true and kind,
Who loved him more than all on earth,
He could not leave behind.

His big umbrella, too, he took,
His hairy cap as well,
And parrot with its noisy tongue,
Of other days to tell.

And then with heavy heart he turned
To bid his home adieu;
And soon, as onward sped the ship,
It faded from his view.

And when old England's shore he saw,
 Oh, he shed many tears ;
 For he had been away in all
 Full five-and-thirty years.

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford. .
 But the sound of the church-going
 bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,

Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then
 send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BISHOP HATTO.

THE summer and autumn had been
 so wet
 That in winter the corn was growing
 yet.
 'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
 The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
 Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
 For he had a plentiful last year's
 store,
 And all the neighborhood could tell
 His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a
 day
 To quiet the poor without delay;
 He bade them to his great barn repair,
 And they should have food for the
 winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
 The poor folk flocked from far and
 near;
 The great barn was full as it could
 hold
 Of women and children, and young
 and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no
 more,
 Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
 And while for mercy on Christ they
 call,
 He set fire to the barn and burned
 them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire,"
 quoth he,
 "And the country is greatly obliged
 to me
 For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
 Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
 And he sat down to supper merrily,
 And he slept that night like an inno-
 cent man,
 But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
 Where his picture hung against the
 wall,
 A sweat like death all over him came,
 For the rats had eaten it out of the
 frame.

As he looked there came a man from
 his farm—
 He had a countenance white with
 alarm:
 "My lord, I opened your granaries
 this morn,
 And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
 And he was pale as pale could be.
 "Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he,
 "Ten thousand rats are coming this
 way—
 The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,"
 replied he,
 "'Tis the safest place in Germany;
 The walls are high and the shores are
 steep,
 And the stream is strong and the water
 deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
 And he crossed the Rhine without de-
 lay,
 And reached his tower, and barred
 with care
 All the windows, doors, and loopholes
 there.

He laid him down and closed his
 eyes,
 But soon a scream made him arise;
 He started, and saw two eyes of flame
 On his pillow, from whence the scream-
 ing came.

He listened and looked ; it was only
the cat ;
But the bishop he grew more fearful
for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing
near.

For they have swum over the river so
deep,
And they have climbed the shores so
steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were
sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen
or score ;
By thousands they come, and by
myriads and more ;
Such numbers had never been heard
of before,
Such a judgment had never been wit-
nessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he
tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could
hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the
door,
And through the walls helter-skelter
they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up
through the floor,
From the right and the left, from be-
hind and before,
From within and without, from above
and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against
the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones ;
They gnawed the flesh from every
limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on
him.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern
side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !
They fought the dogs, and killed the
cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's
own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday
hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's
a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shock-
ing

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin!
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease?
 Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel,
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 "For a guildler I'd my ermine gown sell;
 I wish I were a mile hence!
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
 "Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
 And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—

There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire:
 Quoth one, "It's as my great-grand-sire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table,
 And, "Please your honors," said he,
 "I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm—
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same check;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing



Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of
gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire
bats;

And, as for what your brain bewil-
ders—

If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guild-
ers?”

“One? fifty thousand!” was the ex-
clamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corpo-
ration.

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled,

Like a candle-flame where salt is
sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe
uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grun-
bling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty
rumbling;

And out of the houses the rats came
tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats,
brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped ad-
 vancing,
 And step for step they followed dan-
 cing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished,
 Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes
 of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe:
 And a moving away of pickle-tub
 boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-
 boards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil
 flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-
 casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast dry-
 saltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your
 nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore
 me,
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin
 people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the
 steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long
 poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the
 holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the
 face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-
 place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thou-
 sand guilders!"
 A thousand guilders! The Mayor
 looked blue,
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
 Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhen-
 ish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fel-
 low,
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a
 knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's
 brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I
 think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you some-
 thing for drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your
 poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was
 in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us
thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take
fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime



Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's
rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitch-
en,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver.
With you, don't think I'll bate a
stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fash-
ion."

"How!" cried the Mayor; "d'ye think
I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?"

You threaten us, fellow? Do your
worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight
cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such
sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like
a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching
and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little
tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when
barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like
pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily
after
The wonderful music with shouting
and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb and the Coun-
cil stood
As if they were changed into blocks
of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms
beat,
As the Piper turned from the High
Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and
daughters!

However, he turned from south to
west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-
dressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the moun-
tain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the Piper advanced and the chil-
dren followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut
fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the
way,
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,
"It's dull in our town since my play-
mates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees
grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than pea-
cocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles'
wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's
pate
A text which says that Heaven's
Gate
Opens to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear:
 "And so long after what happened here
 On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six;"
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street,
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor,
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn,
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church-window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away,
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
 And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

THE Little Red Riding-Hood—such was the name
 Of a nice little girl who lived ages ago;
 But listen, I pray you, and then how she came
 Such a title to get you shall speedily know.
 She lived in a village not far from a wood,
 And her parents were all the relations she had,
 Except her old grandmother, gentle and good,
 Who to pet her and please her was always most glad.

Her grandmother made her a riding-hood, which

She was always to wear at such times as she could ;

'Twas made of red cloth, so the poor and the rich

Used to call the child Little Red Riding-Hood.

Her mother, one day, said, "Your granny is ill ;

Go and see her—be sure not to loiter along ;

Your basket with cheese-cakes and butter I'll fill—

Now, be sure not to gossip, for that's very wrong.

"If met by a stranger, be cautious, my child ;

Do not hold conversation—just curtsy and say,

'I'm sent on an errand.' Do not be beguiled

By strange folks and smooth words from your straight path to stray."



Not far had she gone through the wood, when she met
With a wolf, who most civilly bade
her good-day ;

He talked so politely, he made her forget

She was not to converse with strange folks on the way.

"To see your dear granny you're going?" said he;
 "I have known her some years, so a visit I'll pay;
 If what you have told me is true, I shall see;"
 And the wolf then ran off without further delay.

The maiden forgot her fond mother's advice;
 As some pretty wild flowers she gathered with glee
 To take to her granny—she said,
 "Twill be nice
 If I take them to granny—how pleased she will be!"

The wolf hastened on to the grandmother's cot;
 "Who is there?" cried the dame.
 "'Tis your grandchild," he said.
 "Pull the bobbin!" said she; soon entrance he got,
 And devoured the poor helpless dame in her bed.

He scarcely had finished his horrible feast,
 When the Little Red Riding-Hood came to the door.
 She tapped very gently; the ravenous beast
 Cried out, "Oh, I'm so hoarse! oh, my throat is so sore!"

Then Little Red Riding-Hood said,
 "Granny dear,
 It is I who am knocking, so please let me in."
 "Pull the bobbin," the wolf said; "I am glad you are here—
 You bring me a supper," he said with a grin.

When Riding-Hood entered the wolf said, "I'm weak;
 I have pain in my limbs, and much pain in my head;
 Be quiet, dear grandchild; don't ask me to speak,
 But undress yourself quickly and come into bed."

She quickly undressed, and she got into bed,
 But she could not refrain from expressing her fears.
 "Oh, grandmother dear!" the maid timidly said;
 "I have never before seen such very large ears!"

"The better to hear you," the wolf then replied;
 But Red Riding-Hood heard what he said with surprise,
 And, trembling with fear, "Oh my! granny!" she cried,
 "You have very large teeth, and what great flashing eyes!"

"The better to see you! The better to bite!
 I am not your old granny, I'll soon let you see—
 I ate her to-day, and I'll eat you to-night;
 By and by you shall make a nice supper for me."

But just as he said so the door open flew,
 And in rushed some brave men, who had heard all that passed;
 The bloodthirsty wolf then they speedily slew,
 And saved Little Red Riding-Hood's life at the last.

BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

You never need fear, little children, to
meet

A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the
street;

Red Riding-Hood's story is only a
fable;

I'll give you its moral as well as I'm
able.

Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet
everywhere—

Beware of this wolf! little children,
beware!

I know of a boy neither gentle nor
wise;

If you tell him a fault he gives saucy
replies;

If kept from his way, in a fury he
flies—

Ah, Passion's the wolf with the *very*
large eyes;

'Tis ready to snap, and to trample and
tear—

Beware of this wolf! little children,
beware!

I know of a girl always trying to
learn

About things with which she should
have no concern;

Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the *very*
large ears,

All pricked up to listen, each secret to
share—

Beware of this wolf! little children,
beware!

And Greediness! that's like the wolf
in the wood

With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling
for food—

That eats so much more than for
health can be good—

That would clear a whole pastry-
cook's shop if it could—

That never a dainty to others will
spare—

Beware of this wolf! little children,
beware!

Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each
thus appears

As a wolf with fierce eyes, large mouth,
or big ears;

They bring to our nurseries fighting
and fears,

They cause bitter quarrelling, trouble,
and tears.

Oh, chase them and cudgel them back
to their lair—

Beware of the wolf! little children
beware!

A. L. O. E.

WILLIAM TELL.

COME, list to me and you shall hear

A tale of what befell

A famous man of Switzerland;

His name was William Tell.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,

His little flock he led,

By prudent thrift and hardy toil

Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown;

In Uri none was seen

To track the rock-frequenting herd

With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home—

A laughing, fair-haired boy;

So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,

He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends,
The lambs he called by name,
And when they frolicked in the fields
The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow;
They took the good of every day,
And hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour,
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes
Alas! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent in luckless hour
To rule in Austria's name:
A haughty man, of savage mood,
In pomp and pride he came.

One day in wantonness of power
He set his cap on high;
"Bow down, ye slaves!" the order ran;
"Who disobey shall die!"

It chanced that William Tell that
morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come;

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

So toward the chamois' haunts they
went;
One sang his childish songs,
The other brooded mournfully
O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown,
And heralds shouted in his ear,
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!"

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's
mien,
And watched to see him fall;
But never palm tree straighter stood
Than Tell, before them all.

"My knee shall bend," he calmly
said,
"To God, and God alone;
My life is in the Austrian's hand—
My conscience is my own."

"Seize him, ye guards!" the ruler
cried,
While passion choked his breath;
"He mocks my power, he braves my
lord,
He dies the traitor's death."

"Yet wait! the Swiss are marksmen
true,
So all the world doth say:
That fair-haired stripling hither bring:
We'll try their skill to-day."

Hard by a spreading lime tree stood:
To this the youth was bound;
They placed an apple on his head:
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
Cried Tell in accents wild;
"On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, oh, spare my child!"

"I will not harm the pretty boy,"
Said Gesler tauntingly ;
"If blood of his shall stain the ground,
Yours will the murder be.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning
man,
Your straightest arrow take ;
For, know, yon apple is your mark !
Your liberty the stake !"

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd ;
The men, they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
His cross-bow in his hand,
With lip compressed and flashing eye
Tell firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded earth has been ;
But never, since the curse began,
So sad a sight was seen.

The noble boy stood bravely up,
His cheek unblanched with fear ;
"Shoot straight," he cried ; "thine aim
is sure ;
It will not fail thee here."

"Heaven bless thee now !" the parent
said,
"Thy courage shames me quite ;"
Then to his ear the shaft he drew,
And watched its whizzing flight.

"'Tis done, 'tis done ! the child is
safe !"
Shouted the multitude ;
"Man tramples on his brother-man,
But God is ever good."

For, sure enough, the arrow went
As by an angel guided ;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided.

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
"My plighted word I keep ;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son :
Go home and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
The peasant coldly said ;
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was
near,
Had I but missed my aim ;
Not unavenged my child had died,
Thy parting hour the same.

"For see ! a second shaft was here
If harm my boy befell ;
Now go and bless the heavenly pow-
ers
My first has sped so well."

God helped the right, God spared the
sin ;
He brings the proud to shame,
He guards the weak against the
strong—
Praise to His holy name !

REV. J. H. GURNEY.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine :
"Oh where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship of mine ?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee :
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has writt'n a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be't wind or weat, be't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoised their sails on Monenday
morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's
goud
And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie! ye lie! ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white
monie
As gane my men and me,—

And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude
red goud
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry
men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the topmasts
lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken
ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bozlt flew out of our goodly
ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And wap them into our ship's side,
 And let nae the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And they wapped them round that
 gude ship's side,
 But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots
 lords
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
 But lang or a' the play was played,
 They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That floated on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white—
 The maidens tore their hair;
 A' for the sake of their true loves—
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and
 horn,
 Earl Percy took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
 To kill and bear away.
 These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport.
 The English Earl, not fearing that,
 Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of need
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow-deer:
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 Ere daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
 An hundred fat bucks slain;
 Then having dined, the drovers went
 To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear with special care
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the
woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and
dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Oh cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,

Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you
be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare
Nor show whose men we be.

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,

"Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth—
Witherington was his name—
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on.
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone:

"I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have power to stand :
 While I have power to wield my
 sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true ;
 At the first flight of arrows sent
 Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
 As chieftain stout and good ;
 As valiant captain all unmoved
 The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
 As leader ware and tried,
 And soon his spearmen on their foes
 Bore down on every side.

To drive the deer with hound and
 horn
 Douglas bade on the bent ;
 Two captains, moved with mickle
 might,
 Their spears to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery
 They dealt full many a wound ;
 But still our valiant Englishmen
 All firmly kept their ground ;

And, throwing straight their bows
 away,
 They grasped their swords so bright,
 And now sharp blows, a heavy
 shower,
 On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side ;
 No slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
 Like captains of great might :
 Like lions wood, they laid on lode,
 And made a cruel fight :

They fought until they both did
 sweat,
 With swords of tempered steel ;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas
 said ;
 "In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish king :

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And this report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
 "Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the
 heart,
 A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spake more words than
 these,
 "Fight on, my merry men all ;
 For why, my life is at an end ;
 Lord Percy sees my fall."



Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand;
 And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land.

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure, a more redoubted knight
 Mischance could never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there
 was
 Who saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow re-
 venge
 Upon the Earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
 Who with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear ;
 And through Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such a vehement force and
 might
 He did his body gore,
 The staff ran through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain ;
 An English archer then perceived
 The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
 So right the shaft he set,

The gray goose-wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun,
 For when they rung the evening bell
 The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were
 slain
 Sir John of Egerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James, that bold baron ;

And with Sir George and stout Sir
 James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
 That ever he slain should be,
 For when his legs were hewn in two,
 He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were
 slain
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the
 field
 One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like ease
 Did with Earl Douglas die ;
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three ;

The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish
tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand
times
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our
king,
"Since it will no better be!
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he;

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die;
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-
Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth, that foul de-
bate
"Twixt noblemen may cease!

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of
Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him fro,
And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare,
I wot, an it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent,
And he must sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his
rent.

His father had a keen stewàrd,
And John o' the Scales was callèd
he:

But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and
fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of
Linne,
Let naught disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee
here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' the
Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall
be."

'Then John he did him to record
draw,
And John he cast him a god's-pen-
ny;
But for every pound that John
agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth
three.

He told him the gold upon the board.
He was right glad his land to
win;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so
broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and
fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely
glen.

For so he to his father bight.
"My son, when I am gone," said
he,

"Then thou wilt spend thy land so
broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so
free;

"But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never
spend;
For when all the world doth frown on
thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful
friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
And "Come with me, my friends,"
said he;
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry
make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he
thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk
away;
They left the unthrifty heir of
Linne.

He had never a penny left in his
purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was
lead,
And another it was white monèy.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of
Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me
For when I was the Lord of Linne
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or
care?

I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,

"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sin;
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He lookèd up, he lookèd down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and loathly were the walls.
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No wholesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Naught save a rope with running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad lettèrs,
These words were written so plain to see:

"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent
thine all,
And brought thyself to penury?"

"All this my boding mind misgave;
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his body:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and looked it on,
 Straight good comfort found he
 there:
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests
 in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold,
 The third was full of white monèy;
 And over them in broad lettèrs
 These words were written so plain
 to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee
 clear;
 Amend thy life and follies past;
 For, but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of
 Linne;
 "And let it be, but if I amend:
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This rede shall guide me to the
 end."

Away then went with a merry cheer,
 Away then went the heir of Linne;
 I wis he neither ceased nor stayed,
 Till John o' the Scales' house he did
 win.

And when he came to John o' the
 Scales,
 Up at the speere then lookèd he;
 There sat three lords upon a row,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board-
 head,
 Because now Lord of Linne was
 he.
 "I pray thee," he said, "good John o'
 the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
 Away, away, this may not be:
 For a curse be on my head," he
 said,
 "If ever I trust thee one penny."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales' wife then
 spake he:
 "Madame, some alms on me bestow,
 I pray for sweet Saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
 I swear thou gettest no alms of
 me;
 For if we should hang any losel
 here,
 The first we would begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellòw,
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his
 board;
 Said, "Turn again, thou heir of
 Linne;
 Some time thou wast a well-good
 lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast
 been,
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
 Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the
 Scales,
 To let him sit in thy company:
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
 All wood he answered him again:
 "Now a curse be on my head," he
 said,
 "But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better
cheap,
By a hundred marks, than I had it
of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he cast him a god's-pen-
ny:

"Now by my fay," said the heir of
Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy
monèy."

And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the
board:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of
Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good
fellow,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o' the
Scales:
"Now well-a-day! and woe is my
life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his
wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of
Linne;
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales,"
said he:
"A curse light on me if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

ADELGITHA.

THE Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adalgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion
bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her
glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "O gallant
stranger,
For hapless Adalgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me
free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is
tainted!"—
He raised his visor,—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was indeed her own true knight.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

FOR Scotland's and for freedom's
right
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed;

Once more against the English host
His band he led ; and once more lost
The meed for which he fought ;
And now from battle faint and
worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne :
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude rough beams alone ;
The heather couch his only bed—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider down !
Through darksome night till dawn of
day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless
beam

Which roofed the lowly shed ;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try

His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot ;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw ;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still ;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last !
The hero hailed the sign,
And on the wished-for beam hung
fast

That slender silken line :
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

SOME FAMOUS POEMS
FOR THE
OLDER CHILDREN.

SOME FAMOUS POEMS

FOR THE

OLDER CHILDREN.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN
HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME
AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown ;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
“ Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

“ My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear :
Therefore it shall be done.

“ I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know ;

And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “ That's well said ;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheel—
Were never folks so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride—
But soon came down again ;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind ;
 When Betty, screaming, came down
 stairs—
 " The wine is left behind !"

" Good luck !" quoth he—" yet bring
 it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipped from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brushed and
 neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

So " Fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain ;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his
 hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay ;
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung—
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children
 screamed,
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And every soul cried out, " Well done !"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around—
 " He carries weight ! he rides a race !
 'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.



But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,"

They all at once did cry;

"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"

Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there;

For why?—his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong;

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,

And sore against his will,

Till at his friend's the calender's

His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see

His neighbor in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;

Tell me you must and shall—

Say why bareheaded you are come,

Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,

And loved a timely joke;

And thus unto the calender

In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;

And, if I well forbode,

My hat and wig will soon be here;

They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find

His friend in merry pin,

Returned him not a single word,

But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig—

A wig that flowed behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear—

Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn

Thus showed his ready wit:

"My head is twice as big as yours,

They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away

That hangs upon your face;

And stop and eat, for well you may

Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,

And all the world would stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton

And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,

"I am in haste to dine;

'Twas for your pleasure you came here—

You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,

For which he paid full dear!

For, while he spake, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he

Had heard a lion roar,

And galloped off with all his might,

As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went Gilpin's hat and wig:

He lost them sooner than at first,

For why?—they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw

Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,

She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell :
 "This shall be yours when you bring
 back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did
 meet

John coming back amain—
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highway-
 man!"

Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that passed that
 way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
 Flew open in short space :
 The toll-men thinking as before
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopped till where he had got
 up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king !
 And Gilpin, long live he !
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !

WILLIAM COWPER.



HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and
 he ;

I galloped, Direk galloped, we gal-
 loped all three ;

"Good speed!" cried the watch as the
 gate-bolts undrew,

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gallop-
 ing through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights
 sank to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped
 abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the
 great pace—

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
 changing our place ;

I turned in my saddle and made its
 girths tight,

Then shortened each stirrup and set
 the pique right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained
 slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
 whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
 we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
 dawned clear;
 At Boom a great yellow star came out
 to see;
 At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as
 could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we
 heard the half-chime—
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there
 is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the
 sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black
 every one,
 To stare through the mist at us gal-
 loping past;
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland
 at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting
 away
 The haze, as some bluff river-headland
 its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one
 sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked
 out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever
 that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own mas-
 ter, askance;
 And the thick, heavy spume-flakes,
 which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upward in gal-
 loping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned, and cried
 Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault's
 not in her;
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one
 heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck
 and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
 the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shud-
 dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
 in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a piti-
 less laugh;
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright
 stubble like chaff,
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire
 sprang white,
 And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix
 is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a
 moment his roan,
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead
 as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the
 whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save
 Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood
 to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-
 sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
 holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack boots, let go
 belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my
horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland gal-
loped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking
round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my
knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this
Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burghesses voted by com-
mon consent)
Was no more than his due who
brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and
hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring
streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"Oor, Mary, go and call the cattle
home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank
with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the
sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;

The rolling mist ca-

the land—

And never home

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating
hair—

A tress of golden hair,

A drownèd maiden's hair,

Above the nets at sea?"

Was never salmon yet that shone so
fair

Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling
foam,

The cruel, crawling foam,

The cruel, hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea :

But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle honë,

Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,

The ship was still as she could be ;

Her sails from heaven received no mo-
tion,

Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their
shock

The waves flowed over the Inchcape
Rock ;

So little they rose, so little they fell,

They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape
Rock ;

On a buoy in the storm it floated and
swung,

And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges'
swell,

The mariners heard the warning bell,

And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbro-
thok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,

All things were joyful on that day ;

The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled
round,

And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was
seen

A darker speck on the ocean green ;

Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,

And he fixed his eye on the darker
speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,

It made him whistle, it made him
sing,

His heart was mirthful to excess,

But the Rover's mirth was wicked-
ness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;

Quoth he, "My men, put out the
boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,

And I'll plague the Abbot of Aber-
brothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen
row,

And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,

And he cut the bell from the Inchcape
float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling
sound,

The bubbles rose and burst around ;

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who
comes to the Rock

Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbro-
thok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
 He scoured the seas for many a day,
 And now, grown rich with plundered
 store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's
 shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
 They cannot see the sun on high;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter
 soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising
 moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers
 roar?"

For methinks we should be near the
 shore."

"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Incheape
 Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is
 strong,

Though the wind hath fallen, they
 drift along

Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
 shock,—

"O Death! it is the Incheape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 He cursed himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
 One dreadful sound could the Rover
 hear—

A sound as if, with the Incheape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave!

The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the waves no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its
sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd
branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good
night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, fell like a falling star—
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

INDIAN NAMES.

YE say they all have pass'd away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they
roam'd,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have fled away like wither'd leaves
Before the autumn's gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
There dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,

And broad Ohio bears it
 'Mid all her young renown ;
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart ;
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust :
 Your mountains build their monu-
 ment,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN
 SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and
 brave,
 Still like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sand of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow
 John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi'ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John ;
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,—

Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin

Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and
round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his
head,

And, with a natural sigh,—
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said
he,

" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,

For there's many hereabout ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes—
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out;
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,—
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good prince Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke:
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.

Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

—♦—
ALFRED TENNYSON

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf
on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with
purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when sum-
mer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when au-
tumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as
he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed
deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and
for ever were still.

And there lay the steed with his nos-
trils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the
breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beat-
ing surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the
rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the ban-
ners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple
of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance
of the Lord!

—♦—
LORD BYRON.

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of
the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best,
And, save his good broadsword, he
weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless
in war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stop-
ped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford
there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant
came late :
For a laggard in love and a dastard in
war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby
Hall,
Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word):
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come
ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit
you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost
love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one
cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more
lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the
young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight
took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw
down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she
looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in
her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar;
"Now tread we a measure!" said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,
That never a hall such a galliard did
grace;
While her mother did fret, and her
father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling
his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered,
" 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word
in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and
the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he
swung,
So light to the saddle before her he
sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank,
bush, and seaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames
of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Can-
nobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er
did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in
war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like
young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking:

And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady
cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human
hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and
shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried
in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the
shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and
 loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat
 looking on the court.
 The nobles filled the benches, with the
 ladies in their pride,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de
 Lorge, with one for whom he
 sighed;
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see
 that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and
 the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with hor-
 rid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like
 beams, a wind went with their
 paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar
 they rolled on one another,
 Till all the pit with sand and mane
 was in a thunderous smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came
 whisking through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen,
 we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a
 beauteous, lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright
 eyes, which always seemed the
 same;
 She thought, The Count my lover is
 brave as brave can be;
 He surely would do wondrous things
 to show his love of me;
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the
 occasion is divine;
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love;
 great glory will be mine,

She dropped her glove, to prove his
 love, then looked at him and
 smiled!

He bowed, and in a moment leaped
 among the lions wild;

The leap was quick, return was quick,
 he has regained his place,

Then threw the glove, but not with
 love, right in the lady's face.

"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly
 done!" and he rose from where
 he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity
 sets love a task like that."

LEIGH PUNT.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
 note,

As his corse to the rampart we hur-
 ried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell
 shot

O'er the grave where our hero we
 buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty
 light,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound
 him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his
 rest,

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face
 that was dead,

And we bitterly thought of the
 morrow.



We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad;—another race has filled
Those populous borders; wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled:
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their
bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's
foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there
they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder
riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens! On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many
meet,
The snow shall be their winding-
sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain-
height

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the
storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of
heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the
glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-
shroud,

And gory sabres rise and fall
Likeshoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow.

And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the belled sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in
heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls
 before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming
 o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's
 early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the
 twilight's last gleaming—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars
 through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were
 so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
 bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our
 flag was still there;
 Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-
 ner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home
 of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the
 mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in
 dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals,
 now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the
 morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on
 the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh,
 long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home
 of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vaunt-
 ingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the
 battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave
 us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their
 foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and
 slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom
 of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in tri-
 umph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home
 of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen
 shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the
 war's desolation!
 Blest with victory and peace, may the
 heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made
 and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause
 it is just;
 And this be our motto: "In God is
 our trust;"
 And the star-spangled banner in tri-
 umph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home
 of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

AMERICA.

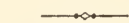
My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.



HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty
 Hellvellyn.

Lakes and mountains beneath me
 gleamed misty and wide;
 All was still, save by fits, when the
 eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes
 replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the
 Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was
 defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front
 was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where
 the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the
 brown mountain-heather,
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay
 stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast aban-
 doned to weather,
 Till the mountain-winds wasted the
 tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely
 extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favo-
 rite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her mas-
 ter defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his
 silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment,
 how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks
 didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend
 of thy heart?

And oh, was it meet, that—no requiem
 read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to
 deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone
 stretched before him,—

Unhonored the Pilgrim from life
 should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the
 Peasant has yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the
 dim-lighted hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is
 shielded,

And pages stand mute by the can-
 opied pall:

Through the courts at deep midnight
 the torches are gleaming ;
 In the proudly-arched chapel the banners
 are beaming ;
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music
 is streaming,
 Lamenting a Chief of the People
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of
 Nature,
 To lay down thy head like the
 meek mountain-lamb,
 When, 'wildered, he drops from some
 cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side
 of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this
 desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover
 flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness
 thy dying,
 In the arms of Hellyvellyn and
 Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they've
 dropped into the well,
 And what to say to Muça, I cannot,
 cannot tell—
 'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by,
 spoke Albuarez' daughter :—
 The well is deep—far down they lie,
 beneath the cold blue water ;
 To me did Muça give them when he
 spake his sad farewell,
 And what to say when he comes back,
 alas ! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings !—they
 were pearls in silver set,
 That, when my Moor was far away,
 I ne'er should him forget ;
 That I ne'er to other tongues should
 list, nor smile on other's tale,
 But remember he my lips had kissed,
 pure as those ear-rings pale.
 When he comes back, and hears that
 I have dropped them in the well,
 Oh, what will Muça think of me ?—I
 cannot, cannot tell !

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings !—he'll
 say they should have been,
 Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold
 and glittering sheen,
 Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond
 shining clear,
 Changing to the changing light, with
 radiance insincere ;
 That changeful mind unchanging
 gems are not besitting well,
 Thus will he think—and what to say,
 alas ! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I
 loitered by the way ;
 He'll think a willing ear I lent to all
 the lads might say ;
 He'll think some other lover's hand,
 among my tresses noosed,
 From the ears where he had placed
 them my rings of pearl unloosed ;
 He'll think when I was sporting so
 beside this marble well
 My pearls fell in—and what to say,
 alas ! I cannot tell.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are
 all the same ;
 He'll say I loved when he was here to
 whisper of his flame—

But when he went to Tunis, my virgin
troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and
cared not for his token.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! O luck-
less, luckless well !—

For what to say to Muça, alas ! I
cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope
he will believe—

That I thought of him at morning
and thought of him at eve ;

That musing on my lover, when down
the sun was gone,

His ear-rings in my hand I held, by
the fountain all alone ;

And that my mind was o'er the sea
when from my hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my
heart, as they lie in the well.

(From the Spanish.)

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long betrothed were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from
thee ?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare ;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thanked !" said Alice the
nurse,

"That all comes round so just and
fair :

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse,
my nurse,"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so
wild ?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth : you are my
child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my
breast ;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be
true,

To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the
nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ron-
ald's

When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace
by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the
nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man."



"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother, dear!

Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,

And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by
down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had
brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropped her head in the maiden's
hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stepped Lord Ronald from his
tower:

"O Lady Clare, you shame your
worth!

Why come you dressed like a village
maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come dressed like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born," she said,

"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ron-
ald,

"For I am yours in word and in
deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail:

She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,

And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:

He turned and kissed her where she
stood:

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in
blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,

"And I," said he, "the lawful heir,

We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—

Silver bells,—

What a world of merriment their
melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight,—

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so music-
ally wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,—

From the jingling and the tinkling of
the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,—

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their har-
mony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens while
she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells

What a gush of euphony voluminously
wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,—

To the rhyming and the chiming of
the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells,—

Brazen bells!



What a tale of terror, now, their turbu-
lency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the
mercy of the fire,

In a mad exostulation with the deaf
and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,

Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang and clash and
roar!

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating
air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,

And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the
 anger of the bells,—
 Of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the
 bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monotony compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their
 tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people,—ah, the people,—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman,—
 They are neither brute nor human,—
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls,
 A paean from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the paean of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paean of the bells,—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of
 the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,
 Yet round the world the blade has
 been
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour
 Grown ten times pertter than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will
 stop;
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know,"
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.
 Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that,
 Discoursed a while, 'mongst other
 matter,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun.
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,

Its foot with triple claw disjoined,
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace, and then its hue,—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“Hold, there !” the other quick re-
plies ;

“’Tis *green*,—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue ;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“’Tis green, ’tis green, sir, I assure
ye.”

“Green !” cries the other in a fury,—

“Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my
eyes ?”

“’Twere no great loss,” the friend re-
plies,

“For if they always serve you thus,
You’ll find them of but little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to
blows,

When luckily came by a third,—
To him the question they referred,
And begged he’d tell ’em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your
pother !

The creature’s neither one nor t’other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o’er by candlelight ;
I marked it well—’twas black as jet ;
You stare,—but, sirs, I’ve got it yet,
And can produce it.”—“Pray, sir,
do :

I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”

“And I’ll be sworn, that when you’ve
seen
The reptile, you’ll pronounce him
green.”

“Well then, at once to ease the doubt,”
Replies the man, “I’ll turn him out,
And when before your eyes I’ve set
him,
If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat
him.”

He said, then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo !—’twas
white.

Both stared ; the man looked won-
drous wise—

“My children,” the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a
tongue),

“You all are right, and all are wrong ;
When next you talk of what you
view,

Think others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

JAMES MERRICK.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground :
’Twas therefore said by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness
rages,

The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive
If old assertions can’t prevail,—
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all
 were gay,
 On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room,
 And looking grave—"You must," says
 he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come
 with me."
 "With you! and quit my Susan's side!
 With you!" the hapless husband
 cried;
 "Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
 My thoughts on other matters go:
 This is my wedding-day, you know."
 What more he urged I have not
 heard;
 His reasons could not well be
 stronger;
 So Death the poor delinquent
 spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look—
 His hour-glass trembled while he
 spoke—
 "Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No
 more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful
 hour;
 And farther, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall
 have
 Before you're summoned to the grave.
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve,
 In hopes you'll have no more to
 say,
 But, when I call again this way,
 Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.
 What next the hero of our tale
 befell,
 How long he lived, how wise, how
 well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his
 horse,
 The willing Muse shall tell.
 He chattered then, he bought, he sold,
 Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near;
 His friends not false, his wife no
 shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He passed his hours in peace.
 But while he viewed his wealth in-
 crease,
 While thus along Life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal
 spares,
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.
 And now, one night, in musing mood
 As all alone he sate,
 The unwelcome messenger of Fate,
 Once more before him stood.
 Half killed with anger and surprise,
 "So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
 "So soon, d'y'e call it?" Death re-
 plies:
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in
 jest!
 Since I was here before
 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore."
 "So much the worse," the clown re-
 joined;
 "To spare the aged would be kind:
 However, see your search be legal;
 And your authority—is't regal?"

Else you are come on a fool's errand,
 With but a secretary's warrant.
 Besides, you promised me Three
 Warnings,
 Which I have looked for nights and
 mornings;
 But for that loss of time and ease
 I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the
 best

I seldom am a welcome guest;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least:
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable;
 Your years have run to a great length;
 I wish you joy, though, of your
 strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so
 fast!

I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death re-
 plies:

"However, you still keep your eyes;
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make
 amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it
 might,

But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,
 But still there's comfort left for you:
 Each strives your sadness to amuse;
 I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if
 there were,

I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern re-
 joined,

"These are unwarrantable yearn-
 ings;

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You've had your three sufficient
 warnings;

So, come along, no more we'll part;"
 He said, and touched him with his
 dart.

And now old Dodson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

HESTER THRALE PEOZZI

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my
 ear;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built
 nest;

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome
 guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks
 the dew;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were
 given,

With merry peals shall swell the
 breeze,

And point with taperspire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe in-
 crease!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream
 of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his
room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in
bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Ad-
hem bold,
And to the presence in the room he
said,
"What writest thou?" The vision
raised its head,
And, with a look made of all-sweet
accord,
Answered, "The names of those who
love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou.
"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray
thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-
men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The
next night
It came again with a great wakening
light,
And showed the names whom love of
God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all
the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;

Whose trees in summer yield him
shade,

In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft
away

In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does
please,

With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils' obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we
dine,

Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine—

A man's a man for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, though e'er sae
poor,

Is king o' men for a' that!

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that:
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the
 earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that—
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall
 hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-
 five;
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and
 year.

He said to his friend, "If the British
 march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
 Of the North Church tower as a signal
 light,—

One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
 And I on the opposite shore will be,
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 Through every Middlesex village and
 farm,
 For the country folk to be up and to
 arm."

Then he said, "Good night," and with
 muffled oar
 Silently row'd to the Charlestown
 shore,
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 Where swinging wide at her moorings
 lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war;
 A phantom ship, with each mast and
 spar
 Across the moon like a prison bar,
 And a huge black hulk, that was
 magnified

By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley
 and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he
 hears

The muster of men at the barrack-
 door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of
 feet,
 And the measured tread of the gren-
 adiers
 Marching down to their boats on the
 shore.

Then he climb'd the tower of the Old
 North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy
 tread,

To the belfry chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their
 perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round him
 made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look
 down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all.
 Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the
 dead,
 In their night encampment on the
 hill,
 Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's
 tread,
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the
 secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the
 bay,—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide like a bridge of
 boats.
 Meanwhile, impatient to mount and
 ride,
 Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy
 stride
 On the opposite shore walk'd Paul
 Revere.
 Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and
 near,

Then, impetuous, stamp'd the earth,
 And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-
 girth;
 But mostly he watch'd with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the Old North
 Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and
 still.
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's
 height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
 turns,
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his
 sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns.
 A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in
 the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in
 passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless
 and fleet:
 That was all; and yet through the
 gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that
 night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed
 in his flight
 Kindled the land into flame with its
 heat.
 He has left the village and mounted
 the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad
 and deep,
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,
 And under the alders that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on
 the ledge,
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he
 rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he cross'd the bridge into Mel-
ford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows blank
and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Con-
cord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the
trees,

And felt the breath of the morning
breeze

Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you
have read,

How the British regulars fired and
fled,—

How the farmers gave them ball for
ball,

From behind each fence and farmyard
wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge
again

Under the trees at the turn of the
road,

And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Re-
vere,

And so through the night went his cry
of alarm

To every Middlesex village and
farm—

A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the
door,

And a word that shall echo for ever-
more!

For, borne on the night-wind of the
Past,

Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril,
and need,

The people will waken and listen to
hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home!

A charm from the skies seems to hal-
low us there,

Which, sought through the world, is
ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles
in vain;

Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cot-
tage again!

The birds, singing gayly, that came at
my call—

Give me them!—and that peace of
mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango;

Funera plango;

Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection

And recollection

I often think of

Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk, oh,
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY ("Father Prout").

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